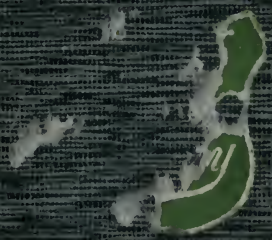

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THE TRIALS AND PLEASURES OF AN UNCOMPLETED TOUR

THE AUTHORESS, SAI AND YOSHI AT NIKKO.

[*Frontispiece*

THE TRIALS AND PLEASURES OF AN UNCOMPLETED TOUR

BY

MRS. C. H. M. THRING

(ANNE CAVERLY)

EDITED BY

C. H. M. T.

"I have done my best.
I am not learned."
Fair Rosamond, Act II.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL,
HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD.
1914

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To

THE MEMORY OF THE BRIGHTEST, MOST
DEVOTED AND UNSELFISH WIFE THAT
EVER MAN POSSESSED AND LOST

PREFACE

THESE letters and this simple Diary, written under varying conditions by one of the most sympathetic and unselfish of women, talented and unusually observant, who had previously travelled much, were not intended for publication in their present form. The writer had been asked to put her experiences into book form for her friends, and these notes were intended partly as a basis for a book and partly as a memento for herself of her travels. Her tragically sudden death at Agra, at the age of forty-five, prevented this intention from being carried into effect. Yet her Diary and letters, disjointed although they may appear to be, can hardly fail to interest all who knew her gentle, happy nature, and they are printed in this belief. Moreover, only a few days before her death, she had requested that prayers might be offered up in her stage name of "Anne Caverly" for "the power to send my thoughts to others (as an actress does)" and "for my ambition to make clear an Author's thought in my own way. God grant this to Anne Caverly!" There can be little doubt that in making this request she had in her mind the intention of putting her Diary into book form. Her actual Diary was only commenced after leaving Sydney in May 1912; therefore, the earlier part of this book has been compiled from her letters written to various relatives from time to time; but from May 1912 onwards her Diary has been

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used practically verbatim and, consequently, the interest increases. Written as they were upon the spur of the moment and when the scenes were fresh in her memory, they reflect the unconventionality, strong sense of humour and intense sympathy of her nature—human sympathy which obtained for her the affection and confidence of all she met, Europeans and Orientals alike. Her powers of graphic description and of keen observation add to their interest. The latter part, descriptive of Japan, Darjeeling and Kashmir, is especially interesting.

Daughter and granddaughter of Puritan Nova Scotian Ministers, her mother was an American lady of an artistic temperament, and her nature was imbued in an unusually striking way with the almost contradictory characteristics of both sides of her family. Left an orphan at an early age she was brought up by an aunt, earned a livelihood when still quite young as a school teacher in Maine, graduated at the Emerson College of Oratory and at the Conservatory of Music at Boston (where she made many literary friends, including the late Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter, Arthur Macy, J. B. O'Reilly and others), became a constant visitor at the St. Botolph and Papyrus (Literary) Clubs, and an admirer of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks. Her dramatic talent attracted the attention of a lady, a well-known leader of society in America, who secured her services to play the name-part in an open-air performance of "Fair Rosamond," an adaptation of Tennyson's "Becket." Her success was immediate, and she became for several years a well-known and popular member of the late Mr. Augustin Daly's Theatrical Company, playing "character" parts in New York and throughout the United States and Canada. She was then

widely known as "the Puritan Actress." On the death of Mr. Daly, for whom she had a high regard, she left the stage, and a legacy from an aunt enabled her to travel and study for more than two years in England, Belgium, Holland and Paris before her marriage. She had, therefore, seen much of the world prior to the tour she describes, and was in a position to compare new with previous experiences.

From the point of view of general interest her criticisms may be of assistance to other travellers in deciding what to see and what to avoid, whilst the descriptions of camp life and sport in Maine, Ontario, British Columbia, New Zealand, Kashmir and on the Nepaul border may interest those who propose to shoot or fish in those districts.

The pathos of the book lies in the closing chapters and in the sudden and unexpected death of the Authoress at Agra. By her unselfish wish I was away from her upon a shooting expedition, and she seemed full of the joy of life and physical power. She was then looking forward with keenest anticipation to returning with her experiences and the little treasures she had collected upon her tour to her many friends in England, and to a period of rest and quiet after her strenuous life. Yet, towards the end of her Diary and in some of her actions during the last few weeks of her life, there would appear to be some dim premonition of death.

The book is illustrated by many photographs taken at the times the Diary and letters were written, and will assist the reader in realising the scenes described.

C. H. M. Thring.

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THE TRIALS AND PLEASURES OF AN UNCOMPLETED TOUR

CHAPTER I

AMERICA AND CANADA

My dear wife and I met and married somewhat late in life, she being at that time forty and I forty-seven years of age. We had both lived very strenuous lives, and for the first three years it was necessary for me to devote all my time and attention to my work in London to enable me to retire at the end of that period with a sufficient competence to allow us to carry out a wish that had been in the minds of both of us for many years, namely, to make an extended tour around the world and to provide for our old age. We both of us appreciated the truth of Kipling's words, "What does he know of England who only England knows?"

When I was able to retire, in the early part of 1911, we had a short period of preparation for our intended trip, which had to be deferred in consequence of my wife being taken seriously ill whilst watching the procession on the day following the king's coronation and her consequent severe operation. As soon as she had recovered from this, and her Doctors considered her strong enough to travel, we left Liverpool in the White Star Steamer *Cedric*, 23,000 tons, with about 1,100

passengers, on the 31st of August, 1911, arriving, after an uneventful voyage with the usual amusements, at New York on the 8th of September, and stayed at the Holland House Hotel in Fifth Avenue. My wife there met several of her old American friends, and I spent my time in making an inspection of New York both by day and night, having a very interesting night trip through Chinatown, Little Italy, Little Hungary, the Ghetto, the Bowery, etc. The Chinese shops, restaurants, joss houses, and opium dens were exceedingly interesting, and the only trouble experienced was in the Jewish quarter, where we were hooted and pelted with tomatoes.

The cruise in a launch round New York was exceedingly beautiful and interesting. Amongst our impressions of New York we were agreeably surprised at the politeness of the Customs authorities, who passed my gun, rifle, fishing-rods, etc., without charging duty upon my explanation that we were only staying a short time in the States; but we found hotel expenses, taxicabs, etc. somewhat extravagant. We paid several visits to Claremont, the famous restaurant, which had been well known to my wife in her New York days. The proprietor proved to have been educated at the same school in Maine, and at the same time, as my wife. He invited us to his flat and the restaurant opposite and below us was specially lit up with electric lamps in our honour. He gave us much information relative to big game shooting in Canada, of which he was very fond. I was made a member of the University Club, and we spent a very pleasant week in the city. We then paid a most interesting visit to my wife's old friends, Admiral, Mrs. and Miss C. at Washington, who received us most hospitably, and Admiral C. at once made me a member of the Army and Navy Club. The first evening we went for a charm-

THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

CLAREMONT RESTAURANT, NEW YORK.

ing drive by the Potomac River, and the next day visited the Capitol, White House, State Museum, Octagon House (where the Treaty of Ghent was signed), and other places of interest. We were greatly impressed by the beauty of the city and its public gardens.

We then returned to New York and left by the Fall River boat *Priscilla* (a floating hotel) for Boston, where my dear wife had lived, where she had graduated at the Emerson College and had been a very successful pupil at the Conservatory of Music. There also she met old friends. A building which interested us there was the old Court House, upon which still appear the arms of England with the American eagle flaunting itself above them. From thence we went by boat up the Penobscot River to Bangor in Maine, a delightful and beautiful trip, although the effect was marred by a heavy mist. A lady who was an old friend of my wife came on board and accompanied us for several stages on the river. The brilliant colours of the maples, varying from bright crimson to saffron yellow amongst the dark green of the pine-trees, were very beautiful. We were struck, too, by the great lumber camps and saw-mills, the thousands of logs floating down the stream, and the salmon traps in the river. We saw a seal swimming near the boat, but very little other wild life, although there were many beautiful butterflies. At Bangor we found a very comfortable and old-fashioned hotel. The head waiter was loudly indignant at our asking for some light wine for dinner, pointing out that we were in a prohibition State, but whispered that we could have as much as we liked in our own room. The town is clean and picturesque, the houses being built of wood with Dutch stoeps or verandahs.

We left Bangor on the 18th of September for Bridgewater in Northern Maine, where we stayed at a small country hotel in order that my dear wife might see her only sister, who was living at Bridgewater with her family. The hotel was primitive but clean and comfortable, and possessed a good bathroom, electric light, telephone, etc. At Bridgewater I caught a few trout, and went out several days after deer, but although we saw one or two I did not succeed in getting a shot. We saw several ruffed grouse, which are called partridges here, but the cover was too thick to afford good shooting. The American system is to take off their heads, when sitting, with a small rifle. A shot gun is seldom used.

On the 25th of September I went with my wife's brother-in-law to the camp of "Big Bill Sewell," Roosevelt's old guide, on Mattawamkeag Lake near Island Falls. Here we were made exceedingly comfortable in a large log cabin, having our meals in Sewell's house. We found him most interesting and he told us many stories of his hunting days with Roosevelt in Dakota. The lake is a beautiful stretch of water about seven miles long and one mile wide, surrounded by immense woods extending in one direction for about forty miles, and almost impenetrable. The hills rising from the lake are exceedingly beautiful. My wife writes from Bridgewater at this time :

"We went to the most beautiful woods near here yesterday. The ground was carpeted with leaves of the brightest reds and yellows, but enough leaves of the same colours remain on the trees to make a brilliant contrast against those of sombre firs and a sky as blue as the Riviera. I am able to walk and go about with the others, but I cannot attempt the camp life yet. Life is primitive here."

THE OCTAGON HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

MONTMORENCI FALLS, NEAR QUEBEC.

We caught a considerable number of fine pickerell and white perch—excellent eating—in the lake, but got no trout, although we were told there were a few in the streams feeding the lake. We were, however, too late in the season to try for them. We made an expedition into the big woods, but saw nothing but some bear tracks and only succeeded in getting lost. Fortunately, we were able to find our way back to the lake eventually with the assistance of my compass.

We then returned to Bridgewater, and I went with Shaw—a well-known hunter and guide—B. and his nephew into the woods in the hope of getting some deer. After a seventeen-miles' tramp we arrived at a little log cabin thirteen feet by fifteen feet which Shaw had built in the midst of the woods, and where the four of us slept on pine boughs with blankets over us. Our life here was very primitive but enjoyable. The order of the day was to rise about 4.30; tramp the woods until about ten; return for a rest, as there was little chance for sport in the middle of the day; go out again about four, and to bed before nine. Until we shot a deer and some "partridges" we had no meat but bacon. Our appetites were good and our guide made excellent hot scones which he called "biscuits." The deer shooting had just begun, but we only succeeded in killing one small stag, owing chiefly to the thickness of the leaves upon the trees and upon the ground, which made it exceedingly difficult to obtain a shot. The deer seemed to remain in the impenetrable spruce swamps by day, and only to come out to the higher ground at night to feed on beechmasts. Unfortunately for us the moose season did not begin until the 15th and therefore we were unable to shoot at five moose which we saw and approached sufficiently near to photograph. I was

obliged to return before the moose season began. There were many bears in the woods near us, for which we set traps, but without success. Undoubtedly later in the season there would be excellent sport in these woods with moose, deer, bears, lynxes, "partridges," duck, etc., but there is an element of danger in the fact that so many inexperienced sportsmen are out with rifles and are inclined to shoot anything they see moving. In consequence of this there are many fatalities. Moreover, these big woods are exceedingly difficult to navigate owing to their consisting of a succession of hills covered with beech trees and swamps with a dense growth of spruce. It is almost impossible, therefore, to find one's way without an experienced guide. On our way back to Bridgewater I shot a mink with a very beautiful skin. From a sportsman's point of view the time to be in these woods is soon after the first fall of snow.

Things which struck us in Northern Maine were that, although it is a strictly prohibition State and nothing but water and tea or coffee could be obtained at meal-times, there is much drunkenness of the worst type—men smuggling vile, raw spirit over the border from New Brunswick and drinking it wholesale in secret in their bedrooms or in barns. Also that, although each sportsman is allowed by his licence to kill only two deer and one moose, it is not uncommon to hear men boasting of having killed two or three dozen stags in a season. Typhoid, due to bad water, and consumption, due to the close shutting up of houses in the winter and much expectoration, are very rife. The houses are built of wood with shingle roofs, some painted to represent stone or brick. All have outer doors and blinds of gauze wire to keep out the flies in summer. The farmhouses have huge barns, many of them

STATUE OF CHAMPLAIN, CHÂTEAU FRONTENAC.

NIAGARA FALLS WITH SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

larger and better built than the houses themselves. Life is simple and very early hours are kept.

We left Bridgewater on the 11th of October, had supper at Presque Isle, and slept at a comfortable hotel at Van Buren. Next day we journeyed by St. Leonards to Edmondston and arrived at night at Rivière du Loup on the St. Lawrence River, where we slept at a small hotel. Leaving there next morning we got to Quebec at 2 p.m. on the 13th of October, where we found the city *en fête* to greet the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who arrived simultaneously with ourselves at the Château Frontenac Hotel. This hotel, one of the most beautiful in the world, situated upon a rock some two hundred feet above the St. Lawrence, with magnificent views both up and down the river, is built upon the lines of the old Château. My wife writes from here that she considers Quebec the most interesting city in North America, that she loves the place and is enjoying the "Indian summer" weather. Here we again returned to civilised life, and another letter from my wife reads:

"At Bridgewater M. was wonderful. He defeated the old campers on their own ground. He was ready for anything and could out-tramp the others. Now we are in one of my old favourite places—one I wanted to show M. It is a better hotel than the one in New York, and I do not know anywhere so fine a city. To-night, in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the town is *en fête*—electric lights everywhere, even in the old town—and all sorts of mottoes—'Canada my Home, the Empire my Country,' etc., placed beside the hotel. We came across the river by ferry to-day, arriving late for luncheon and finding the luncheon for the Duke of Connaught in full swing,

the whole town very excited and flags flying everywhere. As I write I have only to lift my eyes and I look out and down into a deep purple gulf with lights on its edge—the St. Lawrence. It is a noble river. Here on the skyline stands the statue of Champlain, and the promenade is outlined against the river by a chain of electric lights looped up at intervals. We are in a comfortable and most artistic room, twice as long as wide, with tables, furniture all in chintz, colours green and rose. Red roses (real ones—we saw paper ones yesterday) are all around us. A lovely vase of them here on the writing-table smells so sweetly. Palms are scattered about, and it is all in such good taste. I wish you could see Quebec and Quebec as it is now. The air is fine—rather bracing at our height above the river—and weather perfect."

Most of the Canadian Ministers, with Mr. Borden at their head, were at the hotel to welcome the Duke. We spent some time at Quebec, visiting the historic Heights of Abraham and the cliff by which General Wolfe led his troops against Montcalm. The whole city is most interesting. We also drove out in a curious little green and yellow "cabriolet" to the celebrated Montmorenci Falls, some fifty feet higher than Niagara, close to which is situated an old house, formerly the residence of the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, and now converted into a very comfortable hotel. Here were gardens containing specimens of almost all the Canadian fauna. At Quebec we were hospitably received by several friends, and I was made a member of the Garrison Club. We attended an impressive service in the Cathedral on the Sunday and on Monday, the 16th of October, we left to inspect the Shawinigan Falls, where are the power

SHAW SETTING A BEAR TRAP.

SLOPE FROM ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, UP WHICH WOLFE LED HIS TROOPS TO HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

stations which supply Montreal with electricity. The St. Maurice River is very beautiful here.

In the evening we arrived at Montreal (Place Vidal Hotel) which we found very comfortable. We, however, only remained one day and left the next evening for Albany in the State of New York —by sleeping-car—to pay a visit to my wife's old and dear friends Colonel and Mrs. R. Here we were most hospitably received, visited many friends, and I was made a member of the old Fort Orange Club and introduced to the Governor of the State, who seemed much pleased at having the Duke of Connaught as a neighbour. I also heard part of a judicial inquiry by members of the Senate. From Albany we journeyed on the 19th of October through Buffalo and through the streets of Syracuse, where the railway track was quite unprotected amidst the traffic of the streets, to Niagara Falls. There we stayed at the Prospect House Hotel. After dinner we sallied forth to find the Falls in the dark. My wife writes from Toronto on the 21st of October:

"We arrived yesterday afternoon from Niagara, and as M. and I saw it, without a guide and at night, it was worth all the travel and discomfort we had been through. We found the rapids first because they made most noise. M. thought we were *below* the Falls, so we decided not to go up to the Falls until next day, and we were coming down the river towards our hotel when we came to a great sheet of calm water (it looked almost still in that light) and heard a dull roar. We saw far below us, and 'I believe we are near the Falls,' said M., as excited as he ever gets, and we were upon them! We stood on a railed-in platform called Prospect Point. It was most impressive, and as we could not see distinctly it seemed as if *we* had discovered the

Falls. My head grew dizzy looking down from that height. One always sees views from *below* the Falls—we stood on a level with the brink. You know how very still water is before it goes over the brink, and when we moved away at thirty yards' distance you could feel the earth tremble. The rapids above the Falls are in themselves awe-full; that is the word in its true sense. There is no light near the shore, and some trees grew right on the brink of these trembling, dashing waters. I took hold of M.'s hand and went to the edge, holding to the trees with the other hand. Out as far as I could see into the night nothing but rapids. My knees grew weak, and even M. said it made his head 'a bit queer.' When I awoke during the night I heard that dull boom, although we were quite ten minutes' walk away. Next morning we 'did' all the usual views with a guide, going under the Falls on the Canadian side, crossing to Goat Island, etc., etc., but it was all tame compared with the experience of the night before. There is nothing like discovering Niagara Falls for yourself in the night!"

We arrived at Toronto on the evening of the 20th of October, where we were met by my sister. My wife writes:

"G. has got a day off to be with us. M. was so delighted to see one of his own family last night that he told G. all his travels to date as written down from day to day in a little pocket diary you gave him. G. began to look sleepy at nine, but sat it out till ten, when she said she must go home. This morning he showed her all his postcards and photographs and drew a line on the map to show just where we have been on our travels. G. has

RAPIDS ABOVE NIAGARA FALLS

NIAGARA FALLS FROM PROSPECT POINT.

luncheon, tea and supper parties planned for us to-morrow and luncheon on Monday. Then we have to give a tea here in the hotel drawing-room, G. to receive with me. After this we go into the 'wild and woolly west.' I shall be prepared for it after my Bridgewater experiences. I am sorry that M. saw only the uncivilised northern part of Maine—no other part of New England is like it. It is unknown to the civilised except for hunting. M. is now set on getting that 'head' for our 'baronial halls,' which, as you know, will be in a cottage, so we go west on Tuesday to Major Dyer's. I begin to dread the Pacific. They have awful waves there that swamp even large steamers, but I will live while I live. I was so thankful at Niagara to find that I could walk up and down the stone steps and over the little bridges and get about with M. generally. I am fit to go into camp now, and by the time we reach Vancouver I may lose the fear of the Pacific that troubles me now whenever I awake and think of it."

At Toronto I golfed on the excellent course at Lambton—one of the finest I have seen abroad—and we attended the prize-giving at Upper Canada College. On the 25th of October we left for Winnipeg, travelling all day and night through a rocky country with innumerable lakes on either side of the line. Arrived at Winnipeg we stayed at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, very large and up-to-date. We went on at once to my cousin, Major Dyer, at Minnedosa, and the next day we had some skating and I attended a very interesting dinner given in honour of Dr. Roche, the member of the Canadian Parliament for that district and the new Secretary of State. He made an excellent and most interesting speech. We stayed about a week

at Minnedosa skating, and I got some prairie chicken, rabbit, and duck shooting. We returned to Winnipeg on the 3rd of November after a very pleasant stay on a large prairie farm, but from the point of view of sport it was not a success, as I was almost too late for the prairie chicken and duck shooting and the deer season had not begun. The thermometer dropped nearly to zero at night, but the days were beautifully sunny and bright. A Director of a great lumber Company offered us the opportunity of going into a camp in the timber country near Dryden in Ontario, and we stayed again at the Royal Alexandra Hotel *en route*. From here Anne writes :

" One lives in such a mad rush here that there is no time for writing. I did not realise how very little I should be alone or with a quiet spot to myself fitted with writing materials. Leaving Quebec, for six nights we have been sleeping in different beds each night and moving on each day. So far the travel has been hard ; it has all been new to M. and he has been amused or interested as it might happen, but he has been disappointed as to his shooting; so to-morrow we leave here early (and I hope we shall have luck) to go into a lumber camp. I had planned to rest and mend at Toronto, but G. had a perfect ' social whirl ' planned for us —no chance to begin a book. We came on to Minnedosa and there one had no chance of writing at all. Yesterday we all came into a little hotel at Minnedosa and I was taken to see Mrs. P., senior (who is very young and well and sends her love to you), and her two married daughters. We had lunch, tea, and supper with Mr. and Mrs. P., then to bed, cold and dirty, and up at five this morning. M. and Major Dyer, who came out with us, are

A CORNER OF OUR CABIN.

OUR LOG CABIN WITH AUTHORESS, PETE AND "BRUIN."

seeing the town, and I shall bathe and rest. I am thankful to say I am very well."

I inspected the Winnipeg Agricultural College with Major D., who is the president, and the Corn Exchange, was introduced to Bishop M. of Rupert's Land, and we left for Dryden on the 4th of November, where we were met at the little hotel by Mr. and Mrs. B. Mr. B. is the manager of the lumber company and pulp factory and was most kind in making arrangements for our camp. Anne writes from the Dryden Hotel:

"Major Dyer came into Winnipeg with us. In the evening a Reporter buttonholed M. because he had seen M.'s name on the register and found out that he was an English gentleman here for sport. I enclose the result, which appeared in a Winnipeg paper yesterday. We go into camp to rough it for a week to-morrow morning. M. was told this place was a good place for game by the Canadian Pacific Railway agent in Montreal. Then Mr. D. spoke of it also, and wrote to the manager of the pulp mills here to lend us a lumber camp and find a guide. I can hardly write letters even and must wait until life is easier before I write a description of our trip. All our valuables are in the company's safe, and we must live in what we have on for a whole week."

On the 6th of November we drove seven miles into the forest and found a fairly large log cabin, but with only one room, a leaking roof, and nearly two inches of water and slush upon the floor. Our guide was a gold prospector named Pete Aspinall, who had been prospecting and marking out claims in the quartz formation in that district for some fifteen

years. He was reputed to be practically the only man who could find his way throughout that great forest district. We were also helped by Jim F., a jovial Scotchman, who drove us out from Dryden. Here my dear wife settled down to hard camp work, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy it. I and the guide used to go out each morning before daylight and not return until after dark. There was not a soul within six miles, and our sport was spoiled and our rest disturbed by a pack of timber wolves which were hunting in the country, and which effectually scared the deer. Their "music" when hunting at night was most weird. From their tracks the deer had been very plentiful a short time before, but we only saw one stag, in thick brushwood, and he escaped owing to the intervention of an unseen tree trunk between him and the rifle.

Bruin, the big dog, had a fortunate escape one day. We had left him as usual to guard the camp, but about three miles from camp I suddenly saw something grey moving in the brushwood about a hundred yards off. Thinking it might be a deer I turned round, but said to the guide, "Pete, there is your dog." Pete looked and said, "*That* is not my dog, that is a *wolf*." I said, "If it is a wolf, I will try to get him," and as the animal's head appeared through the brushwood I "drew a bead" on it, but put down my rifle saying, "Pete, it *is* your dog." Then Bruin came running up to us. We found by the tracks in the snow afterwards he had followed our tracks all the way from camp, but when he got near us he had gone off to range in the woods as was his wont. I would not have killed him on any account, for he was a splendid dog and a wonderful companion. He could draw my wife with the greatest

OUR BEDSTEAD IN LOG CABIN.

THE MAYOR OF DRYDEN'S STORE.

ease on a little toboggan to which he was harnessed and had learned to box and wrestle. The country was very difficult, the timber having fallen after the frequent forest fires and lay piled up in immense barricades through which in many places it was quite impossible to pass. A knowledge, therefore, of the points of the compass was by no means sufficient to enable one to find one's way, as only certain tracks were passable, and although one might know that the camp was only three miles direct due south-east one might have to tramp eight or ten miles to find a way back to it. On the last day we came across the fresh tracks of two large moose, but after following them for several hours they led into dense spruce swamp, so, as it was getting too dark to shoot and we knew my wife would be anxious, we were obliged to give up the chase. The result, therefore, of a week's hard work in deep snow, with the thermometer ranging between zero and freezing-point, was only a few "partridges," some rabbits, etc.; but there is no doubt that with a little fortune one ought to get a moose and perhaps one or two mule-deer stags in a short hunting trip in this neighbourhood. My wife writes from this camp as follows:

THE SHACK IN THE BUSH,
NEAR DRYDEN, ONTARIO,
November 7th, 1911.

"I am happier than for *months*, yet living in the roughest way imaginable. I am doing all the work, save bringing wood and water, for M. and Pete, his big dog, and myself. After teas and dinners and duty visits it is lovely to stand at the door and look away miles into the woods and know that no one will call. We came in yesterday, driving over

fallen trees in places. Nearest neighbours a mining-camp miles away. Inside the shack one is cosy, but out of doors everything is frozen hard. Snow lies in patches on the ground, all bare and grey, sky, burnt land, and all, but one can work and think and call one's soul one's own. M. and Pete are out shooting. I have my dinner cooking, table set, and am writing by the light of two candles stuck in bottles. I have a big dog and a revolver (which I dare not fire) for protection. The whole thing is enjoyable. When we came in the place was as wet as could be, but a fire and waterproof oil paper on the roof, with the water swept out, made it fit to sleep in last night. From the four small windows I see nothing but trees, thousands of straight lines, like a Beardsley scheme. Wood, water, grindstone, axe, saw, all in this room 18 by 20 feet. As high as my chin the logs have mortar between them, above that I can see the trees through chinks. We have some dry wood cut long ago, but Pete fells green timber to keep the fire going at night. We have white American cloth on the table, galvanised iron dishes, and steel knives and forks. The bed is a wonder. We sleep on hay covered with grey blankets and a log as a bolster. My little pillow and an air pillow help. Steamer rugs and another pair of new grey blankets keep one fairly warm. The stove is replenished in the night. Poles suspended above our heads are wardrobes and old boxes are our chairs and cupboards. The floor has been warped in places by the wet, so that you stumble up little hills. I hear a shot! Another! The windows are little grey lakes of light and I cannot see the perpendicular lines of firs beyond. I hope dear M. will get good sport. This is the best and *keenest* enjoyment since we left home. The air is so bracing."

THE AUTHORESS IN DOG-SLEIGH.

Enclosed in this letter was the following menu, and copy of a rough drawing by a local artist in chalk of Pete and his dog upon our door.

MENU, DINNER.

November 7th, 6 p.m.

Soup—(camp cubes, add hot water)
Broiled Beef Steak. Pommes Lyonnais.
Biscuits and Cheese.
Apples. An Orange.
Fry's Chocolate. Camp Coffee.

The following is from notes made by her of camp life :—

" Clothes for women : knickerbockers or trousers, warm and light clothing, Burberry kit, pyjamas and warm undergarments, rubber gloves; sewing companion, old clothes suitable for dish cloths, an electric torch, hose of different weights, medicine chest, a few yards of white American cloth, camp coffee, soups, chocolate, postcards and pencils, and, above all, take a cheerful, adaptable soul and body. People say, ' How can a woman have stood that life ? ' *i.e.* the early settlers. Any woman who can play golf ought to be able to do it. People say, ' How brave ! what courage ! what match of brains and body against tremendous odds.' I say that it is nothing to the fight in cities. Go to New York, for instance, and fight for a living. Try both, as I have. Orion last night was glorious, cold, calm, abiding—wonderfully brilliant in this northern country. Orion, adored by me, looked down with a cold smile of pity. I am only a blade of grass to him ; I look up at him for a moment and die—he shines on. Surely he said all this to me last night, at 2.30 a.m. A snowstorm—a blinding one—has

come. Here one is dressed for it, and it is a delight. How differently one feels here about day and night, storms, 'loneliness,' and all."

I wrote home at this time to say that Anne was in great form, wonderfully well, and had developed into a splendid camp cook and laundress; but the two shots which she had heard were unfortunately only at rabbits. It was very disappointing to see only the tracks of moose and but one deer in six days after going seven hundred miles out of our way and hearing so much about the excellence of the shooting.

Anne's next letter is again from the Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, November 13th, 1911.

"We got back from our shack in the bush to Dryden last night and found a lot of letters forwarded from Major Dyer's. We had a week of wild, cold life in the Canadian wilds, but so far M. has no big game. He only saw one deer and missed that, the bullet going into a tree trunk which he did not see just in front of the animal's shoulder. We are both very fit and I am richer by the experience. I find I have control of my nerves. They tell me that the women who live in the bush would not care to do what I have done. I had a big dog chained to the right of the door and a revolver lay on the window at the left of the door. Having planned just what I would do if anything happened, I went about my work. My hands are roughened by it, but it was a plunge into the clean wilds, and I would not have missed that experience for anything. To-day we have been delayed four hours by a bad wreck of freight cars on the line, so we stopped here to rest. We go on to-morrow and we are looking forward to the grand scenery of the

PUNCH.

Rockies. We expect to sail from Vancouver on November 29th. The G.P.O., Honolulu, will find us. I think we have to be there a month. This is a very good hotel and is better by contrast with our old surroundings. I had such a fine dog at the shack. He was a gentleman, a huge St. Bernard with a touch of the wolf in him; and when we left here to-night a stray dog came up to me and asked me as clearly as could be to take him with me. Dogs are so pathetic! I hope we shall fall in love with the picture that A. has done of 'Punch.' We hear there is a good deal of *weather* and snow west of here, but shall try to go west to-morrow."

On the 14th of November we left Winnipeg, journeying through a flat prairie country, slept on the train, arriving at Regina three hours late, and were stopped by a gas-tank bursting in the tourist car on the train at midnight. Next day, after passing through prairie country all the morning, we approached the Rockies in brilliant sunshine but with deep snow on the ground, and arrived at 3 a.m. (five hours late) at Banff. The C.P.R. Hotel being closed for the season we drove to the Sanatorium Hotel. Anne writes: "We are here in the midst of beautiful mountain scenery, lots of sun, and temperature zero." In the afternoon we went for a sleigh ride through the great National Park to see the herds of buffalo, moose, etc., and then, finding the hotel not very comfortable, decided to leave for Field next morning. Unfortunately the magnificent scenery between Banff and Field was spoiled for us by a heavy snowfall. We arrived in the afternoon at the Mount Stephen Hotel (adjoining the station) where we were exceedingly comfortable, and Anne writes from thence on the 17th of November:

"One is *so* busy *living* that it is hard to find time for letters even, to say nothing of a book. Now I think of it, people who write books of travel seem to have stayed a little time at least in each place. We are always on the wing, and there has been no time to *think* except for the delightful week in camp near Dryden. I had to be independent as I was 'on my own' all day. When I went out with Bruin to walk in the deep snow and over rough country I discarded my skirt and went about in my Burberry riding-breeches and Norfolk jacket. I became emancipated. On account of severe cold and heavy snow, all the trains are five or six hours late. We came on here from Banff this morning. Yesterday morning was very clear and sunny and M. got some good snapshots that were printed at once of the Cascade Mountains, etc. No one knew exactly when our train would arrive, so I had addressed an envelope to you, and was going to write you from there when the train was 'called.' We stood on the rear platform of the observation-car. The scenery was very *severe* and grand. We came through some wonderful tunnelling. Here our windows look out on Mount Stephen, but you can only see its dim outlines, for it is snowing. When M. comes in (he has gone for a walk) he will send you a cutting from the *Dryden Observer*. The editor followed us up to the little hotel 'parlour' after supper and thus addressed M.: 'Excuse me, sir, but you are an *event* here.' Then he proceeded to question us, with the result which I enclose. Pete, the guide, called M. 'me Lord,' and we are wondering what Mr. D. wrote about us to the Dryden Pulp Company. These C.P.R. hotels are the *last word* in artistic comfort. Outside, snow, cold, and only a few little bungalows here and there."

VIEW OF SELKIRK MOUNTAINS FROM RAILWAY.

E.'S LANDING ON OKANAGAN LAKE.

OKANAGAN LAKE.

After spending a very snowy day or two at Field we left on the 19th of November, a bright morning, and passed through the magnificent scenery of the Rockies and Selkirks, but after luncheon in the train and leaving Roger's Pass the view was again obscured by falling snow. We slept that night at Sicamous Junction Hotel on Lake Shuswap, a magnificent sheet of water with innumerable arms and reported to be full of various kinds of trout. Next morning we left Sicamous on the branch line to Okanagan Lake and were very hospitably received after a short trip down the lake in a stern-wheel steamer by our friends the L.-E.'s at their landing. On the following day I and Mr. L.-E. climbed some 2,000 feet after deer, but although we came on the tracks of deer, cougar, and lynxes, we saw nothing. The next day I had a few shots at duck, and, trolling in the lake, was fortunate enough to catch a magnificent fourteen-and-a-half-pound trout. This lake is exceedingly beautiful, the climate is mild, but little snow falling even in the winter, and there is a great fruit-growing industry, whilst the fishing and shooting are excellent, the latter not so good as formerly owing to the increasing settlement of the country. We met several friends on the lake, and after luncheon at Vernon at the head of the lake we returned to Sicamous, slept there on the night of the 23rd of November and after an interesting journey through the lakes and along the Thompson River we gradually descended to the sea-level. We found the Vancouver Hotel comfortable, and Mr. Justice M. was extremely hospitable, made me a member of the Vancouver Club and golfed with me. Anne writes from Vancouver, 26th of November, 1911 :

"Do you know I feel as Miss C.'s brother did

about Niagara when I try to describe the Rockies —' they shut me up, they are so grand.' Is it the Psalmist who says, ' It is too wonderful for me, I cannot *attain* unto it ? ' That *attain,* the reaching after, the *trying* effort of the human mind to *stand* it even, not to *comprehend* it ! I had to go inside the observation-car at last. I saw mountains upon mountains, glaciers, ravines, mountains again, so close that it was not a mountain as one had ever seen mountains before, but a huge wall that shut out all else in the world, with us at its base. There was only *that* and *us.* A great mountain near at hand *crushes.* Once I read a book about men who had lived for years in a virgin forest—' loggers ' and ' trappers ' they were—amongst real grandeur and real danger. When they came out—back to civilisation—they could not tell about it—only broken sentences. It was too big—the life there ! That is how I feel about the Rockies. Even from here one sees wonderful scenery. From my window I see the tops of snow-covered mountains peering over the shoulders of big black ones. Two especially appeal to me—' the Lions.' They are white lions *couchants.* They are only part of the coast range, and beyond them the Selkirks lie between us and the Solemn Rockies. I found a letter here from Mrs. M. in which she says, ' You will be seeing the Rockies, I beheld them in *awe* and *solemnity* ! ' The underlining is mine. I wrote H. that the Rockies were hard and grey. That was at Banff.

From Banff we went to Field and could not see for snow, so we waited at Field, at the very nicest of the C.P.R. hotels—smaller, and furnished like a country house instead of a palace, as was the Château Frontenac—until we got a clear day. That day was one to live and suffer for. We came through *hours* of splendour (as I have tried to tell

CASCADE MOUNTAINS, BANFF.

MOUNT STEPHEN AND HOTEL FIELD.

you)—all the great effects of mountains, gorges, snow, and ice piled together. Then we came down to the level of the Columbia River with the Rockies all drawn up in line on the one side and the Selkirk range on the other. I could not talk. I felt like saluting or falling on my knees to them. And for *colour*! Did I say there was none? I kept wishing that H. or A. could sketch it. The river-bed was bordered with brown (all the sepia tints), red and silver streams (ice-covered) on a snow ground. The water (sheets of pale, cold green) flowed over wonderful rocks—bronzes and reds—and the bare, grey Rockies on the right stood in sharp contrast to the Selkirks on the left, always wooded with rich, deep greens—in spots purple—and the tops white with snow. Then the soft scarf of cloud with which mountains love to drape their shoulders—this softened it all. Down this avenue of splendour we rushed. We stood on the rear platform to see it as long as we could, and dear old M. (who, as you know, rarely enthuses) said solemnly, 'I wish my dear old mother could see this.' I am sure they will haunt one till one dies, and, strange to say, I have never read or heard of anything at all like them. One hears of the wonderful mountains. Who has ever told of the parallel ranges and how you pass between them? And the human side—oh, I wish I could write! The L.-E.'s, whom we visited, have titled cousins living in Park Lane. Mrs. L.-E. is young and beautiful and does all her own work. Their next neighbour is the son of a Greek Princess, and when his baby was born it arrived suddenly. The husband and a man friend got a steam-launch and started down the Okanagan Lake with the poor girl. It was a race with the baby. Would they reach the doctor before the baby reached this earth? The poor girl's screams

carried across the quiet lake. Puff! Puff! Puff! went the little steam-launch as fast as they could make her go. Another piercing shriek and the mother became unconscious and baby was born into a world of quiet lake and mountain, puffing launch and two men dumb with fear, but mother and child lived. Life goes on on the Okanagan and all through this wonderful country. M. is playing golf with a judge of the Supreme Court. I am nervous about our voyage to Honolulu. The boat is small and the Pacific can be treacherous. I will write you as soon as we are there, and I wish the voyage were over. Pat 'Punchey' for me, dear little dog. How I'd like to see him!"

THE AUTHORESS (WITH TERRIER) AT OAK BAY, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

ROOF GARDEN AT YOUNG'S HOTEL, HONOLULU.

CHAPTER II

VANCOUVER ISLAND AND HAWAII

I MET several old Marlburian schoolfellows at Vancouver and altogether we had an interesting time there. On the 28th of November we crossed to Victoria and went to the excellent Empress Hotel. Next day we went out to Oak Bay, inspected the fine golf-course there, and left in the Canadian-Australian liner *Marama* (Captain Morisby) in the evening. Anne writes from Victoria, November 29th :

"While M. is at the barber's shop I will send you a line—my last letter from North America. We have been out to Oak Bay, where there is a little hotel and a golf-course—a beautiful course with stunted oaks and rocks overgrown with beautiful little plants and moss. There are little coves and bays full of wild duck. They know they are protected within three hundred yards of the shore. We climbed the highest rock in the middle of the golf-course and saw over the sea the mountains of the Cascades range looking very high here as we are at sea-level. Mount Baker in the United States, 15,000 feet high, was clouded at his base, but we saw his head above the clouds. The shore and vegetation remind me of the south of France. Instead of leaves you have bare, stunted, gnarled, dwarf oaks here. Until now, we have had firs of different

sorts, only firs and cedars in the mountains. To-day I noticed how large the blackberry leaves are, but the bramble vines have turned brown, and the red seed-pods left on the bushes are very large and close together. The waxberry bush is everywhere, growing wild. The white berries and the red hips on the rose-bushes give a touch of colour to Oak Bay just now. We picked a few little rock flowers to send you. They were in grey, green, and several tints of red. I hope they will not have lost all colour when you see them.

The little hotel at Field—Mount Stephen House—was the most homely of all the C.P.R. hotels, the Château Frontenac the most wonderfully situated, and this one the best *appointed* of them all. It is much more gorgeous than our honeymoon hotel at Nice. Our suite is the 'latest' in every detail. The bathroom is as large as yours with all the latest fixtures and devices of the plumber. The taste is very good, unusual in hotels, and we have found out who does it—but 'that is another story.' At the dinner at Judge M.'s (the judge and his wife are Nova Scotians and he knows my father's family at Yarmouth because they built the best ships long ago) we met some very interesting people, one a lady who had presided at Government House at Dawson City, and she told me of giving a dinner to Earl Grey when her cook got drunk! Wonderful tales they told of Dawson in the early days of the gold rush. Tell H. to get *The Trail of* '98 by Service—W. H. I think. Three Marlborough men were invited to meet M. The judge, Mrs. M. and their little daughter all came to the boat to see us off yesterday morning and brought me a bunch of beautiful roses. We have not given you any idea of the hospitality we have received here. M. has been made a member of all the best clubs, and I have had flowers and

invitations and presents ever since we left New York. There can be no doubt that Victoria is an exceptionally attractive place for residence, has a charming climate, good sport of all kinds, and a pleasant English Colony."

For the first two days out from Victoria, off Cape Flattery, we experienced bad weather with heavy seas and rain, but from Sunday the 3rd of December the weather was fine and we had a good voyage, with plenty of deck cricket, until we arrived at Honolulu at 10 p.m. on the evening of Wednesday, December 6th. The view by moonlight approaching the island was very beautiful. Seven stowaways were discovered on board, and the question arose whether they should be landed at Honolulu, but I believe they were eventually taken on to Australia to be dealt with there. At nine o'clock on the morning of December 7th we landed, were met by several friends, and went to the Young Hotel close to the harbour. My wife writes from this hotel on the 10th of December :

" We arrived here last Thursday morning after a very rough passage from Vancouver. My friend, Miss N. A., niece of Judge Dole (who was the President of the Provisional Government when America took over the Islands) met me at the wharf. M. says that he heard at the Pacific Club (at which Mr. D. had put him up) that Judge D. was given a banquet by the Lord Mayor of London when he was there not long ago. Honolulu is delightful, and it is very nice to see Mrs. D. again. I am given the freedom of her house to go and come at all hours as I like. The D.'s, too, are most kind. We had not collected all our luggage since we were at Bridgewater, so there was a busy forenoon *in trunks* get-

ting out cool things. Now we do not mind, but when we first landed we could hardly breathe. N. came again in the afternoon and brought me a lei (garland for the neck) of pink carnations and violets, wrapped ti leaf. We had tea in our private sitting-room, and then went up to the roof-garden (which has many beautiful tropical plants) to see the sunset. Fine showers fall all day long at intervals, but the sun shines the whole time, and no one minds, for they are like mist. The sunset was superb, and the view and colouring were so wonderful that I can never describe them. I am sorry, but I cannot. It is my first island of the Pacific and I know that it will always haunt me. On Friday we went early to Waikiki Beach and lunched at the Moana Hotel—back to tea at Judge D.'s, where one meets the 'best people'; but I find the 'airs and graces' of the officer's wives most boring. The D.'s have a lovely house, and dainty Japanese servants served refreshments. Judge and Mrs. D. and the D.'s were in England for the coronation. On Friday night we dined at 'Craigside'—the D.'s—the most beautiful place on the island. Yesterday morning we were taken to a bungalow on the shore at Kaimuku behind Diamond Head, about two miles from the city, but we shall not be here long enough to pay for the trouble of setting up a home there.

We lunched at Wakiki Beach with an old gentleman we met on the *Marama*, Mr. A. B. He collects molluscs, etc. A native boy climbed the cocoanut trees and threw us down the green nuts. The D.'s have a seaside cottage near and entertained a large party to tea and supper in the open. That is, our roof was a huge and very old hau tree, a modern platform the floor, and servants brought tables and food. A fire was made in the evening

WAIKIKI BEACH AND DIAMOND HEAD.

HOUSE IN MANOA VALLEY, HONOLULU.

in the sand (Hawaiian fashion) and steaks and chickens and chestnuts were cooked on the live coals. Surf bathing and boating were the features of the afternoon. The natives stand on boards and ride the surf. Mr. D. got a native boat (out-rigger) and took a party out; all wore bathing-suits, and M. looked like 'one big chief' sitting in her bows and handling a very broad-bladed paddle in a *savage* fashion. At night, with the sea at our feet, the scene was strangely beautiful. After the electric lights were turned out we had a few Japanese lanterns. Silent Japanese had removed the tables, food, etc., and by the dying fire a Ukalili (Hawaiian guitar) was produced and Hawaiian songs crooned. Branches of the hau tree hung down almost to the water. Augustin Daly would have gone mad over it all for a stage scene.

In the night I heard the most beautiful native music—a lot of native 'boys' singing the sad, sweet Hawaiian airs in a square under our window. The low tones (basses and altos) are particularly sweet. I wish you could hear the native music. Much of it is very sweet and plaintive, minor actions and simple melodies. I shall get a collection of songs here and I hope I may send you things from time to time to keep for us. I asked a friend of my brother-in-law to send some mink skins to your address and I want to have them made up later. We were anxious about 'Punchey' from your last letter. (He had been lame for three days since his last shoot.) We think he may have been beaten for 'running in.' Poor little dog, he was never properly broken! We think it best for him not to go out shooting except with H. or some one who knows that he is not a strong little dog. We would rather have 'Punch' well and happy when we get home than have him taught anything. I do not

want him to be a naughty dog. We hope to come back and have a little house and 'Punchey' again. To-morrow we pack up again and go to the island of Hawaii and up to the greatest volcano in the world. Mr. Wight (who, I had thought, lived in Honolulu) lives two hundred miles away, so we have to travel four hundred miles more by boat to see him and return. We sail January 3rd from Honolulu for Auckland. I shall hate to leave Honolulu. M. is very fit and terribly sunburnt. On the ship *Marama* I made the acquaintance of a dainty little Chinese woman, Mrs. L. and her baby. Her husband, who was a Chinese official in America, has gone to China in connection with the new Republic. I shall write from the Wight Plantation. A happy New Year to you all."

Whilst at Honolulu I went out fishing in one of the native out-riggers, which proved a wonderful seaboat. We got some ulua of about eight to ten pounds (a fish not unlike salmon, but with extraordinarily extended dorsal fins), some bonitos and other tropical fish. Leaving Honolulu at 10 a.m. on the 12th of December we arrived at Hilo, the capital of the island of Hawaii, after a rough passage, at 7 a.m. the next morning, after passing the islands of Molokai (where the leper station to which the late Father Damien devoted his life is situated), Maui, and Lanai. We travelled about twenty-five miles by train through marvellous tropical vegetation, tree-ferns, palms, papaia, wild strawberries growing on low bushes, etc., and then nine miles by motor-car to the Volcano Hotel situated on the edge of the outer crater of Kilauea. The proprietor, a genial Greek rejoicing in the name of Demosthenes Lycurgus, received us hospitably. Our Japanese waiter was known as Nero. The whole neighbour-

THE AUTHORESS CROSSING THE OLD CRATER OF KILAUEA.

MOLTEN LAVA IN CRATER OF HALEMAUMAU. TAKEN AT 10 P.M. BY THE LIGHT FROM THE CRATER.

THE AUTHORESS AND LYCURGUS AT VOLCANO HOTEL, KILAUEA.

hood is volcanic, and steam is constantly rising round the hotel, even in the garden. It is quite dangerous to walk in the bush close to the hotel for the ground is perforated by deep, slippery "chimneys," going down to great depths. Immediately in front of the hotel is the old crater, more or less circular, with almost precipitous rocks surrounding it to a depth of nearly 1,000 feet. This old crater is about twenty miles in circumference, a mass of cracked and distorted lava which overflowed in 1894. From the hotel a narrow, winding path descends the wall of the crater through tree-ferns and other tropical plants until the floor of black lava is reached. Here the lava takes fantastic shapes, with here and there deep crevasses, which have been bridged over where the narrow trail passes them. Under this lava the heat in many places is still so great that eggs can be cooked or paper scorched if placed one or two feet down in the numerous cracks close to the trail. Unfortunately it rained all day, but we walked out three and a half miles across the lava-bed until we reached the edge of the active crater, which was in full eruption. This crater is contained in a deep pit with precipitous sides, at the bottom of which is a boiling sea of molten lava about twenty-seven acres in extent. The depth of the pit varies greatly according to the activity of the volcano. This smaller crater is roughly circular with a diameter of about four hundred yards. Sometimes the molten lava is nearly 1,000 feet down from the edge of the cliff, but at other times it rises nearly to the edge, and, I believe, has at one time overflowed. When we were there the surface was about 200 feet below us, a boiling, seething mass in which terrific explosions were constantly occurring, throwing the molten lava high into the air. The appearance is that of a vast blast furnace with

dynamite explosions continually taking place in the middle of it with deafening noise. As the lava subsides between the explosions a black crust forms upon it, which is broken up into waves by the current, which continually sets in one direction. The heat at the edge was overpowering. About two hundred sailors from the American men-of-war in the harbour were visiting the volcano daily. Some of these climbed down the precipice close to the molten lava. It appeared terribly dangerous and must have been fearfully hot, for bottles thrown from the top of the cliff into the seething mass below melted long before they reached the lava, and the temperature at the surface is said to be nearly two thousand degrees. An American professor, who had built a hut at the edge of the crater, had been making experiments, but we understood had not been able to find any substance which would stand the heat at the surface of the lava. The following night we went out again to the crater by a circuitous route in a motor with Dr. W., head of the Agricultural Department. The sight from the brink was, I think, the most weirdly marvellous that I have ever beheld. The glow lit up the rocks around us as brightly as day, and the clouds reflected the light back to the ground again, so that, although the night was pitch dark, for a mile or so round the volcano we could see clearly. Anne writes from the Volcano House, December 14th, 1911 :

" I am glad M. is writing you about the volcano, for I could not possibly describe it. It all sets or flows towards one corner, and less than a year ago it rose nearly to the edge of the small active crater, Halemaumau, and then dropped suddenly, as though the bottom had fallen out, and when it had

cooled men found a big cave in the corner towards which the current always flows, and the sea twenty miles away began to boil when the 'House of Everlasting Fire' sank. A plant called ohello, like the huckleberry, with large berries which turn from bright yellow to deep crimson, grows round the outer crater, and, we are informed, nowhere else. Old Hawaiians still take some of this to throw into the 'House of Everlasting Fire' as an offering to the Goddess Pele, who lives in it. They also even offer her bottles of gin, and a native *has* been caught helping himself to half the bottle and giving Pele the remainder. At this hotel they keep careful count of all who go out to the crater. Not long ago a party went out in the afternoon (as we did yesterday) intending to come back after dark, taking with them a lantern and a little food. Not long after dark a sharp report of a new crack in the old lava-bed was heard at the hotel. When the returning party had almost reached the wall of the outer crater they found a crack 12 feet wide that was not there when they went out and which they were unable to pass. The Japanese servants from the hotel went out with poles, with which they made a temporary bridge, and thus rescued the party. A stone bridge has now been built over the crevasse, which is a fearsome thing to look into. At night the pit is so fascinating that one can hardly leave it, and the glow of it shows up to the zenith as seen from here. What a sight it must have been years ago when the big crater was a molten mass seven miles across! You know we had an unusually rough trip from Vancouver, but Honolulu is worth it all. I suffered horribly all night in the *Mauna Kea*, the boat in which we crossed, and must again, but this volcano is worth it. You will see how strong I am when, after a

rough trip and no food for twenty-four hours, a little rest and luncheon put me on my feet and I walked with M. the three and a half miles, got soaking wet, and came home by motor over the roughest road I ever saw. We broke the spring of the motor in one grand bump we made. After all that I am well and fit this morning. I have lost eight pounds, I am glad to say, since Vancouver.

We have not told you that on our right looking from the hotel rises 'Mauna Loa' or Long Mountain 13,600 feet odd above sea-level. It rises above the old crater of Kilauea and occasionally has eruptions from its sides, not from the top. We are told there is a stream of lava from the old eruption extending to the sea more than twenty miles distant. Coming from Oahu I was able to remain on deck until we had passed Molokai and Maui. The former is very desolate and very long. As there is practically no water on the island there is no vegetation and there is only a Leper settlement at the high end of the island. It rises abruptly at this end, and the Lepers are taken down a very steep precipice never to come up again. The deep ravines at this end of Molokai and Maui are so grand and awful that after a while they seem unreal as you look at them. The worst thing in these island trips is the landing. Only at Honolulu and Hilo is there a pier. At other places the steamer lies to, drops anchor, and, if the sea is rough, you are lowered in a bucket into a boat. As both the steamer and the boat into which you are dropped are bobbing about it looks dangerous. After that you may have to run in on the surf. I hope we shan't get too wet, as we have to go to-morrow morning to Mahukona, about five hours by steamer from Hilo, and from there to travel about twelve miles inland to get to Wight's plantation. M. likes it up here, but I prefer the warmer Hono-

lulu—the nights are always cooler than the days there. Thank you so much for telling us all about 'Punchey.' We were sorry for him when he lay down because he did not like his muzzle. Poor little dog! He has had so many masters, so many people to adapt himself to. Anyway, we love him and are grateful to you for being good to him. We forgot to tell you that the volcano is rising—has risen 40 feet in the last few days. It draws one to it, and we must go again to see it to-night, although we leave for Hilo at 6.30 to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER III

HAWAII AND FIJI

We had a rough passage to Mahukona, where Wight met us at the landing-place, and thanks to his strong arms Anne escaped what might have been a nasty accident in getting out of the boat in the rough surf. We motored twelve miles through the family ranche, where there are some three thousand cattle and over a hundred horses, and through sugar-plantations to his plantation of Halawa, where we were very hospitably received. Anne writes from here 17th of December, 1911 :

"I want to try and tell you what this place is like. First of all, it is such a rough passage from Honolulu to Hilo that only 15 per cent. of the tourists make it, and the day our steamer passed here it was so unusually rough that Mr. W. said he pitied us. It is like the Channel passage drawn out to five hours. We are to stay until the steamer goes to Honolulu on Friday. Mr. W. and his wife are most hospitable, and send you 'lots and lots of love,' as he said before we went to church. Mrs. W., whose father and mother were Scotch, was educated in San Francisco and is quite like an American girl. She plays and sings beautifully. Mr. W. has grey eyes in a rather round, dark face, tanned by life in the tropics, and a very alert manner. We had a very rough landing in the

small boat and he was there to pull us up (my arm is black and blue) to the landing. Mahukona is desolate enough, rough rocks with hardly a blade of grass. I had been to the crater the night before, was up at 5 a.m., by motor and train to Hilo, then a rough passage, and I arrived a *worm*, but as the motor climbed the hills to the down country and I felt the better air I began to revive. The ground rises rapidly from the sea to the mountains, some of which are over 13,000 feet, with beautifully wooded ravines. Mr. W. and M. plunged back to places and people of twenty-three years ago. The Chinese chauffeur did very well, for the roads were bad in places. This is the time of the rains, you know. I am disappointed at seeing more Japanese and Chinese than Hawaiians. The road was cut out of the hill in places and the iron-woods or palms stand 20 or 30 feet above it. Iron-wood is a beautiful pine with foliage like hair. It has even a softer voice in the wind than our pines. We are getting used to all this tropical vegetation now. Bread-fruit, bananas, oranges, guavas, dates, coffee, cotton, papaias (like melons), and red pepper are all growing here at the door.

The house (like all others in these islands built of wood) has an open space with a cement floor, a tiny fishpond and beautiful ferns in the middle of it, with the rooms built around, and a piazza in the front. It is built upon sloping ground and at the back is a beautiful pergola of a climbing plant (the name sounds like 'fanara') which has long branches and pink blossoms. Our room opens into the passage, from thence into a sitting-room and from that into the bathroom. Mr. W. has two fine Scotch collies, and a pet chicken, and we all live in the open—that is to say, the doors and windows all open on to the piazza. There is no noise except the wind swishing

the big leaves or the hard patter of rain. This happens every day, and then you have spurts of sunshine. *They* say it is cold, but M. and I have on our coolest and thinnest things. There is no hurry, no bustle of work being done, and all is done by two Japanese servants, who are spotless. All wear white or a very light-coloured washing material. Below the house, near the sugar-mill, the mud is so deep that I dare not write how deep I think it is. I put on my thin Indian Burberry and long boots and went to see the sugar-mill and the coolies' quarters yesterday. They speak a strange mixture of Hawaiian, Japanese, and English. The plantation is about fourteen hundred acres. The cane is in different stages of growth and the mill is fitted with powerful engines and machinery.

Ladies never walk here and seldom ride—I mean, the people who live here. They have energy at first, but soon lose it and grow pale and sallow. We sleep under mosquito nettings, not only for mosquitos but for other visitors. This morning a very large spider was in our bed and poor M. has a large lump on his leg. They think nothing of this and keep a wash prepared for these bites. We all seem to hit it off very well, but do nothing but chat. M. and Mr. W. went for a ride yesterday, and M. said that if his horse had stumbled in one place it would have been all over with him, but these island horses are sure-footed. Mr. W.'s gratitude to you and your family and his affection are very deep and genuine. We looked over old albums last night and found many of your family. Mrs. W.'s mother, Mrs. K., is here, just getting over a broken ankle. It is an experience, this life on a plantation, but I could not live here, neither could M. We have not ceased to wonder at the vegetation, and the country is beautiful, very fertile and wonder-

fully irrigated. The rains are more severe than in Honolulu and the moist, warm temperature is trying. No one could be kinder than they are to us here. We are told that we are at home to do as we like, and this morning I was even invited to go into Mrs. W.'s room whenever I liked. The table appointments are as at home, but the noiseless Japanese are a great improvement on our servants. The woman wears a light-coloured kimono and obi and the man white duck. I should like to get some of the flower mats which the natives make."

Whilst we remained on the plantation we attended an English Church about four miles distant, with a bright service; paid visits to many hospitable planters in the neighbourhood; rode out, Anne also bestriding a native pony, to see some wonderful waterfalls; and W. and I shot a boatswain bird and some golden plover, which latter come to the islands from Northern Canada some two thousand four hundred miles without touching land and remain for a few months. I was told that there are some deer, wild boars, wild cattle, geese and ducks to be shot on the island, but I had no opportunity of going after them. One night W. provided a quintette of native Hawaiian singers and dancers, who gave us a most interesting performance. The scenery in some parts of the islands was very beautiful.

We paid a very pleasant visit to W.'s family home, where his grandmother, a wonderful old lady of eighty-six, lives with her two daughters, who are the only ones left at home out of a family of fourteen. It was a charming house with a most wonderful garden, and a ravine planted with Hawaiian trees and shrubs, tree-ferns, iron-wood,

vi-fruit, bread-fruit, flori-ponda, hau, zeba, banana, guava, ti, pride of India, and many other trees and shrubs unknown to me. There was also a most magnificent collection of maidenhair ferns, orchids, etc. We had the excitement of killing a large centipede on the floor at dinner. There are these minor worries, but the scenery is marvellous. Every one appears to be exceedingly prosperous and to enjoy life to the full, but one Englishman said, "If you remain here two or three years you never have the energy to leave."

We left Mahukona on the 22nd of December, arrived again at Honolulu the following morning, and returned to Young's Hotel, where we spent a very noisy night—hundreds of American sailors being on shore, and fireworks, bombs, and confetti-throwing going on all night.

Anne writes from Honolulu December 24th:

"We got back from Kohala yesterday morning, and found a lot of letters, yours among them. As soon as we had got 'cleaned up' a bit, eaten and 'turned around twice,' we set off for the post office. We had such a lot of mail and it was so hot that we took a car to go to the beach to enjoy our letters. We hear that all are well, even to 'Punch-dog,' and that A.'s picture of him is very lifelike, so that if anything should happen to him we would have his portrait. I am sorry not to write you better descriptions of our travels, but I have so many to write to and it is so hard to write when new scenes are calling to you to come and look. Our four-hundred-mile trip to the volcano and W.'s was 'worth it' because one gets a better idea of these islands. They are all on so much bigger a scale than one fancies, and he who only sees Honolulu has but a dim idea of the great islands, but I love Honolulu.

I have never seen such rough seas as from Vancouver here and between these islands, and I have crossed the Atlantic more than a dozen times in summer and winter. I have suffered until M. was sorry for me, but these islands are worth it. I got some lovely grey beads yesterday, made from the seeds of a plant that grows in the gulches here, and M. wants me to send you a necklace of them. I hope you will like them. I wear mine with a grey frock. I have dragged M. out of a book to add a line because I know you really want to hear from him and not from me."

And again on the 28th:

"Our letters from home have been our Christmas presents, our only present (which arrived this morning) being from you, such a dear little calendar, and M. could not exist without his mother's pocket diary. He has it always in his pocket, and keeps our only diary of travels in it. I tried to get a calendar here and was surprised to find I could only get one to hang up. Yours is just the present I needed, and it is so nicely arranged, having the isinglass over the leaves. It is just the thing to carry in my bag. We have made no Christmas gifts, not even letters or cards until, I am afraid, too late. I did send a few of the 'Alohas' or greetings from Honolulu before I went to Hawaii, but when we got back we found Christmas already here. It seems very unreal in this weather. M. sent a cheque to S. as soon as we knew of the operation. We were trying to think what to bring you. We may be able to send something when we are again in British territory. In a week we sail for Auckland. It will be all too soon. I wanted to study the music a little. However, it can never sound the same away from the islands. M. is very busy placing his photographs

in a new book this morning and we are to 'tea' up Manoa Valley this afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. J. We do not have colds or rheumatism in this air. Fancy M. without the least cold in his head! I will leave space for M. to write you. Do keep well. It will be so nice to see you again. It is a long time, you know, since I saw you."

On Christmas Day we attended service in the Cathedral, where Bishop R. preached, and we heard the English Christmas hymns sung by a splendid choir. The D. family have presented beautiful stone cloisters to the Cathedral in memory of their old father. The little "improvements" in the American Church service sounded quaint to us. In the evening of Christmas Day we went to a very merry dinner-party at Mr. G. D.s'. We met several English people there, amongst them, curiously enough, Captain and Mrs. K. S., to whom we had an introduction, but were told we should meet him fishing in New Zealand. There were the usual turkey and burning plum-pudding with a ten-cent piece (instead of a threepenny) which Anne secured, and the usual toasts to the King, absent friends, etc. We visited the Bishop Museum, the ethnological part illustrating the native life of the islands being especially interesting. It was founded by Mrs. Bishop, a descendant of King Kamehameha, the greatest of the Hawaiian kings. She married an American banker. Afterwards we had tea at Miss A.'s bungalow, high up on the hills. I had some good tennis at Mr. D.'s and several rounds of golf at the beautiful Oahu Country Club, just out of Honolulu. Mr. D. also most kindly took us and Miss A. for a trip in his motor round the island, and we lunched at Haleiwa, passing through the pass of the Pali, a great precipice over which

King Kamehameha's victorious army drove the Oahuans when he conquered the island. Whilst we were at Honolulu there were great rejoicings—taking the form chiefly of crackers and bombs—among the Chinese to celebrate the birth of the new Republic. Young's Hotel was somewhat noisy, balls being continually given there, at one of which (whilst we were in the hotel) 2,000 American sailors were present. Throughout the whole of our visit we were deeply indebted to the D. family for their warm hospitality.

We left Honolulu in the *Makura* on the 3rd of January, Mr. C. D. seeing us off, presenting us with the customary "Leis" to hang around our necks and introducing us to Captain G., who was most kind to us throughout the voyage to New Zealand. He was taking with him to Sydney a collection of the wonderful Honolulu fishes, more like butterflies than fishes in their wonderful hues, to present to the Sydney Aquarium. They resided in his bath and required great care and attention. We had a moderate passage, but the weather was becoming very hot, and on Saturday, the 6th of January, we arrived at Fanning Island, an atol in Mid-Pacific upon which a few Englishmen and some natives reside in charge of the telegraph station. We took them provisions and the Europeans came off to the ship and seemed very glad to meet a few white faces. Whilst anchored off the island we caught a few large red Rock Cod, but the number of sharks made fishing difficult, and I lost some tackle. The island is a low belt of coral and palm trees, surrounding a blue lagoon. On the 8th of January we crossed the Equator, but Father Neptune was not invited on board in consequence of some previous indiscretion. On the 9th of January, Anne writes:

"For three days now we have been in the tropics with a vengeance—electric fans going all over the ship, every one looking for draughts instead of trying to avoid them as we should do at home now. The sunrises and sunsets are wonderful and the sea is very unreal. It is absolutely calm and oily and looks thick. I awoke with a bad headache from the heat very early this morning and stole out for a breath of air. I found the bathroom and had a cold sea bath before any one, except the stewards, was up. Little things break the monotony of life on ship-board. A poor man in the second class, affected by the heat, tried to throw himself overboard last night and had to be locked up. We live on the highest deck and wear as few clothes as possible. This morning a pet canary belonging to an officer flew out of its cage while it was being fed. Imagine the poor little thing when it found itself on this waste of waters. We passed a big 'school' of porpoises to-day, and 'flying fishes play' about us all the day long. A group of coral islands appeared on our port bow at four o'clock this afternoon.

We stopped at Fanning Island the other day. That was my first *low* island, as Oahu was my first *high* one. Very many tropical showers come up suddenly. One has come now and the stewards are flying to shut the windows. Then we stifle for a while. All energy leaves one, and this morning I was quite faint from the heat and dear old M. fled for sal volatile and the stewardess. M. is as fit as can be, and is at this moment reading *The Search for La Pérouse*, lent him by the Captain. The day after to-morrow we are to 'make' Suva, where we hope to see Mr. M. again, our acquaintance of the *Marama*. We lose Thursday,—simply go from Wednesday to Friday on passing the 180° parallel. It will be Wednesday on the ship to-

morrow, but the day after at Suva will be Friday. When we find them, I want to send you two photographs of M. He is always taking me, so I insisted on trying him. They were taken at the Haleiwa Hotel at the back of Oahu, the day that Mr. D. took us round the island. I am now deep in a delightful book on Japan, *Japan the Lotus Land* by Ponting. I am longing to be there in time for the cherry blossoms. The perspiration is standing upon my lips and the pen sticks to my fingers.

The most gorgeous scenes that I have seen since Honolulu are the colouring of the lagoon at Fanning Island and the cloud effects to-night. The sea is not beautiful. It looks sick and dead and nasty—almost like very oily tar. How I should like a breath of the air at the little shack at Dryden! To go to bed is awful—one must close shutters and doors to undress. Imagine going up to your linen cupboard and closing the door on the hottest day you ever felt in England. We have a fan going, but there is no goodness in the air; but beyond this awful sea I shall one day sail to Japan, and I am told that New Zealand will be much cooler. The Captain is very interesting, with a fine taste for reading and old china, to say nothing of lace. Captain G. is a Scotchman who has sailed this ocean for thirty years. The other night I dreamed that a little dog came in at the door, and after a gasp of surprise I yelled to M.: 'Oh, it is, it really *is* "Punchey," M,' and then I thought that H. came in and laughed. He had pushed 'Punchey' in through the half-open door to surprise us. I hope 'Punchey' is all right. The sun blazes and I can find no cool place anywhere. The breeze is slight, chairs and clothes are hot.

I have opened this letter to tell you that M. won the sweep on the run this morning, and if we

get off at Suva I am to have a Kapa. I wanted one in Honolulu. We are now in the Fijian Archipelago and the islands are very beautiful. Suva to-night. M. is at the fore in cricket, and has a match this afternoon. I shall post this in Suva. The heat is intense. Iced things are the chief food, and electric fans going all the time."

CHAPTER IV

NEW ZEALAND, AUCKLAND, ROTORUA AND GALATEA

LEAVING Suva on the 13th of January two amusing incidents occurred. One of the crew—I think a stoker—having managed to get a large supply of liquor during his three or four hours ashore, came running down the pier as our ship was starting, fell into the harbour amongst the sharks, and was fished out by the native boys with great glee and put on board half drowned. Immediately afterwards, and when we were more than one hundred yards from the pier, a stout lady passenger, who had been left behind, came rushing to the pier-head. The captain would not actually stop the ship for her but slowed down, and she was rowed off in a native boat. They succeeded in catching us, the captain had a rope ladder lowered over the side, the stout lady had to accept this, the "only way," and clambered manfully up the side, being shot at the while by every camera on board. The view of Mount Wellington, as we left the Fiji Islands towards evening, was very fine. From Fiji to Auckland our cricket team was much strengthened by Mr. H., the Governor's Secretary, Mr. J. and young B., an old Bedford Grammar School Eleven Boy. The two former were going upon a fishing expedition to Tasmania. On the 16th of January we passed through the islands outside Auckland Harbour, and, arriving in the afternoon at Auckland, went to the Grand Hotel. I was elected a member of the Northern Club.

Anne writes from the Grand Hotel, Auckland, on the 17th of January, 1912 :

"We arrived yesterday at about 1 p.m., but owing to measles in the second class and our poor man who tried to commit suicide we were obliged to lay off at anchor for a while. We did not get settled in our hotel until dinner time. We found the Reverend W. G. M.'s card, and he called last evening. We are to go across the bay to Takapuna, of which he is Rector, to be shown the lake to-morrow. Poor man, he had his Rectory burned with all he possessed, books and all, since we left England, and they had newly furnished the house. He with his wife and child only just escaped with their lives. We were to have stayed with them, but I hate visiting, although I am very sorry for them, especially for the loss of the books and papers. This Mr. M. is a cousin of the one we met on the *Marama* and saw again at Suva. Auckland Harbour is very fine, a succession of beautiful surprises. The bay winds a great deal, and until you reach it you cannot guess where the town is. There are five or six high hills—extinct volcanoes—and the city is spread out so that it looks a very large one, although the population is only about ninety thousand. As we drove up from the wharf we were reminded how very like one city is to another. This one even had a familiar look. This hotel is on one of the hills overlooking the harbour.

We had a letter from you just before leaving Honolulu, but none here, nor from Mrs. M. nor Mrs. M. They are very faithful correspondents. We found letters from J. and T., Miss —— and D., and M. had business letters, and one from Mr. K., but none from Mr. Y. He was to have met us here or write. I want to go on to Japan on the 6th of March,

but if M. does not find some one else to fish with him I shall go to the lake with him. I could not go away, not knowing what might happen, and leave him to the mercies of a guide. After the heat of the tropic seas this air is so refreshing. It is quite like our English summer. The people are English in manner. Honolulu is a restless place, but very beautiful. From a business and political standpoint I am so sorry Great Britain did not get it. It must be a very important point in that great ocean. But oh! what worlds of islands England owns! We sailed for days through the Fijian group after Fanning, which, you know, with Washington Island, is a new acquisition, and then the high and low coral islands of the group are all alike beautiful. The last, Great Barrier Island, just before one gets to the New Zealand coast, is a fine island with a mountain 3,000 feet high. It rose up, saluted us, and said 'Good-bye' in a very dignified way. Before I was ill (in April, I think) M. got me a shepherd's plaid thin wool dress. After my illness I did not go into a shop, so I have no thin things and have bought nothing until to-day, when I have been picking up some extra washing skirts, as I have blouses. The photograph taken at the volcano shows me in the said plaid with a little motor bonnet that I have worn on all the steamers. One avoids getting clothes, they are only so much more to pack. M. was very popular on the boat. He was captain of the cricket team, and is now lunching at the Northern Club with a nice young barrister who was on the boat. He is to dine with us here to-night. We shall come home in rags."

On the 18th of January we visited the Reverend W. G. M. at his parish on Takapuna Lake, about six miles from Auckland. We fished in the lake in

the afternoon, but without success. As the rooms we had taken had been let to arrivals by the next steamer we moved to a very comfortable boarding-house, "The Arundel," almost opposite, where we met Mr. and Miss H., with whom we became great friends. The house was a new and very comfortable one with a beautiful view over the harbour. Whilst there we took a motor to One-Tree Hill, from whence there is a magnificent view to the sea on both sides of the island, which is very narrow at that point, and where there is an excellent golf-course, upon which I played later. I celebrated my fifty-first birthday there by a fishing expedition in a launch about twelve miles up the harbour, where we caught nearly one hundred Schnapper, ranging from two to eight pounds, which we found excellent eating; but our lines were constantly broken by larger fish, probably sharks. We met there again Lieutenant B., R.N., whom we had met previously on the *Marama*, a great authority on physical education.

On the 22nd of January with M. we paid a visit to St. John's College, a few miles from Auckland, and saw there the house built by Bishop Selwyn, in which he lived for many years and which has a very beautiful garden. We were hospitably received by the Warden, the Rev. P. T. Williams, late of Jesus College, Cambridge, an old University "Blue," and we found that we had many mutual friends. Altogether we spent a very pleasant time at Auckland and left there on the morning of the 24th of January for Rotorua. For a great distance we passed through rich agricultural country; then through Manuka Scrub into the mountains, through thick forests and miles of pampas grass. We caught a considerable number of rainbow trout trolling in the lake at Rotorua. The whole district is highly volcanic, with boiling springs in many places. Boiling water

HOUSE BUILT BY BISHOP SELWYN AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, NEAR AUCKLAND.

THE AUTHORESS ON QUAY AT SUVA, FIJI.

even bubbles up on the borders of the lake. At Whakarewarewa there is a Maori Pah or fortified place, with the watch-towers, gates, etc., in perfect condition, and new terraces are in process of formation. Anne writes from the Grand Hotel, Rotorua, where we were very comfortable, on the 27th of January, 1912 :

" We have met here again Doctor and Mrs. McK., whom we first met on the *Makura*. They are from Vancouver, and Mrs. McK. and I have been taking the hot sulphur baths. The Doctor and M. have just started to see a cricket match. It is very hot and I have on a cotton dress that I bought in Auckland for fourteen shillings, and a Maori hat that cost me sixpence. M. says ' It looks just as well as those you have paid two or three guineas for.' The days are far hotter than the nights here and one gets so dusty. I think the soil must all be powdered pumice. Much of the country from Auckland is uninteresting except that one has never seen it before. Miles of it are covered with a bush that looks like heather (ti tree or manuka) growing from small bushes of a foot or so to trees eight or ten feet high where the soil is better. M. has given me a piece of the bloom and some photographs to send you. We arrived here at late dinner hour last Wednesday. On Thursday I went fishing in Lake Rotorua in a small launch with M.—trolling—and caught a one-and-a-half-pound trout. M. caught several larger than that and we had trout for breakfast yesterday. I did not like them as well as brook trout—they had a muddy taste.

On Thursday night I went to a Maori concert, which was very interesting, and yesterday we went over to a Maori village, which is in the midst of wonderful spouting mud baths, boiling pools, and geysers. We

had a nice guide, 'Georgina,' soft of voice and gentle in manner, who had the black lips and tattooed chin that the Maori women consider beautiful. One notices that the children are not tattooed thus. 'Georgina' told us artlessly, in showing us a boiling 'pot' large enough to take a human body, 'They used to fight up on the hill there (pointing to the place) and cook their *food* here,' leaving it to us to imagine the bodies of the slain warriors upon whom they feasted. Little girls jumped from a bridge about 20 feet high diving for pennies, and the little brown babies toddled up, just commencing to wade into the water. At Honolulu and at Suva men and boys dived for pennies in the harbour.

No word from Mr. Y. M. has waited and lost about ten days, expecting that he would write or turn up, and now we are going in a day or two into camp at Galatea, forty-two miles from here. We are to go by motor if possible and in our Burberry's, leaving our heavy luggage here. This is the most comfortable place since the Young Hotel at Honolulu. There is a very fine Bath Pavilion in beautifully laid-out grounds, with hot springs of several kinds playing continually. There is a Kiosk, where a band plays very well and one gets good tea. I had a mild bath (102 degrees) this morning, with a very nice attendant and two rooms, the first a dressing- and rest-room, and the second containing a sunken porcelain tub with steps leading to it and a rope rail for cripples and other ill people to hold on to. There was an hour-glass on the wall. The sands take fifteen minutes to run out and one must not stay in longer. A cold needle spray completed the bath. My attendant was called away to attend to 'Her Excellency.' When she came back I asked her if Lady Islington was ill. 'Oh, no, but she likes the baths,' was the answer. She and her husband

GUIDE " GEORGINA " AND MAORI HOUSE AT WHAKAREWAREWA.

WATCH TOWER OF MAORI PAH AT WHAKAREWAREWA.

have come here for a rest from social duties and are in camp about six miles out. Both motor in every morning for the baths. Mrs. McK. had an operation similar to mine, but she has not recovered as well as I did and the hot mud baths are prescribed for her. We all meet at the Kiosk after the baths and so home to luncheon. M. is very fit, and has bought a lot of tackle ready for the fishing. Mails run weekly to Galatea and I will write you as soon as we are settled.

For seventy miles around here we are in the midst of the Thermal District. We have met several very nice people. The last two are the Messieurs D., who are at our table, and who asked us, hearing us speak of Honolulu, if we knew the D.'s there. They have bought the D.'s old place at Tunbridge Wells. This sort of thing is continually happening and makes one think how small the world is after all; in fact, I have only felt it very large twice on this tour, in the Rockies and in the Pacific. These islands are limitless and so fascinating. Curiously enough, a very old friend from England, Mr. C. H., arrived at our hotel at this time, and as he wished to see the country he shared our motor from Rotorua to Waiotapu, where we lunched, and on to Murupara in the Galatea District on the 30th of January, returning to Rotorua the same evening. On the way we inspected a very curious volcano of boiling mud and passed Rainbow Mountain, a volcanic mountain which has gained its name from the many-coloured sands on its side, some of them of brilliant pinks, blues, and yellows. On arrival at our camping place we found that our host, Miliski—a Pole who had lived for many years in New Zealand, was the postmaster of the district and owned the only store—had prepared two tents for us and had a wooden dining-room in course of

construction. We were quite in the wilds, with practically no other Europeans (except an old gold-prospector, who was staying with Miliski, and the 'rabbit man') for forty miles, but with several large Maori villages near. Our tents were pitched close to the main road, on the opposite side of which ran a large and strong river, the Rangitaiki, into which about a mile lower down ran a smaller river, the Whirinaki, which flows out of the Whakatana Mountains. We had a fine view of these mountains, about eight miles distant from our camp, and there was excellent fishing in both rivers, although the banks of the larger river were so overgrown by scrub that it was difficult to fish."

Anne writes from Murupara, February 4th, 1912:

"I wish I could sketch my surroundings for you. Perhaps M. will attempt it, and you shall have some photographs of the place later. One cannot say how much later, for we are forty-two miles from Rotorua, and I have decided to go on with M. and not to go back to Rotorua for the baths. We are about the same distance from Taupo, to which place we go from here. I believe there is a 'general store' at Taupo for the fishermen, but it is not at all likely we shall find a photograph shop. I am sitting outside our tent under a pine tree. A wire fence separates us from the road, on the other side of which are more pine trees sloping down to the river, and beyond a fine mountain range, the Whakatana Mountains. We came out from Rotorua last Wednesday, but it has been so hot since that one could only go out morning and evening. There are lots of birds, most of which I never saw before, but it is good to find the lark and thrush here. Behind me are the tent and my Maori maid, Kari

C. PEREIRA, OUR CAMP COOK AT GALATEA.

BRIDGE OVER RANGITAIKI RIVER AT GALATEA.

Hohepa (the last name is Joseph in English), the eating shack a little further back, and beyond that the cook's tent, a little wooden shanty which serves as a kitchen, and a small stable with one room, in which are living two prospectors, a Colonial and a Maori, who are both turning their hands to carpentering during a slack spell whilst waiting orders from the Government. From the road looking across the river, which is spanned by a pretty white wooden bridge just below us, one little house is seen in a wilderness of bracken and ti tree ('Manuka' in Maori) where we are told the 'rabbit man' lives. It is very new and smart, freshly painted, and is a very 'finger tip' of Government here. Past the 'rabbit man's' little trim house, through a gap in the foothills, runs the road to Te Whaite, and once beyond Te Whaite you are in the Urewera Country, quite uncivilised. At Maungapohatu lives Rua, the Urewera chief, now no longer young, but possessing thirteen wives, most of them young and pretty.

The country here is better, the earth more solid and natural, than in the Rotorua district. I cannot hope to give you an idea of the desolation of the country between here and Rotorua. You go straight up hill for eight miles coming out of Rotorua, and the road is soft—powdered pumice—and the dust is awful! No animal life appears, no water, and the sulphur steam rises all around. We had forty-two miles of this by motor, for I refused to go behind those poor horses who only last one season. The hills, heat, soft roads, and breathing the dust like powdered steel finishes them and they have to be sold and new ones bought annually. The monotony is broken only by one fine mountain, famous about here and called Rainbow Mountain, its sides, burned by the volcano, showing many coloured sands

(there is no stone), and still hot in places with steam arising. We also passed a fine, I should say wicked, mud volcano, which we went a little out of our road to see. It made a horrid, grunting noise and then threw up mud fountains. You are safe for a little while between the eruptions and M. took a photograph, which I hope will come out well.

Waiotapu, which means sacred or 'tapu' water, was awe-full—geysers and hot, spouting mud all around. Nothing at all there but an uncomfortable 'pub' where tourists and the poor stage horses rest. The sun blazed on us. The chauffeur, a nice Scotchman named Gilbertson, took off his coat, and we turned up our collars and down our hat brims to protect our necks. The glare of the white roads is very trying and I wore blue glasses. M. and Gilbertson sat in front and Mr. C. H. and I at the back. Just out of Waiotapu we came up a steep road winding about a gully, with a precipice on one side, and so up and out upon a plateau, commanding one of the finest views I ever saw, the first really fine thing since Auckland Harbour, and the horizon much farther away. One saw all the way to Lake Taupo, with a distant mountain peak which we called Taupo Mountain, and beyond to a mountain whose snow peak shone out above the clouds. This was Mount Ruapehu, with the volcano Gnarahoe and Tongariro Mountain near it. You saw again a low blue line which Gilbertson said was the sea. We must have been looking in the direction of the Wanganui River on the west coast. Out a little farther, as we left this view behind us and set our faces towards the Urewera country, we passed Mount Talawera, showing a clean cleft in the middle where the great eruption broke out twenty-six years ago and laid the country waste. Then more hot road and ti tree scrub and we came suddenly upon

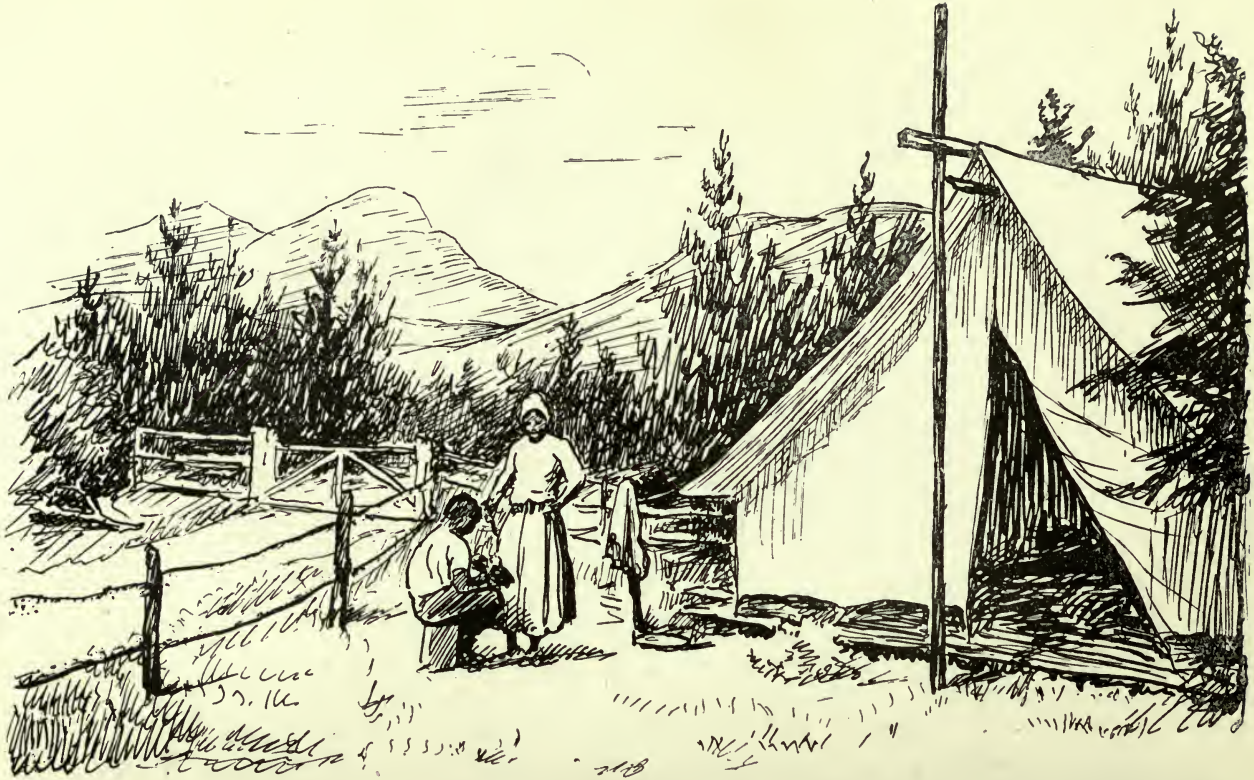
our white tents under the pines. I hope M. can get a good photograph of that view just to show you our 'diggings.'

The tent life is quite different from our shack life at Dryden, and I could not do the work in this heat. The sun beats on the back of our tent, where the entrance is, from eleven to six, and I sit in front near the road, following the shadow of the tent as it goes. One gets a little breeze here, from the river. Behind us are hills (we are in a hollow) through which the road drops just below the store. 'We' are (1) Host Miliski, a Pole, who has lately bought this place. He sleeps in a room adjoining the store, which is also the post and telephone office. (2) Kari, my Maori girl, who lies asleep near me on the ground. (3) The cook, from the Argentine Republic, who rejoices in the name of Charles Pereira, who is reported to have run through two fortunes in Buenos Aires and in Paris before settling down in the bush here, where he states he is very happy. (4) Tom Garlick, the prospector, a queer character, but not a bad one. (5) His friend the Maori—they come from a mining district near Auckland—Ohinemuri; and last M. and myself. Scarcely a soul passes my tent on the road except now and then a Maori on a horse, but on mail days the place is swarming with Maoris afoot and ahorse. A few white people drive in, I cannot think from where, and the 'rabbit men,' who turn up with their dogs. The Maoris are like children, simple, but quiet and very polite. The younger ones speak English, and I am indebted to Tom's friend for the Maori names.

I sit here and mend. We are always needing that as we brought very few things, and I have a wounded cat to care for, and am trying to bring up a 'rabbit dog pup' for Tom on condensed milk. It is beginning to lap a little now, but was too young

to take away from its mother. He amuses M. by growling at him. We have the most beautiful bathing-place! It has ti trees and Maorï flax and pampas grass all about it. I'll try to get a photo. Cook 'Charlie' has given us fried and baked and soused trout, very good. Kari brings me tea and bread-and-butter in the morning, and I do not have breakfast, it is so hot, but M. has bacon and eggs or trout, a good breakfast, and then often sandwiches for luncheon if he is fishing. They are all most obliging and cook is overwhelmingly polite. His quarters are under shady willows, and I go back and see him and get the shade sometimes in the afternoon. When I went yesterday to ask for tea he was fearfully smart—the Maori from the mining-place near Auckland had been 'barbering him,' he said. He is about fifty-five, thin, flashing black eyes and long moustaches. I often wonder if he has killed any one. He says he has run through two fortunes and is a cousin of the Colonel Pereira who was killed in the Boer War, and of Doctor Pereira, who wrote medical books.

Kari, little Kari, who fetches water for me, and goes always to the bath because some one might come along the little path that runs by it, and whom M. calls my 'umbrella bearer,' Kari *owns* the mount opposite, the highest, the one that I like best, and all the land in front along the Whirinaki, where M. fishes; and Kari's old uncle, who talked a long while to me one day—Kari interpreting—once owned all Galatea (Karotia in Maori) but he sold it for *two shillings an acre* to the Government. 'And kind-hearted old Hāri-Hāri also gave all his state robes (he was the Chief of Karotia) to the Governor and they are in the Governor's house at Wellington,' said Kari in very good English, save for the 'l's,' which they cannot say. Hāri-Hāri once owned all



the land away to Waiotapu—that fine wild country that has the wonderful view of which I told you—where the road zig-zags along a precipice four to five hundred feet high. We are to be here two weeks at least and then to go on to Taupo. By that time I hope to be 'fit' enough, *i.e.* used to this climate, to do the work myself with a Maori boy to help.

Our motor-man from Rotorua is to bring the Governor through here on Tuesday next on his way into the Urewera country. The Maoris supply Miliski with beef and mutton and eggs; we have peas, potatoes, and lettuce from the garden, and our bread and butter come from Rotorua, forty-two miles. The bread suits me because it is always stale. The butter is very good indeed. This will not go until Friday. I was never so far from trains and mails in my life. We have had no mail since those letters we found on arrival at Auckland. I cannot understand why we have no letters from you, Mrs. M. and Mrs. M., as I am sure we gave our Auckland address to all. M. will write you on this, and, I suppose, add or write in things that I forget. One waits and exists until it is cool enough to bathe, 5 or 6 p.m. As we are told that this is their hottest month we hope to be more comfortable on Lake Taupo. The cool baths are better for me than the sulphur ones at Rotorua and I am 'fitter' here. We have had wonderful moon-lit nights since we came—light (very bright) all night long. I find here a constellation new to me, the Southern Cross, and Orion stands on his head! I cannot find the Big Dipper, nor, of course, the Pole Star. We are now anxiously awaiting a letter from you."

CHAPTER V

GALATEA AND TAUPO

MURUPARA, GALATEA,
February 11, 1912.

"I HAVE come into the tent where all the writing materials are, but it is too hot still—4 p.m. This is my first experience of tent life, and I do not like it as well as log-cabin life. The heat in the tent is dreadful, and you have no protection from cold rain, or the sounds around you. We console ourselves with the thought that we are having the 'open-air cure.' I have been anxious about 'Punch' ever since we got your letter in Victoria the night before we sailed. The strange thing is that we are seldom wrong in these things. I knew at once when your letter came that something serious had happened to 'Punch.' You see I have always known that the dog was too keen for his strength. A good London Vet. told me so. I would rather M. wrote to you about 'Punch,' but he leaves it to me.

Please do not misunderstand me. I am not *fussing*, but I am anxious about 'Punch.' He did love me so, and was my first dog, you know. When I came out of the nursing-home he simply laid down at my feet and cried, he was so glad to see me. We are truly glad that you and no one else has him, and will you please send him to the Vet. and tell us just what he says. At Vancouver I was very nervous

THE "RABBIT MAN," HIS HOUSE AND HORSE AT GALATEA.

THE AUTHORESS AND "KARI" IN CAMP AT GALATEA.

about our trip to Honolulu, and it proved an unusually rough trip.

There are wild horses all around here, and the 'rabbit man' lassoed one the other day and came home leading it—not leading it, actually, but 'tether-roped' as they say here. When he rode his own horse at a gallop he brought the wild horse (a pretty little mare with finely cut legs and feet and a beautiful head) abreast his own. Two days afterwards he went past with a horse so wild that M. thought it was the same. It proved not to be, however, but one that he had bought because it shied and bucked and no one wanted it. He is a queer man, rides beautifully, and breeds a kind of dog, half bulldog and half mastiff, to hunt wild pigs. He had, however, broken the wild horse within a week and was riding it.

I envy A. her studying and playing of the character of Sairey Gamp. I have played 'fine ladies' and heroines, etc., but eccentric character work is the best of all and takes finer acting. One must sink one's own individuality in the character played—'get inside the skin of the character,' as Mr. Daly used to say. A. is putting forth new branches on her artistic side, and I shall be glad to hear more of her 'Sairey.'

One's hands get roughened and face and hands very tanned, and one has to put up with things such as insect bites (which are maddening to us both) because one really is 'fit' and it is all an experience. We are rather looking forward now to a change of scene. On the 15th we are going back to Waiotapu (twenty-one miles), and on to Taupo."

Note by M.

The fishing around Murupara was very enjoyable. Within fifty yards of our camp flowed the River

Rangitaiki, a very strong river with deep pools and rapids, whilst about two miles below our camp this river was joined by the Whirinaki, a much smaller stream flowing out of the mountains, and which was wadeable throughout. Both streams were full of rainbow and brown trout running chiefly from one to six pounds, and affording excellent sport with fly, minnow, and spoon. Although the fish were not so large as those in Rotorua and Taupo Lakes and the streams running into them, the fishing was more enjoyable and the sport appeared to me to be far better. Morning and evening "rise" was particularly good.

Whilst at Murupara Lord Islington came through our camp in a motor, with one aide-de-camp, on a tour of inspection of the forest country lying between Galatea and Napier, and as I had known him some thirty years ago we had a very pleasant chat.

As a typical day's sport, one day I caught two trout over four pounds, two over three, and several of one to two pounds, and shot a few rabbits, a hawk, and a shag (cormorant). These destructive birds are very numerous and war is waged upon them in the interests of the fish. Although it is very difficult to induce the Maoris to do any regular work, they are delighted to let you have their horses and to guide you to the best fishing places, and with their help fishing can be done in comfort.

On the 15th of February we left Murupara in the morning in a buggy, but it poured with rain and we were soaked to the skin by the time we arrived at Waiotapu. We were able, however, to get dry at the inn there, and journeyed to Wairakei in the afternoon. Here we met Mr. and Mrs. N., who had come from Hawkes Bay in their motor, and had a very pleasant day's fishing with them at the rapids on the Whakaipo River, getting eight or ten good trout.

CHIEF "HĀRI-HĀRI" AT GALATEA.

M. AND NATHAN WITH WHIRINAKI TROUT AT GALATEA.

VIEW ON WHAKAIPO RIVER, NEAR WAIRAKEI.

A. writes from Wairakei, February 16th, 1912 :

"I now have the Galatea photographs to send you, and as I feel a little stiff and tired after yesterday's journey I have not joined the indefatigable M. in exploring this place. In fact, I had tea in bed and am just up ; but have had one delightful experience here. The maid led me (in my pyjamas and raincoat for dressing-gown) for a beautiful walk under the pines, with here and there gigantic ferns, to a door in a high fence. Within I found a large warm bath, fed by a thermal spring, fenced in on one side with trees, and creepers on the other. The water is very buoyant, and I had a refreshing bathe.

We were up at five yesterday morning and left our camp at Murupara at 7.15 in a two-seated buggy with two horses, and Nathan (our Maori boy) driving. It was dull when we left, but once up on the Kaingaroa Plains *it poured*. Suffice it to say that the 'way was long.' I told you of our journey from Waiotapu in a blazing sun and how the roads of powdered pumice hurt our eyes. We had cold and rain yesterday. Nathan did not seem to mind it. The poor Maori is quite a patient child ; but M. and I found ourselves so wet that we had to get out and walk to keep from chills. We had over four hours of this, sitting almost unprotected in pouring rain. When we got to Waiotapu we got our baggage and tried to find dry things. I had on my Burberrys, not the old waterproof ones, and as I had been sitting in a pool of water was soaked to the skin, the skirt dripping where I sat. I could only find my pyjamas, and so put them on under the wet things—that I must go in until we should get to this place, at 4 p.m. I knew that the pyjamas would soon be wet through.

M. had found dry things and gone to luncheon. I could only take a cup of coffee, and I looked about

in despair for something to keep me dry until we got here. I found the air-pillow that has been our constant companion all the way. You know it is of rubber. When all the air was out it made a cushion and a dry one, and I thus escaped a chill. Moral, always travel with an air-pillow.

We had twenty-two miles of pouring rain over the ' plains '(it is a high plateau rather to Waiotapu), and then on for thirty miles in a motor, rough driving, very bumpy, but protected from the rain.

The country was more interesting, we got fine views of the mountains, and came along the Whakaipo River part of the way. We saw some Maori villages and the neat little school-houses that the Government has built for them. The natives here looked a better class than our poor Murupara ones.

I told you in my other letter of that wonderful view towards Taupo, just above Waiotapu. We saw nothing of it on account of the rain yesterday, but the rain stopped and the clouds lifted for one superb view when we were on a hill not far from here. We saw down in this valley the mountain we call Taupo Mountain, a bit of the Lake (Taupo), some really fine mountain views past Tongariro and Ngarahoe (the Volcano) to beautiful Mount Ruapehu, its top in the clouds, but part of its peak, snow-covered, shone in the afternoon light, and all about, between us and this culminating peak, were hills and valleys—for purples all that even an Impressionist of the Impressionists could desire. There were indigo hollows and the sides of the hills showing buff-coloured sand in contrast. It had been a hard day, but we had this view for compensation, and a good hotel here at our journey's end.

On the hill, where we rested for the view, we found our friend Gilbertson, who had taken us to Murupara and later had passed through with Lord

Islington. He seemed like an old friend and shook hands warmly. You know all men are equal here. He is a fine man, is Gilbertson. He had a lady and gentleman with him, and they, too, had stopped for the view. We go on to Taupo to-morrow.

I am rather stiff in my right hip to-day, the side that gave me trouble so long after the operation, but my faith is greater than a grain of mustard seed and I shall be all right in a few days. M., too, was rather stiff this morning, but he is wonderfully strong.

To-day is fine, clear, and cool. This is quite different from any other place we have seen. It is just a main building and lots of tents and cottages, with a separate building for dining-room, clustering under fine trees, not far from some good geysers. It is called the Geyser House. You can never find a maid or notepaper and see few people, as they are all away sight-seeing. It is quite restful to be left alone thus. M. does not mind, but last night was the first good meal with clean dishes and linen since we left Rotorua—two weeks of it ! ! But any one who goes into a new country must be prepared to rough it. *I am.* But I shall insist on doing the work in our Taupo tent, so shall I have things clean. That is another story yet to come.

M. has at last had a wire from Mr. Y. saying that he cannot join us and is writing. We met a Mr. and Miss B. (from Glasgow and Folkestone) in Galatea, and may see them again on the lake. It would bore you if I told you of all the people that we meet, but one family will serve as an instance—the sort who are rushed about by the father, ' to see it all.' They must miss nothing, for Cooks had sold them tickets for every mortal thing. The daughter told me she should do nothing for a month after she got back to England but have a good rest.

I am duly thankful for a sense of humour, and have been able to laugh even when seasick and in some danger from rough weather. That was our worst night off Cape Flattery, from Vancouver to Honolulu. The people who are rushing about to *do it all* are the E's. M. knows the family. Of them more later.

M. is sometimes difficult to follow—for sport's sake—as up to Galatea; but it would be far worse if he dragged me about (as all the tourists do) in one mad rush to see all the sights. We enjoy a fine view like the one we saw yesterday, but one soon gets enough of mud and hot water spouting from the earth, and to see these freaks of nature just to be able to say one has seen them seems to me the silliest thing to do. So M. goes off to fish this morning, leaving me to write and rest and admire the pines. I wish I could buy and bring home one of these fine trees. I'd be happy to live with such during the rest of my life.

The sky is a deep blue, with fleecy clouds, to-day. It is the end of their summer, you know. Your calendar is here on the table beside me, and M. carries your little diary always and writes in it each day.

I shall try fishing 'in Taupo'—as they say here—but I fear I shall never make a sportswoman. What they call 'playing a fish' I call torturing him, wearing his life out, that is all. Men catch tons of them in Taupo, come from Scotland and England to do it, and having no use for the fish bury them. However, each to his taste. I like new experiences, and may even come to shooting something yet, so I shall fish just to go out with M. and to see what it is like; but I shall *never* be keen about it.

One cannot be bored: there is always something of interest. I hear M's voice. Dear old M.—he is a fine travelling companion."

DINING HALL (FORMERLY MAORI MEETING HOUSE) AT SPA HOTEL, TAUPO.

SPA HOTEL, TAUPO.

At Wairakei there is a long valley with wonderful geysers which play at regular intervals. Mr. N. motored us to the Spa Hotel, close to Lake Taupo, where we interviewed Captain Ryan relative to going into one of his camps on Lake Taupo the following week.

A. writes from the Spa Hotel, Taupo, February 19th, 1912 :

" I wrote to you the other day from Wairakei (only six miles from here), and as we went to dinner that night, going from the house of sleeping-rooms past all the others, the post office, the telephone house, the 'Social Hall,' etc., we were shown in the latter the 'big catch'—seven trout, the largest weighing thirteen and a half pounds, and the catcher proved to be a man (Mr. N.) who sat on my right at table. His wife (a pretty English girl, only married a year) sat opposite me, the husband a thoroughly good sort. We began talking of the fish, and soon found out that they are both keen fishermen and from Napier.

M. and Mr. N. immediately were in touch in sport, and Mrs. N. and I hit it off very well, so we were asked to go with them in their motor for a day's fishing. As Mr. N. knows every inch of the river and is expert in camp cooking, etc., we had a delightful day. Little Mrs. N. caught the most fish. I kept the company of their fine sheep dog, 'Binks,' and wandered about looking at the fine scenery.

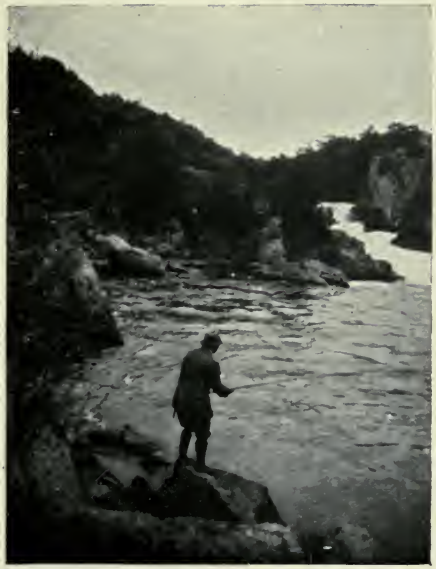
Yesterday M. and I had a strange walk—it is most uncanny to see water boiling just at the edge of a river. We walked past all sorts of grunting mudholes, spouting geysers, etc., and at one place if you stepped an inch off the path you would have gone straight down into the river into a bottomless hole. The water is so clear that you can see down

to a great depth. In places you have to dodge the spouting hot water, and in others one misstep would plunge you into a boiling pool. The guide generally takes you over this bit, but M. and I escaped him, taking good care to return before dark.

This is the queerest of all the queer hotels we have stayed at. I will send you a postcard that will give you a little idea. We dine in an old Maori meeting-house, of which I send you a photograph, with carved gods and chiefs all round it. The inside is very wonderful with its quaint Maori carvings. A hot stream charged with sulphur and other minerals, but not too smelly as at Rotorua—where the smells actually wake you—flows across the grounds and is crossed by two bridges covered with honeysuckle and other climbing plants. We have an end room in the oldest house, near the oldest bath, covered with Maori carvings, and a third bridge crosses the stream a few feet from our door. The hot water (about one hundred degrees) is continually flowing past and makes a noise, of course, like any cold 'proper' brook. If you want a jug of warm water you pop out of your door, dip your jug into the stream of hot water, and there you are. No ringing of bell for maids 'nor nothing.'

This morning I washed some collars and little things, and most convenient it was. The laundry is just over another bend of the stream, behind the old house. There are set up tubs with plugs. You take a big enamelled jug and dip up what water you require all hot and ready. A copper stands in a corner, but most things can be washed without its aid.

The servants are very familiar here, more so even than in America, but they are very obliging, and I was led behind a screen in the dining-room, where all was in readiness for ironing my collars. Then tea was served and I emerged to meet Mr. and Mrs. N.,



M. FISHING IN THE ARIATIATIA RAPIDS,
WHAKAIPO RIVER.

ONE OF THE GEYSERS NEAR WAIRAKEI.

who had motored over from Waiotapu to fish and had stopped to say good-bye and to press us to visit them at their station. Mrs. N. has spoken of their place, Pourerere, several times, and says it is very like a place 'at home.' I believe it is one of the finest places in New Zealand. M. has walked into Taupo to go to the post office and to fish at a place recommended by both Mr. W. and Mr. N., so I directed the N's. to him as they want to say 'good-bye' to him also.

Mr. D. (late of the Indian Forest Service) tells M. that he is sure to get his deer in India and has given him hints. I think two weeks of camping and fishing will suffice, at least I hope so, and I wish we might then go on to Japan, but if M. wants to stay longer I am afraid I must too, as I do not like being alone away from him. He needs me, too, to look out for him. He forgets so about his goods and chattels and it takes us *both* to keep *anything* at all.

We are to have a telephone from Captain Ryan to-night to say if he has a cook for us. If so, we go into camp to-morrow. It will be across the bay from Taupo, and our only connection with the outside world will be the good Captain's launch, which will come once a week with provisions.

I got a little stiff from the wetting of last Thursday, and M. has a little sniffle, but we are very well indeed. I think M. is perfectly happy to live this life. I go with him whenever I can, as he gets so keen that I am afraid he may run into some danger.

We hope that 'Punch' is better. You are quite right, he is not a strong dog and has been too keen for his strength."

Note by M.

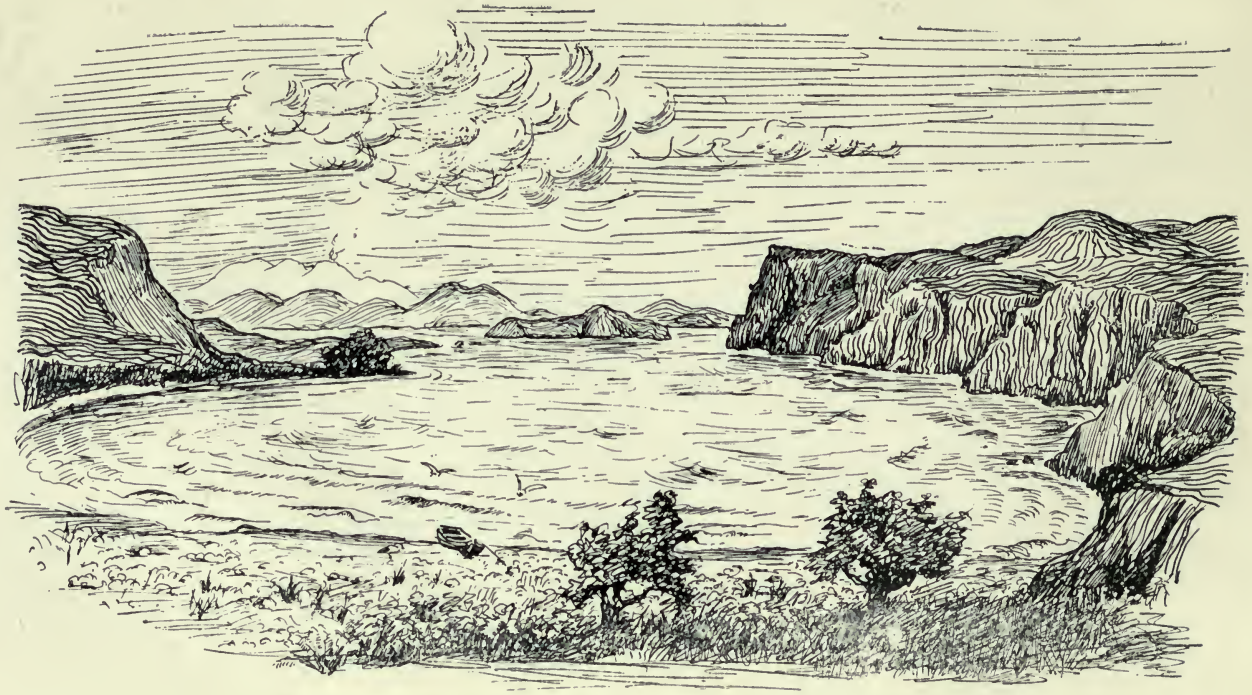
Whilst we were at the Spa Hotel I fished several times in the Whakaipo River, and could always

depend on getting two or three good fish during the hour before dinner. Most of the fish there were from about two to six pounds in weight and in splendid condition. They took the fly freely, especially at the evening rise. An old M.C.C. friend, A., who is staying in New Zealand with his brother, met us here, and we also met at the Spa Hotel Mr. and Mrs. D., friends of my cousin, Douglas Thring.

On the 26th of February we ordered our stores, and on the 27th were taken in Captain Ryan's launch to the camp he had allotted us on a bay where a small stream flowed into the lake, about nine miles from Taupo. This bay we had entirely to ourselves and our young native boy as cook and general factotum. We found the camp in a bad state and had to clean up everything, mend the cookhouse, get the tents in order, and caulk the boat before it could be used.

A. writes :

"In camp on Lake Taupo, the first anniversary of our wedding day (as we were married on the 29th of February, 1908—Leap Year—this was the first 29th of February since then). We are in camp on Western Bay, Lake Taupo, nine miles by water from Taupo. 'We' are M. and I, a Maori lad, and a Maori dog. Our bay looks across to Tongariro Mountain, and on a fine day to the snow-covered one beyond it. I am in the dining-tent, a square tent, 10 feet by 10 feet, and as one looks out across the water the left horn of our bay is a hill rising gradually about 300 feet, and the right horn a bluff rising 150 feet sheer. The shore on this side for two-thirds of the way from the bluff round to our tent has broken outlines, a number of bluffs and small bays. Our side and all the way to the



THE BAY OF LAKE WHAKAIPO. THE SCENE OF OUR CAMP.

mountain has a beach, in some places nice smooth sand. After all the hot sulphur water this pure cold lake water is delicious. I *was* so glad to have clean water again that I bathed twice yesterday in the lake, and the boy and I washed clothes to-day. He made me a gipsy fire—two crotched sticks and a third laid on them. An empty oilcan is hung over the fire. The lad made holes in the tin, which is square, and put in an old bit of wire for a handle. This was our wash boiler.

M. has not shaved for three days and is having a lovely time repairing his tackle and doing little odd jobs that are always needing to be done in camp. He mended the stove pipe in the cook shack this morning. It had rained in the night and the pipe leaked. The pipe is the chimney. M. caught three big fish in an hour last night, five, eight, and nine-and-a-half pounds. Two others, big ones, got away and took his beloved tackle. I tell M. he is like a feudal lord in this place of earth and sky and sea, in that he is 'monarch of all he surveys.' We are away quite in a world of our own, the bay being over a mile across, and this is only one of the many little bays 'on Taupo' as they say here.

Johnnie, the boy, is the first Maori I have seen who is not lazy. He is a bright lad about fourteen and was broken in by 'Mr. Colonel Moore's' cook. He is very polite and *will* call me 'Miss.' We all cook a little. Johnnie brings us early tea and then I help with breakfast, as M. likes to be a long time in the morning. I made tea-cakes last night that were 'good in parts,' and M. made an excellent omelet this noon. We had trout fried, boiled, and broiled, and rice is now on the fire for curry.

There are four tents besides the cook's. If you landed in our bay they would face you thus: from left to right, first, M.'s 'outfit' tent with his tackle,

lines, net, gaff, flies, etc., and the oil tin; second, dining-tent, which we use to sit in too. It runs up to a good height, has a dining-table and a smaller table at which I am writing, three deck-chairs, and two others for the table; third, our sleeping-tent, the same size as No. 2, two cot beds, with table and washhand-stand, a set of shelves made of boxes, and two towel-racks made by M., like the gipsy fireplace. One is for towels and the other is my wardrobe, fourth, M.'s dressing-room, cot bed, toilet table, washhand-stand, towel-rack and wardrobe combined. Then comes the shack of wood, with shelves, kitchen table, stove, etc. A creek flows into the lake near the shack and the water is good. A tin is sunk in the creek for butter, which we buy in pound tins, and a box for the fish is so fixed that the fish placed inside will lie in running water. Just beyond the shack and nearer the shore is the cook's tent, 6 feet by 8 feet, I think.

The sand-flies here are worse than mosquitoes, and, of course, there are many 'outs' in living thus, but if you feel thus on the first day, by the second you begin to feel the calm of the place and the charm of being quite away from all civilisation. We all work—necessary work—and M. and the boy go about in our little bay in the boat like two savages.

We are on a little rise above the beach, and as I look out the immediate foreground is bracken and small ti trees. The latter is here as tent poles, and my gipsy fireplace is made of its strong branches, and so was the fire itself. It has little branches which, when dry, make camp brooms, whisks for the stove, and excellent beds, and is the best thing for a hot quick fire.

Both in Murupara and here our greatest annoyance is the sand-fly. He is awful. He is larger

than our gnat or midge, makes no noise but stings, a decided little sting, and then it goes on. Sometimes in the night I am awakened by the fever in the old Murupara stings and have to get up for the ammonia bottle. M. has made two hoops of the strong leaf of the Maori flax and put mosquito netting over them. They are most effective in keeping the flies and mosquitoes off and are very decorative. They are a combination of bridal veil and halo. I wish you could see the sturdy unshaven M. sleeping under this beautiful gauzy-looking thing. The hoops are suspended just above the sleeper's heads (suspended very cleverly by strings from the tent above), and I laugh when I look up at my hoop and tell M. 'I sure enough have a halo now if I never do again.'

4 p.m. The mists hang softly above the heads of the mountain now. The bluff stands out very clearly and the only life in the bay is M. in the boat. He is fishing—just casting quietly. He is as fit as can be, and he told me yesterday that I never looked better in my life. We are clean but collarless, and live in Burberrys, and as the tents have no floor and are dusty I discard skirts until I dress up in my other dress—the cotton one I got in Rotorua—for dinner.

It is quite exciting in the evening when the 'rise' begins. There is moon enough to see everything, but no clear night since we came, and I sit here without a light—fewer flies so—or stand about and enjoy it all. A light (we use lanterns) burns in the shack, and a good fire too, to dry the fisherman's 'things.' Johnnie is playing on his mouth-organ in his tent, and M., got up in the longest waders I ever saw, is fishing in the lake below the mouth of the creek. The dog is by me, sitting if I pause or at my heels if I walk. M. is silhouetted against the

sky on the mountain side. Soon I hear the whirr of the reel. 'I have got him, a big one; tell Johnnie to come and gaff him and bring a lantern,' shouts M. Out flies Johnnie, away goes the dog, and all our little world is wildly excited. It was a fine fish, too, over nine-and-a-half pounds.

This latest dog of ours is really a cattle dog, a nice-tempered, big black dog, I think he belongs to Tokaanu. He was left in Taupo. I wish we could find his rightful owner.

So far I have invariably found that at the end of any hard, bitter journey there was sure to come something to compensate. Since our awful wetting coming over the plains from Galatea the trip had been very trying. M. had one of his bad colds and I was very stiff, and the hot sulphur regions have in each case proved depressing to me. I told M. one morning that I hated New Zealand and wanted to go home. In two hours, as we drove out to Taupo, and our first *perfect* view of the lake rose before us, I told him that view and the uplift of a clear day once more was worth all the trials of the last week. We really had a perfect morning for coming out here. The snow-covered mountain, Ruapehu, was very fine indeed, and as we rounded the point and came into our little bay and saw the white tents that were to be our home for two weeks one was glad to be alive and thankful for another new experience.

We have a good stock of provisions, and bread, meat, etc., are to be brought out to us on Saturday. The only thing one really misses is fruit, especially after the quantity one had in Honolulu, at Suva, and aboard ship. We have only apples for fresh fruit, but have tinned fruits. I forgot to tell you that we have citronella for the flies. That helps a little. One simply has to endure, but I do not

think they hurt—or one learns to stand it better—so much as at first.

As we sat here eating our midday meal to-day I asked M. if anything could be a greater contrast than our wedding at St. Margaret's and ourselves as we look at this moment. We looked at each other and laughed. I do not suppose we shall ever be happier or *weller* in our lives than we are on this first anniversary of our wedding day.

I wish A. could see just what I see from the tent door, the shadowy mountains over there, the strong bluff here, our bay, and M. in the middle of the picture.

I must go and try to make a curry now. The rice is really done beautifully. We are to have soup (tinned), curried trout, cold tongue, potatoes, tinned pears, biscuits, and cheese for supper. We drink bottled lemon squash and water. The bottle of whisky has not been opened.

I wish we could send you some of these trout. If M. has a big catch to-night they must be buried."

(*Note by M.*—I made a point to stop fishing as soon as we had caught as many fish as we could consume.)

"On the bay we frequently had wild black swans and wild duck, while there are quantities of sea-gulls. The shooting season has not begun, but no doubt there will be plenty of ducks, rabbits, and a few pheasants to be got after the beginning of May."

CAMP WHAKAIPO (FA-KÍ-PO),
WESTERN BAY, LAKE TAUPO,
March 3rd, 1912.

"Last night a launch returning from Tokaanu brought us the mail that had gone over there by mistake, several letters, including one from you

and one from Mrs. M. at last. We had also two packages, the photos, and some more 'tackle.'

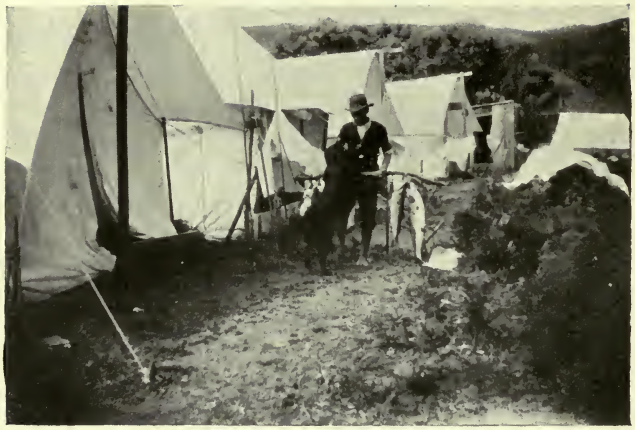
I am sending you the photos as M. *bids* me, but the one of me holding the pup I *prefer* should not be stuck down in your book. I trust I do not look like that yet! If you will keep it until we come home I will make a nice little picture of 'the camp pup' of it. It was only taken to show the pup. Unfortunately (for *me*!) M. insists on my posing on all occasions, and good or bad they go into the book! Think of all the snapshots he has made of me, and he insists on keeping all of these!

We had a very heavy rain-storm in the night, and had to tighten up the sides of our tent (at the bottom) with heavy pieces of wood—but though damp we were not wet, and the ground was perfectly dry in the tent although there are no trenches around it. There is practically no soil here, nothing but pumice and volcano dust, so the rain sinks through at once. It was such a storm that Captain Ryan himself (who lets the tents) came out in his launch this morning.

Our little bay is calm now (3.30 p.m.) but, although the rain has stopped, the lake outside is very rough still. On your map our bay is the first little indentation on Lake Taupo to the left as you face Taupo. We are on the right coming out of Taupo.

We shall stay here the two weeks, *i.e.*, until a week from Tuesday, unless we are *obliged* to let Johnnie go to his 'Mr. Col. Moore' who, it seems, has turned up rather unexpectedly. Johnnie always goes to Col. M., who comes with a large party from Scotland every year for two or three months. We only knew how to spell the name of our camp this morning.

Your calendar is my only way of reckoning time here—no daily paper, no one to say, 'Anne, this



OUR MAORI BOY (JOHNNIE) WITH "SCOTT" AND TROUT.

WHAKAIPO BAY, LAKE TAUPO.

is the 3rd,' or whatever it may be—for M. always asks *me* the date.

We will send this in whenever a launch comes into our bay, not that you'll want another letter so soon, but to take the photos on to you.

I hope the *volcano* letter reached you finally (I think that there were two posted you from there) as M.'s description was *very fine* and I shall want it if ever that book is born.

At last we have heard from Y. that a big deal in land has prevented him from joining us, and that, as he must go back to England in May, it is doubtful whether we shall even see him on our way through Sydney. This is very disappointing and upsets our plans greatly.

Last night M. caught his finest fish so far, an eleven-pounder in splendid condition and very thick, as well as a seven-pounder, in an hour's fishing after dinner. Both fish were very game and took out about sixty yards of line, jumping out of the water continually.

We are having a good deal of rain here, but are evidently lucky to have missed the winter in England."

March 4th.

"We had a very stormy day yesterday, but Captain Ryan came out to us in a launch and brought us provisions. It blew very hard and rained in the night, so that it was difficult to sleep in the tents, and in the early morning our dog went out and drove away five cattle which had strayed into our camp."

CHAPTER VI

TONGARIRO RIVER AND ROTORUA

THE LAKE HOTEL,
TAUPO, N.Z.,
March 14th, 1912.

"When we got back from camp on the 12th we found a lot of letters but none from you.

We're off for Tokaanu early in the morning.

I am sending you an improved sketch of our camp! Please keep it in that drawer in our room.

We are very busy to-day, so please forgive this hasty note."

JONES' CAMP, TOKAANU,
LAKE TAUPO, N.Z.,
March 19th, 1912.

"We came over on Friday morning and are at an entirely different camp in every way. The social side enters into life more here. I think M. likes this, quite naturally, as he has the society of other fishermen. Our other camp was lonely and wild and all ours—we are shut in here—the Tongariro river in front (not a big one) and hills behind, but not the open bay or our wonderful mountain view at Whakaipo.

There is one charming person here, Major Gen. Sir A. D. He is a little over sixty, a keen fisherman, and seems to delight in giving M. 'points' in fishing. They go out fishing together every day.

GENERAL SIR A. D—— AND 18½ LB. BROWN TROUT.

THE AUTHORESS AND "SCOTT" AT JONES' CAMP, TOKAANU.

The General has more 'tackle' than any one man ever possessed before—such beautiful flies! He has the greatest sense of humour and is the life of our little party when we gather here in the dining-sitting-room after dinner o' nights. There is a big open fire and a big table.

The ti tree is tall here, and gives the camp shelter. We are having lovely weather—*hot* in the middle of the day and quite cold at night, with heavy dews. M. and I have two tents, as it costs no more, and he has so much tackle and guns and things! The dog is with us. He came to us at the Spa, you know. Then we took him to Whakaipo and now have him here. He sleeps in my tent.

We have some more photographs now to send you. Those in which M. appears I took. Such a pity that the dog got in the way and completely blots out M.'s biggest fish! Johnnie held the fish up on a stick for M. to 'take' and the dog jumped up on Johnnie, fish, and all!

I am having a rest from camp-work, though I still keep M.'s things in order and ready for any little emergency such as an extra wetting, etc., and I *do* our tents, so that the man cook has no excuse for going into them at all. I go (with M. and the dog on guard, as there is a *ford* near the camp besides the *fishers* to *elude*) to bathe in the river every morning and then a sun bath after. I found some very nice soft dark grey yarn at Jones' General Store and am knitting for M. during my odd moments. Strangely enough one is not bored. The time slips away and one *sinks into* the life and it is all *good*—just going to sleep under canvas, and hearing the trees and the rapids talk together under the most wonderful stars —is *good*!

M. is still undecided about his shooting—in some places too late, in others too far. I shall go back to

Rotorua soon and wait for him. I shall have had six weeks under canvas in N.Z. and feel sure I shall want to come back.

Captain Ryan, over in Taupo, is a queer study. Think of that bluff, rough man having been at Julian's in Paris, and doing beautiful things in oils! People are so interesting! There is our dear old General with his title and his D.S.O. spending weeks here trying new flies, putting up with all the little 'outs' of camp-life far better than most, and as simple and happy as a child! M. is enjoying it immensely—not such big fish, but more skill required to get them—quite a different kind of fishing—that's why he wanted to come over here. It is *all* different. Here we have wooden floors to all tents and a wooden 'shack' 18 by 12 feet to eat and sit in.

It is quite understood that each is to do *exactly* as he pleases—no one says, 'Why don't you do this?' and even M. ceased to *urge* a big breakfast upon me! Cook sets tea and bread-and-butter on the boards outside my tent at 7 a.m. and then I'm left alone until after M. has *his* breakfast, when he and the dog escort me to the bath. Some Maoris appeared on the other side of the river (in the midst of my splashes) this morning. M. shouted to me and I ran into the ti tree until they had gone. I fear this is not at all interesting—besides, you may be shocked. I am just telling you our life here as it is.

I hope you are all well. This is my first real rest since I lay in bed at Cromwell Road. Honolulu was delightful, but we had social duties there.

P.S.—Please tell 'Punch' that his nose is not at all out of joint—other dogs may protect and comfort me during our pilgrimage but he is my one *own* dog."

THE TERRACES HOTEL,
ONEKENEKE, LAKE TAUPO,
April 1*st*, 1912.

"I am sending you this so that you will have 'word' from us. I have really nothing interesting or new to tell you, for I am retracing my steps towards Auckland.

On Friday last M. left me at Jones' Hotel, Tokaanu, and set off by stage for Wellington—thence to go by boat to Nelson. By-the-way, he is just about leaving Wellington for Nelson as I write. He goes deer-stalking with a guide, near Nelson. He will return to Auckland by a direct line—the trunk line —*direct* from Wellington.

I was left in Tokaanu with the dog, 'Scot' (a fine New Zealand sheep dog, black with white waistcoat and hind toes), to cross the bay in the little steamer. The 'proper' Captain was ill, and our Captain Ryan—late of 'Julian's,' Paris, etc.—was running the boat. I knew the great *Western* bay, as our camp (Whakaipo) was in one of the little bays of Western Bay—also the direct route from Taupo to Tokaanu M. and I had travelled together—but the Eastern Bay I did not know: the lake is so large that you cannot see the opposite shores—only the hills that surround them.

It was a *perfect day*—like 'Indian Summer'—and one saw *clearly* the snow-covered mountains. When we got under way Captain Ryan said he hoped I would not mind, but he had waited over a month for a day like this to call at little Maori villages for wool, and that we should not arrive at Taupo till dark. I was *dee*-lighted! There was no one on board but the Captain at the wheel (in the *centre* of the boat!) the Engineer, 'Scot,' and I. We sailed the entire eastern shore and had an experience that no one else has had *this* season at least.

On the left as you leave Tokaanu is the picturesque Maori village of Waihi, and near that the *exquisite* Waihi waterfall. Then we passed Jones' best camp 'No. 1' on an island at the mouth of the Tongariro. It was beautiful from first to last. The water was a clear, pale green as you looked down into it, and you saw the bottom of the lake. Remember that we had not had such a day since we came to the lake, and I did not believe such days *ever* came, here: we'd lost hope of good weather and had been happy with *snatches* of sunlight.

At the wool-places I was left anchored quite a distance from the shore—the old (he is a nine-months-old pup but big) dog and I all alone. I used the Captain's binoculars on scenery and natives.

The last place was the most interesting of all—the huts, the dug-out canoes, and natives. Captain Ryan and the Engineer shook hands ceremoniously with each and *every* one, little children and all—this before they touched the great bales of wool. There were two women—the younger may have been the man's daughter or his second wife. She had the most *gorgeous* hair I ever saw. It was gold-bronze, parted in the middle and hanging in two thick plaits to her waist. The ends—no, half the length—were interwoven with blue and red ribbons, or it may have been dyed string. A baby in the arms of a child about eight had this same *striking* hair. All the rest, the fat old man, ditto old woman, and I don't know how many children of all sizes and with odd garments,—*Pakeha* (white man's) clothes,—were dark, full-blooded Maoris.

One soon gets to know by the trees, etc. an old camping-ground of the Maoris—even if no camp remains, and I knew it was an old place before Captain Ryan told me that at this spot Bishop Selwyn first preached to the Maoris of this part of

New Zealand. All around this lake the worst outbreaks took place *about* 1869—I forget dates, but it was the last stand that the Maoris made. The legends are quaint, and these, with the true tales of wars between tribes—and later with the Pakehas—all this and the scenery make a spot that one would like to come back to.

Honolulu was lovely, the Rockies were *grand*, and the Pacific, with all those islands, passing description—but I shall never forget the perfect early autumn day that I spent *wool-gathering* on Lake Taupo!

After the wool was safe on board—hoisted by a crane ('donkey-engine' is it?)—the Captain came 'aft,' waved his hand and said 'Farewell to thee' in Maori. It was a little like the *Aloha*, etc., of Hawaii, but Maori is not so musical.

I was anxious and a little cast-down at leaving M.—anxious because he was going off shooting alone and cast-down at coming back alone: and then this lovely lake-journey came to cheer me!

You notice that I am at a different hotel. One sees more of Taupo thus, and this is the *highest* of them all! We are two miles from Taupo, and 'Scot' and I walk out and back every day just for a constitutional. My room is on the edge of the cliff, looking down into the valley where the boiling pools are. The water has washed the rocks bare—more than that, the rocks are in *terraces*, almost black in colour and all are warm, some *hot*. I am told that the spirits used to come and sit on these terraces to warm themselves, and that when one squeezed in and wanted more room he cried out, 'O neke neke!' and that means in Maori, 'Move over,' or 'Make room there.'

I am very fond of Taupo—the lake, the people. *But* the *people*—O! that *is* 'another story'—Captain Ryan, Prinn who sells *beautiful* Japanese

things and is an expert in finding the genuine *satsuma and cloisonné*, a poor lame little man, the *butcher's daughter* with a *pretty* taste for painting—she never *will* be an artist but she *aspires*—Captain Ryan's *native wife*, who gave me one of her husband's sketches and *offered* me half the little studio held, *Rickit* the store-keeper who closes his store when he likes and never wants any money! They are all so kind and so *different*, so *unexpected*!

I am going back to Rotorua the day after to-morrow. The trunks are there. I will send a line from Auckland saying *when* we sail for Sydney. Yesterday 'Scot' and I spent hours on the lake-shore. The view looking across to Tokaanu is very fine.

P.S.—They gave me a luncheon free on board, hot coffee, bread-and-butter and tinned sheeps' tongues, and the whole trip cost the usual fare 12*s*. 6*d*!

Oh, about the *skins*. A friend of my nephew is going to send the mink skins to you.

I am getting a *collection* of things, I assure you, that I'll be glad to separate from my clothes. I've got a mink skin, a *whole bird* (cured by M. with infinite pains) specimens of lava, quartz, etc., etc., all in a trunk at Auckland. There are a *few new ones* to be added from New Zealand. I really *must* send some home from Sydney or Japan."

GRAND HOTEL, ROTORUA,
April 7th (*Easter Sunday*), 1912.

"I am sending you some photographs that are just developed.

It is a dull, chilly, overcast day and I would fain be under canvas with M. and the collie pup 'Scot'! We were happy in spite of weather. M. is now in a very wild country in the South Island and I cannot reach him by letter or telegram.

HOME OF THE RED DEER, NELSON DISTRICT, N.Z.

COACH ACCIDENT (TAKEN EARLY IN FOLLOWING MORNING) NEAR WAIOURU.

At the Terraces Hotel (Taupo) I had the dog for company: he had been a part of that life on the shore of the lake. Here it is just the common, characterless, hotel life—and not the nice English people who were here when we came two months ago but Easter 'trippers,' awful people with money!

Last night we had *twenty-six* earthquake shocks between three and four o'clock. The first tremblings waked me: it was as if the bed and walls and floor *shivered*. The shocks grew worse for half an hour, and the very worst one shook my bed violently. There was a noise too, a sort of dull roar. People got up, ran about, and talked excitedly; but though my *body* was scared and I felt the 'gooseflesh' run all over me, my mind was calm and I concluded it was best to lie still. I don't see how the house *could* shake so and be standing this morning. So far as I know nothing was broken, but every one is talking *earthquake* this morning. We cannot get news to-day, but some of the thermal regions or a volcano may have been very active.

When the maid brought my early tea she said that earthquakes are not uncommon here, but that last night's was the worst they have had. She also told me that a lot of the guests would go away *if the trains were running to Auckland!* Here I am, and I don't know *where* M. is!

Someway I am calmer than before my operation. I went through so much then that most things are trivial in comparison; but I do not think I shall leave M. again. The country is rough where he is and I cannot hear from him until he comes out. If he stays for shooting (say a week or so) I shall go back to Taupo. There I can have the dog, and walks, and simple people. I do not like this place. It 'puts on airs'—quite apart from the earthquakes I do not like it. I've been asking a lady and

her daughter about the *noise* that accompanies earthquakes. They say 'it's a *rumbling*.' Perhaps there is a sound from the earth and an *added* sound from the buildings, etc., all in vibration. It *was* rather *fearsome* to lie still and *wait*, not knowing what the next would be. The dogs howled and barked, and porters and maids tore about. I think this *confusion* was almost as trying as the shocks.

I hope Easter is bright and spring-like at home. It is very chilly here, has begun to rain and the fires are lighted. I have on a thick serge suit that I wore in winter in London, a coat, too, I need to-day.

This is not a very cheerful letter, but we shall be in Japan (D.V.) before it reaches you."

GRAND HOTEL, ROTORUA,
April 14th, 1912.

"M. is back from the South Island and has given me some photographs to send you. I enclose a small map of Rotorua, etc., and M. has a map that he will send you later with his route in the south marked in red ink. He is sitting in the piazza now, talking with a Mr. W., whom he met in Auckland. They are arranging to go in to Murupara (where we first fished, you know) for deer. M. was not successful in the south—in fact did not *see* a stag! While he was there I wired him to stay and get his sport—not to try to catch the *Makura*, which has gone on to Sydney. We are now out-doing each other in politeness. M. says, 'You've been very good and worked hard and *roughed it* well and now it's *your* turn. I've not got my "head," but we'll go on to Japan.'

Then I—'No, you say there's nothing to do in Japan, so we'll stay on here until you get all the sport you can.' I know well that he will always regret it if he does not give it a thorough trial. Be-

sides, having missed the cherry-blossoms I do not *care which* flowers we see—lotus, or iris, or chrysanthemums. I shall go back along the road to Taupo—possibly even *to* Taupo—and wait for M. We leave luggage here and come back to go by train to Auckland. I don't know now *when* we shall sail. We are both well, and it is autumn now and we like the bracing air.

M. had some interesting experiences and found the South Island so lovely that he wants me to see it one day."

GRAND HOTEL, ROTORUA,
April 16th, 1912.

"'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,' you know. M. has gone off to the hills of Murupara and I've exhausted this place, and darned and mended *everything*, so *you* are to be the victim of another letter!

Last night I spent the evening in writing letters to arrange for our leaving New Zealand, to engage rooms in Auckland and *bespeak* a cabin on the next steamer (the *Zealandia*) through Cook's. M. likes leaving all these little details to me.

I have at least got M.'s promise not to *regret* and worry in Japan if he finds no sport there. We expect to be there about three months, and I'm afraid he'll be bored, so I've stayed on here until *he* now is the one to say we will go on.

There is a *character* staying here! M. says that *he* was the one who started all that trouble in Liverpool last summer. He has had a very hard life. Began as a sailor in a merchantman at the age of thirteen. He has been in mutinies (probably *helped*), shipwrecks, etc., and tells great 'yarns' that one overhears. He is a rather short man, square-shouldered, resolute, with clear, pale blue eyes that are his

strongest feature. He is crippled with rheumatism, and is here (as people come from all over the world) for the famous baths. He has a strong will, and a certain amount of mental power, though, of course, an uneducated man. As I have been here so long nearly every one 'passes the time of day' with me, and he bends stiffly from his waist and says 'good mornin', Ma'am.' I do not know why, but I have never heard him address any one else as 'Ma'am.' Perhaps as I am the only one here out from London he thinks I may know of his iniquities and so means to be *very* respectful. I heard some men talking about him the other evening. They said, 'He does himself rather well—out *of the poor working-man*!' He 'treats' the others to drinks in the smoking-room, it seems. M. says he has been very hard up, and he (M.) does not see how he can afford to come out to New Zealand for his health.

There is also a Mr. B. from Ceylon—whose father was a doctor at Bath—connected with the pump-room or whatever the baths there are called. He knew Bath well, of course, and remembered the Chantry. All sorts of people turn up in the Colonies. I *wish* I could write—I do not lack material."

GRAND HOTEL, ROTORUA.
April 22nd.

"M. is up in Murupara shooting (where we fished in February) and is to join me here the day after to-morrow. We go on to Auckland on the 25th and sail in the *Zealandia* for Sydney May 7th. We will let you know the boat and date of sailing for Japan when that is settled. The *Titanic* disaster cannot but be alarming to all those who 'go down to the sea in ships,' but I am in better health than I've been for a long time, and therefore less nervous.

M. has had excellent sport—good fishing in Lake Taupo and now the shooting. He has got his two 'heads,' all the law allows him in the Galatea district. They are red deer and are very large. M. has shot the best 'heads' so far. He is only forty-two miles away and 'phoned' me to-night to say that he has his second head—'an old warrior.' He says the stag had fourteen or more points, but some are broken by fighting.

We have enjoyed New Zealand and have met some interesting people. I do not care for the towns that I have seen, but in the 'back blocks' and the 'bush' *there* life is fresh and delightful."

CHAPTER VII

COACH ACCIDENT, SOUTH ISLAND AND AUCKLAND

"ARUNDEL," AUCKLAND,
May 5th, 1912.

"THERE is no news to write you: we expect to sail next Tuesday. I shall send the shark ('Pelorus Jack'—the great dolphin) photograph, too, if it will go in. I believe that M. wants that for his book. I will send you some for *your* book as soon as we have some interesting ones to send you.

M. has just been out with Mr. M. and Mr. B. to see a review of mounted Territorials, who were inspected by General Godley.

We have had bad weather—constant showers of rain and much wind since we came back here—but now it seems likely to be fine and less windy for our trip to Sydney, where we should arrive about the 11th inst. We may only stay there till the 15th and then go on to Hong Kong and Japan, or Dr. Thring may persuade us to stay till the following steamer, about the 5th of June. We have met a lot of nice people here and M. has had some golf on both the courses near here, but the weather was so bad that he decided not to go duck shooting. There has been little to narrate since our last letter, but we hope to get a letter from you to-morrow, brought by our ship the *Zealandia* before we sail."

Note by M.

Here it may be well to sum up the results of our

sport in New Zealand and to give a short account of the shooting expeditions in the South Island and in the Galatea district upon which my dear wife did not accompany me. As stated in her letter of the 1st of April, we parted company at Tokaanu on the 29th of March. I started in the coach drawn by five horses (two wheelers and three leaders) accompanied by the young American and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. B.) who had been in Jones' camp with us, another English fisherman and his wife, and two or three other passengers for a forty-mile drive to Waiouru, the nearest station on the line to Wellington. All went well until we were within about three miles of our destination, when, as it was growing dark and we were late, our driver, galloping his horses down a steep hill with a precipice on one side, in taking a corner too sharply ran over a wooden culvert about a foot high. There was a terrific jolt which sent B. flying from the box seat to the side of the road, where he fortunately alighted practically unhurt, threw the rest of us in all directions in the coach and broke the traces of the near-side leader. He at once began to kick and struggle and away dashed the whole team madly down the hill. The driver had lost all control, and all we could do was to cling to the coach and trust in Providence.

At the foot of the hill we came to a ravine about 30 feet deep with a small stream trickling over great boulders at the bottom and spanned—at an angle with the road—by a bridge which, most fortunately for us, had strong wooden sides and a heavy baulk of timber guarding each side of the roadway. Into the right side of this bridge the horses dashed, carrying away the side railings and breaking the pole of the coach. The front off wheel went over the baulk, but, almost miraculously, the coach was brought to a standstill

with the near fore and the off hind wheels stayed by the baulk. One of the wheelers fell over the side of the bridge, hung suspended by the bridle for a moment and then dropped into the ravine, the other was pinned under the broken pole and lay motionless and apparently dead, whilst the two leaders remaining attached to the traces stood trembling and terror-stricken, ready to bolt again at the least provocation. We all jumped off immediately and I ran to the heads of the remaining leaders to hold and pacify them whilst the driver cut their traces. We then found that the coach was so balanced over the side of the bridge that the slightest movement would have sent it toppling over, and we had to secure it by ropes to the further side of the bridge before we could unload the baggage. The free horse had bolted off to its stables at Waiouru and thus announced the accident, with the result that a relief coach came out and took our baggage to Waiouru, whither we walked. Although we thought at the time that both the wheelers were killed, I believe both recovered, the fall of the one which went over the bridge having been broken by a large bush which was growing in the stream.

We slept at a little hotel at Waiouru, and B. and I walked out at five o'clock next morning to take photographs of the wrecked coach before catching our train for Wellington. There I was made a member of the Wellington Club, and left on the 1st of April by steamer to cross Cook's Straits and Queen Charlotte's Sound to Picton and Nelson. On the boat I met an old Marlburian schoolfellow, Dr. V., now Inspector of Hospitals in New Zealand, who took me over the hospital at Picton.

On the 2nd of April I arrived at Nelson and went at once to interview Mr. Catley, the head of the Acclimatisation Society there, who arranged for me

PONA WITH M.'S FIRST STAG, NEAR TE WHAITE.

ON WHIRINAKI RIVER, GALATEA, WHERE SECOND STAG WAS SHOT

to go to Tadmor, about forty miles in the mountains, with Jack Lines, a farmer's son and well-known deer-stalker, as my guide. The licence for this part of the country costs only £1 1s. and permits the shooting of six stags of not less than six points. The Mayor of Nelson, Mr. Field, very kindly introduced me to the Nelson Club, and after purchasing necessary stores I started in the evening for the Sherry River district viâ Tadmor. The train was advertised to do the journey of forty miles in four hours, but took five. I was met at Tadmor by Lines, a fine young specimen of New Zealand manhood, and slept that night at a boarding-house at Tadmor. Lines and I spent eight days in the mountains near the junction of the Whangapeka and Dart Rivers and in the bush, sleeping at a farm or at a boarding-house and for five days in a rough camp in the bush, climbing many thousands of feet over the mountains by day and riding along almost impossible paths to get to them, but we had no luck. Two men who were partly with us and were not looking for stags each bagged one which they came upon by chance, and we constantly heard stags moving and roaring in the thick bush and came upon innumerable fresh tracks, but we did not even see a single stag. When they "called" we answered (Lines could roar most naturally) and they would answer back from the thick bush, in which we could not see them, but we were never able to get them into the open.

I telegraphed my ill-luck to my wife and returned to Rotorua, after a fruitless journey of over 1,000 miles, on the 13th of April. I had hoped to see the famous dolphin "Pelorus Jack" (who for nearly twenty years has patrolled French Pass and is specially protected by an Act of Parliament) on my way back, but found he had not been seen for a month and was supposed

to be dead. I have heard since that he has reappeared and continues to escort each ship through the Pass. I called on Mr. Daisent, the Acclimatisation Official at Wellington, but was told that a very large number of licences had been issued for that district and not many good heads obtained, so I decided not to try my luck there. I heard afterwards that a man who went out the day I should have gone returned to Wellington the following day with a fine seventeen-pointer.

On arrival at Rotorua, after an uncomfortable twenty-three hours' journey, I found that my dear, unselfish wife, on receipt of my telegram announcing my ill-luck in the South Island, had gone at once to Mr. Blow, the Acclimatisation Official at Rotorua, had obtained for me one of the six £3 licences, entitling the possessor to shoot two stags of not less than ten points in the newly opened Galatea district (where we had been fishing previously) and had arranged with Mr. W., whom we had met in Auckland and who had come to Rotorua for some deer stalking, that I should join him in his expedition. She said I must not leave New Zealand without my "heads."

On the morning of the 15th of April, therefore, W. and I set forth, and after a drive of forty-two miles arrived at Murupara in the evening, did a little fishing in the pool near the post office, and took up our quarters in a little room adjoining Miliski's store. We found that at last he had completed his dining-room and kitchen. Next day, as we had some difficulty in arranging terms for horses, etc., with the Maoris, we had a day's fishing in the Rangitaiki and Whirinaki Rivers and got a few trout up to four-and-a-half pounds. Next day our Maoris arrived in a more reasonable frame of mind with the ponies and we rode out to the foot of the Whakatane Mountains and separated. We each saw three

stags that day but failed to get within range of them. The views from the tops of the hills were very grand.

On the 18th of April we rode some eight miles on the road to Te Whaite and separated. After a long and difficult stalk I got a hurried shot at a good stag, but missed him. Scarcely had I reloaded when my Maori boy drew my attention to another fine stag which had come out of a bit of bush, apparently to find out the meaning of the shot, and stood about three hundred yards off, across a ravine. A careful shot through the neck dropped him, but he recovered and made off up the steep hill. Just as he got to the brow a second shot through the heart dropped him stone dead, and he rolled some sixty yards down the steep hill amongst the fern, like a shot rabbit. He was my first stag and a very perfect twelve-pointer. I went off on the tracks of the deer I had shot at first to see if I had hit him, and followed him for a mile or two, but saw nothing more of him. In the evening I had a long shot at another stag without effect.

Pona, my Maori boy, meanwhile took the head and haunch (no light load, but he was a splendid specimen of humanity) back to our horses. As we started to return to camp my girth broke going up a steep bank, and the saddle and I slid gracefully over the horse's tail. This entailed a walk of several miles until we secured a new girth at a half-breed's house on the way back to Murupara. Reaching camp late in the evening I found that W. had shot an eleven-pointer, so we spent next day skinning and preparing our two heads. We caught one or two trout in the evening.

Next day we were out on the mountains but saw only two stags, each with less than ten points. Galloping up a steep hill on a narrow deer path, the path gave way under my horse and he rolled over

and over some thirty or forty feet down the hill. Fortunately I managed to slip off on the hill side as he fell or I should have been badly crushed. The horse was unhurt in the high fern and bolted. My Maori jumped off his horse and pursued him, capturing him in a swamp about a mile away, leaving me to find my way back to the road on his horse.

Next day, after a careful stalk, I got within easy range of a stag with a fine spreading head but of only eight points, so I had to leave him. Towards evening, when I and my Maori were on a hill about 1,000 feet above the Whirinaki River, I heard a stag "calling" across the river and saw two hinds on the flat ground between the foot of the hill—almost a precipice—and the river. I lay down and answered him, thinking he would come across, instead of which a very fine stag came out from immediately below us and stood in the deer path. As he was nearly 1,000 feet below us, almost perpendicularly, and it was getting dusk, we had great difficulty, even with strong glasses, in making out his points—about which there seemed something odd—but we could count more than ten points. I decided, therefore, to take the shot but doubted about the range, as he was so far below us. Sighting at two hundred yards I took a careful shot, but thought I had missed him, for he merely moved about twenty yards along the path. I lowered the sight and fired again, when he fell stone dead in his tracks. We had to go a long way round and clamber down a steep place to get to him, and then found that the first shot had passed through his neck and the second between his shoulders. The mystery of his points was solved, for although twelve remained two or more had, unfortunately, been broken off his splendid head whilst in the velvet. We had a difficult climb back to our horses with this heavy head and a dark ride

home, fording the river several times with the strong stream up to our saddles.

Next day was wet and I spent it preparing this second head and making preparations to leave, as I had killed the two stags allowed me by my licence. On the 25th of April I drove back to Rotorua, where I found my dear wife in good health and spirits and very pleased with the result of the stalking she had arranged for me. Whilst out after stags I saw a good many very fine native pigeons, as big as a hen and of a beautiful copperish-green hue. Also a few pheasants and some Californian quail, but very little other wild life.

I packed and sent off the heads to Nelson to be set up and sent direct to England, where they arrived in due course. My total bag in New Zealand amounted to two good stags, some duck and over one hundred fine trout, varying from two to twelve pounds. W. stayed on for a few days but did not succeed in getting his second stag.

CHAPTER VIII

AUSTRALIA

ANNE writes:

HOTEL WENTWORTH, SYDNEY,
May 13th, 1912.

"We had a nice smooth voyage from Auckland, arriving at noon yesterday, and then a *very full* day's work. We called upon Cook's, Dr. Thring, some people whom we met on the *Makura*, and the Captain of the *Zealandia* (our boat from Auckland), who took me to the Japanese line office, whilst M. went to draw money and get his hat pressed!

We have arranged to sail for Japan *the day after to-morrow*! It will be *hot* as it is when we arrive there, but if we don't take that steamer we must wait three weeks and stay six days at Hong Kong and six days at Shanghai in boiling heat. Please thank G. for her letter. We will write on the way to Japan. To-morrow we have to buy a few things (we are getting very shabby and catching our heels in our rags!), meet people at luncheon and dine with Dr. Thring. I am in rags! My one evening frock (that *fits* me!) is so worn that I have to wear a scarf to cover the holes!

Only the Captain is English on our next ship. We hope to begin lessons in Japanese *en voyage*. I believe we are to be a month at sea this time.

A letter from our dear Mrs. D. of Honolulu (about

whom I was very anxious) gives the glad news of the birth of a *son*. They have three little girls. She says that all Honolulu seems to be rejoicing with them over the birth of a son. Her husband is the eldest son. They go to England in June and when we come home we shall look forward to seeing them there.

We have been much exercised in our minds about staying here or not, but have decided to go on to Japan at once. Y.'s reason for not joining us is entirely of a business nature—he is engaged in some big land speculation and has gone back to England. Dr. Thring seems very busy and does not encourage us to stay on account of the drought here."

Tuesday Morning, May 14th.

"I have opened your letter to add this P.S. Firstly —we are very grateful to you for telling us all about 'Punch's' up and downs, so please don't be sorry that you told us about his little injury, whatever it was, in November. That A. rubbed him with Elliman's *is* a kindness! We shall feel sure now that we are always told about him, as we should not have been if you had only told us the nice things. Secondly—do not fear that we may not get all your letters.

They are having a drought in Australia and there is nothing for M. to do here—no sport at present— and we ought to get to Japan."

May 15th, 1912 (Dining-saloon of Nippon Yusen Kaisha s.s. *Kumano Maru*):—My first Oriental ship, well ventilated, clean, cool, though the sun is beating down on the decks. One gets into the habit of sailing in and sailing away again. To get

ready to go to Japan would be a *thing* at home. Here we slipped into Sydney on Sunday and away again on Wednesday. Sydney is beautiful and has a wonderful harbour. The city is wonderfully situated, is rich, and growing fast. It also has an "*old* quarter" and some churches that are good copies of old English ones. Dr. Thring would need a chapter to himself. I have a confused memory of our last night in Sydney. The eight-mile drive out in the Doctor's motor, rushing through Hyde Park, up Oxford Street, past the old jail (a good simple "pile" built by convicts) and Victoria Barracks, gliding through a beautiful park (Centennial Park) and arriving at a fine old place—good trees, old house, lawn, and all just like an English home! and our keen, clever, but weary host—a wonderful surgeon—meets us, accompanied by *dogs*. Later we talked of books, "home," travel and old silver, sitting round an open fire that gleamed on the old Sheffield plate, on the fine polish of old (really good) tables and chairs, and Dower and Muniment chests that would have delighted *you*. The Doctor had had a day full of operations, and we did not stay late, both on his account and for ourselves. Wandering about or seated gravely on one of the old chairs was his favourite dog, "Jack," an Airedale, with the most beautiful eyes I ever saw in man or beast. They were uncanny—too human.

Strange how one steps off the shore into the atmosphere of Japan—only the Captain and our Stewardess are English—dear little pine trees, one hundred years old, on the table in pretty blue and white jardinières, nice and clean, silent Japanese waiters. Sydney will always be blended with the scene of our last night there.

And now we are passing through the fine *heads* that stand on guard at the harbour mouth of Sydney.

One seems to take up again the pathless road along the Pacific that one left before Auckland. We swing out to the Pacific again to the fascinating glamour that one left behind at Suva. To be going to Japan! and what a day! clear and bright and not too hot, and smooth as can be. No part of our journey has been like this! No steamer *smells* or motion!! Such a dear Australian lady I met last night. *She* would like this. I could not get the *Surgeon's Log* of which she told me—but she incited me to buy a penny note-book and *begin*. If *I ever* do write a book of our travels she is the inspiration.

There is a feeling in the air of this boat a little like Honolulu. A spirit of the East, of fair, strange lands, hovers round the ship. One is on tip-toe. One's soul stands and waits, *sure* that "something nice is going to happen." When I felt like that coming down the Pacific, Captain G. was sure to appear suddenly and say "An' now, Mrs. Thring, I've got a nice Island for you. Just come over here —now isn't that a fine Island?" I have *no fear* for the first time since we left home. I leave the harbour happy. Mrs. G. says I can write a book. Mr. M. says I can write a book. J. B. always said I *ought* to.

So far I've not indulged much in 'fresh impressions,' but one has many on stepping from an English house (même *Coloniale*) into a Japanese ship. One gets used to slipping quietly into a port and going quietly out again, but does not realise how completely enveloped one can be in the atmosphere of the "far East" at once! It began, I think, with the labels for our luggage. What queer, dainty little people they are! Fancy troubling to decorate luggage labels! The Japanese flag is *everywhere*, from the one that floats at the bow to "the little round button" gleaming on the Captain's cap. At

dinner I'm at the Captain's right, as I was coming down the Pacific.

The Japanese are very clean and most polite. All wood that can be scrubbed is as white as I aspire to have my kitchen table one day. Clean, loose covers, really *good* blue-and-white vases, pots with stunted pines, and space bring one to realise that one is on a ship built for the tropics. The ventilation arrangements are better than on other lines. On the cabin deck, for instance, the passage is just *twice* as wide as that of any ship I ever saw —even great Atlantic liners—and at the end a door, always open, of iron grill work.

M. is so naughty that I don't know whether to laugh or cry when he comes home bringing something more to carry! In Auckland there was a very attractive old book shop. On our first visit to Auckland he got four books (of no particular value) that I managed one by one to leave behind, and I *warned* him to steer clear of that shop. But a fine old Isaac Waltons' *Compleat Angler* tempted him and he fell and came bringing it home. *This* book is too good to leave behind. If you knew how I've hunted and gone back after his camera, his binoculars, books and other things that are dear to him and that are usually attached to his person at one point or another! We have lost a lot of things and are always loaded with parcels. I eased the luggage a *little*—we could *not* get things in—at Auckland. M.'s waders were added too, and fishing tackle. Always a little more.

Just as we were about to sail from Sydney, and I was getting anxious about M., who had "just run back for some photos, that were being developed," he dashed up breathless, carrying an awful package! "I *have* done it now, I don't know *what* you'll say," he gasped. What do you think? a *developing tank*

for his photographs! Just as I was beginning to find suitable terms of reproach, our friend Mr. C., Proprietor of Sydney's biggest newspaper, came up bringing a little present from himself and wife. They were at the Captain's table with us coming down from Honolulu. He was terribly amused. Hope he won't write us up.

M. was deaf and dumb and numb yesterday, deep in 'developing.' I couldn't make him see or hear or walk or talk or look at scenery—but this morning he informed me that he thought *this* was going to be the pleasantest trip of all. We arrive at Brisbane to-morrow, are a day there, and shall go up to see the town, about ten miles away from our wharf. We are still in our blue serges, but ducks will soon be the order of the day. We are both very well and *I* must now begin to 'train down.'

And now we face the East. The books and magazines strewn about the writing-room tell of *Nippon*. The talk is all of places *ahead*, and one of the officers has promised to tell us where to go to find the old unspoiled Japan, where poetry has not been driven out by the flaming sword of progress. But—I almost wish I *had* had courage to go on alone! This was a wonderful cherry blossom season and *I did not see it*.

I don't know how long it will last, but sea-travel has never been easy and a pleasure until now. We left Sydney in beautiful weather that has not left us. The glamour that Stevenson felt and wrote of still exists in the south Pacific. You feel it very much in sailing down through the islands. But you seem to leave it behind at Suva, and now we find it again as we swing out into the Pacific. When we leave Australia we shall sail again into that invisible *Road* that we left to go to New Zealand, the great highway in the 'pathless deep' that leads to the

strange, fair lands that one has always longed to see.

May 16th (nearing Brisbane).—At dinner I found a card at my plate bearing my name, like a dinner-party, and a *decorated* passenger list. When the menu appeared it was really a work of art, and when folded was a complete letter, a blank envelope on one side, with a place for stamps, and on the other a map with our route in red ink! And in our cabin the blanket on M.'s berth is arranged against the white wall, the red and yellow *corner* of the blanket to look like the rays of the rising sun, while the clean towels are arranged like fans in the glasses each side of the water-bottle, the fringe making another sun-effect, sticking straight out like the sun's rays. The stamp that holds the paper together about the soap is the same little flag that floats at our bow. That reminds me that the labels given us yesterday for our luggage had a pretty flower design on them. This afternoon at tea-time the tea-pots were so nice, blue and white china—far nicer than the tea!—and really artistic vases on the tables.

7.30 *p.m.*—M. weighed me this afternoon, and in consequence I walked *two* miles! The tables are smaller than on our other ships and everybody talks to everybody else. M. madly *developing* all day! So ends the pleasantest day at sea that I can remember, only I *do* wish the woman here in the corner of the writing-room would not weep so!

May 17th.—My lord, who sat up and played bridge long after I was asleep, tells me this morning that he feels *sure* this is going to be a pleasant voyage. Still beautiful weather. We passed 'the Solitaries' a little while ago and the hills along the Australian coast are a break in the monotony. At our plates this morning we found a little packet of postcards in a pale pink envelope endorsed 's.s. *Kumano Maru* with

compliments of Nippon Yusen Kaisha' (and the flag —Company's, *not* Japan's) in English and Japanese.

We moved some of our things into an empty cabin next ours. I suppose we are a great joke to the Japanese, who are used to *nothing* in their rooms. We've got two cabins full. They politely and obediently brought up my hat-box, and a small *trunk* from the hold; then, retiring to a spot which they thought out of hearing, they roared with laughter. All is so very clean.

Went ashore at Brisbane. At a jeweller's we bought emu's eggs, aquamarines, black and ordinary opals, etc., and drove round the city.

May 18th, Saturday.—Polite Japanese Purser, during his round of inspection, coming suddenly upon me engaged in washing lace collars, etc., called off his attendant stewards, and away they all went, pretending not to see me, and that part of the ship was not inspected *at all*! Sang on Saturday night.

May 19th, Sunday.—Beautiful islands on either side. After tea on deck to watch them go by. Many islands of all shapes and sizes (on our right the most beautiful—one exactly like the Sphinx), mountains, and pretty sandy beaches. No sign of man—except a lighthouse. Wrote many letters to post to-morrow. All goes smoothly; quiet, beautiful day. This morning there was a strange scene in the steerage—Chinamen shaving and making their Sunday toilets, squatting on the deck (why don't they fall over?) One shaves the back of his neck. One has a mirror in the back of a brush. Episode of water coming down the ventilator upon me, all dressed in clean things! Wonderful sunset, the flames of Halemaumau, the opals of Brisbane, and the rose and grey-mauves of a bird I saw in the gardens of Rotorua!

May 20th (Townsville).—*Cargoes.* We have great

casks of tallow, crates of onions, bags and bags *and bags* of bone-dust, bars of lead and cases of lead that I have not yet solved. We have also a dead Chinaman in the hold. At Townsville all at our table, except our two selves, went ashore in a big launch. We are so heavily laden that we lie off about three miles from shore. This is a dangerous coast and a Pilot is compulsory all the way within the Great Barrier reef. The donkey-engine is still groaning away putting in more *bone-dust* from an awfully disreputable old 'tramp' alongside.

Luncheon. As I'm not having any I go for'ard and watch the fascinating hold and the groups of Chinese and Japanese. I never tire of looking at them. Half-way to the second-class cabins a canvas tent has been made amidships. It is very mysterious. I know a Chinaman is there and a sick one. Who has hired that space? A Chinaman crawls under the canvas with food. The doctor says, "Yes, very sick man." Some one says, "Leprosy." Poor man! Think of being ill so near to the donkey-engine that goes on for hours! Beyond that is a poor thing of a bird that utters always that wretched cry.

But when the *hold* is open I always come back to *that*. The *Kumano* lies with her heart open, her secrets exposed. I look down, down, down. Just a square chamber, and through a partition peeps of other chambers and more cargo. As I look I 'suffer a sea change' and am back in Kingsport, Nova Scotia, a little girl holding her uncle's hand, and I have come to see my first great ship from a strange land, and the men are taking strange things out of her. Then and there cargoes got hold upon me. Since—in crossing the Atlantic or Pacific—I've seen only stupid trunks as cargoes until now. This hold is the most fascinating place in the ship—in spite

of *bone-dust.* And we are comfortable, in spite of the fact of our cabin being over the coal-bunkers! We are waked by the most awful rattling and scraping in the middle of the night.

I wish this feeling of content, even *relish,* for travel had struck me sooner. Until now I've *endured* the sea-voyage for the sake of the land beyond. I think something must be going to happen—it is too good to be true. I've been looking at the bone-dust stevedores. They are stripped to the waist, covered with sweat and dirt. The chief Engineer talked cargoes and then I gave him a lesson in English "th" and "ng." I came back to the table on deck to find Miss J. and a dear white rosebud, with a pin for it, lying on the table by my knitting. She had got it at Townsville for me.

On our way we were informed by several passengers that large numbers of pearls are found on Thursday Island, and that the smart Brisbane people amuse themselves in the summer holidays by finding jewels in the debris from the old mines in the neighbourhood. Sapphires (blue, yellow, and white) are found in considerable quantities and people often pick up sufficient for a necklace.

CHAPTER IX

THURSDAY ISLAND, PHILIPPINES AND HONG KONG

May 21st.—We left Townsville at 5 p.m. on the 20th, and are still inside the Barrier Reef in sight of shore. It is much hotter, with the following south-east monsoon. I made my last trip to the baggage-room for white things, with the patient Matsuoka. M.'s foot is still troubling him. He has slight blood-poisoning from a mosquito bite and has to have it cauterised daily by the ship's Doctor. He cannot wear boots but goes about in Japanese slippers. I said I should like a pair of bath slippers, and behold, I find them in my cabin, and "no payee" says Matsuoka.

After luncheon (Mr. J. and I sat on deck at that time) all our table went up to the Captain's deck to be "taken." The Pilot, Captain Hood, said that he could only be away for two or three minutes. We have just passed some wicked-looking shoals. The water is still wonderfully green, something like Tangiwai greenstone with 'tears' in it. Every one is so nice on this ship. The Purser came to bring me a Japanese conversation book, and the Stewardess also produced one. The Captain is very frank, genuine, and interesting. He talks to me as if I were a man, and I like it. He has *ideas*. There is so much to do. Miss J. brought me "Les Morts qui Parlent." I did not know that going to sea could be so comfortable; no fuss, no worry. "Laisser

vivre" is the motto. There is a very nice American boy, C. D., the best-mannered American boy I ever met travelling. I know there *are* plenty in the United States, but I have not happened to meet the right sort journeying up and down the earth.

3 *p.m.*—M. in Japanese slippers and I are seated on deck at a table on which are scattered several books on Japan, and a saroban (abacus), belonging to C. D.

May 22nd.—On this day, which was beautifully fine, we passed the *Yawata Maru*, of the same line. The J.'s, Mr. G. and I read and sew on deck. I am studying Chamberlain's *Things Japanese*, *Will Adams' Letters*, and the Japanese Phrase Book. The sea is blue to-day, not the green sea we have had so far, but still we pass ledges and dangerous shoals with cages upon them to warn ships. The Captain has rigged up a swimming-bath on deck which is very popular. It is on the deck for'ard below us. It is very cleverly made, with canvas bottom and sides lashed to stout spars. We shall have, thus, a nice cool plunge all the way to Manilla, where it will have to be cleared away in order to land the cargo. The water runs in and out, keeping it fresh all the time. I am told that it contains thirty tons of water. This is another feature of an Oriental steamer.

May 23rd.—We anchored this morning off Thursday Island, and again the others have gone ashore, but M. and I stay on board, M. to fish because his feet will not permit boots yet, and I because it is such a tiny launch. Besides, I am able to get lots of needful things done. As at Townsville, the ship anchored at 1 a.m. as it was too dangerous to go on at night. At dawn we weighed again and in half an hour we sighted two wrecks, and another lies near us now, as we are anchored. Mr. G. takes off our

letters and brings me a 'Good Thursday' stamp. Last night our table celebrated Mr. J.'s granddaughter's first birthday. Mr. J. supplied champagne to drink her health, and a lovely cake with one candle adorned the table. Once I assisted at the burial of a child at sea, but I have never helped to celebrate a birthday at sea until now.

At luncheon Mr. J. and I 'abstained' on deck as usual, and the deck-boy tried to tell us something just as we left Thursday Island. As they shut their teeth tight when trying to talk English, I made out the word "cheap" with some difficulty. Finally we got "dlinks," and found that the young heathen was struggling to inform us that now we were clear of Thursday Island all drinks were cheap, no further duty being payable. We passed Booby Island.

May 24th.—Hot and damp. M. and I both in white. Some sea this morning, and it looks as if there had been rough weather here. We have now a clear road—no reefs, no islands, nothing but sea. The Pilot left us at Thursday Island. The ship has a little roll; up to now it has been like a houseboat. At dinner Wassumi, our table-boy, presented the dish containing the schnapper M. caught yesterday held at arm's length in his white-gloved hand, with this little speech to each: "Mr. String's catchee fish," accompanied by a small and fascinating little half bow, or bending of his body. I put a little swallow that was found stowed away in a cage on the table where I write. The poor little thing was very frightened and tired.

May 25th.—Saturday, and 'general inspection' going on. They prepare for the Sabbath in true Puritan style. Last night we had a little concert and they made me sing "Sensucht." The J.'s sang Welsh songs, and Miss D. played. M. had provided champagne for Empire Day and Mr. G. (who

drinks only Tansan) Tansaned us as a 'night-cap.' I had quite an interesting Japanese-English lesson with the first officer, Mr. Iwamoto. He really is a very good English scholar, having studied English for fifteen years. He asked me, "Madam, what is the 'ain't' I hear English and American people say?" Still good weather, and a fine following monsoon. The nicest ship and the best voyage (so far) that I have ever known. Mr. Iwamoto has taught me a few useful phrases. I order tea, etc., in Japanese now.

May 26th, Sunday.—Still fine but very warm now and still the following monsoon. The little bird died yesterday and I had to throw the pitiful little thing into the big waste of waters. Dr. and Mrs. E. of Brisbane, who came aboard at Thursday Island, advised me to read Lafcadio Hearne's *Japan, an Interpretation,* also Miss E. Bisland's *Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearne.* I am interested in reading *Unbeaten Tracks of Japan,* but that was written thirty-two years ago. We pass Amboina Island. We are now in the Arafura Sea. We have a new moon to cheer us, and last night it was so beautiful on deck that whilst the others were playing bridge I wandered about. It is not yet so hot as in the Pacific, although about the same distance from the line. Still, it was very hot in the cabin last night in spite of the electric fans. The Chinamen who sleep on deck under an awning have at least more air. Everything goes on smoothly, although it is impossible to find a quiet spot on deck before lunch on account of the deck golf. They play right round the deck, and your chair, the table you write on, and even your pet corns are not safe. I had moved a table to a cool spot for study when up came a vociferous party and shouted, "Oh, that table has been moved." "It has," said I; "ought it not to be?"

Its position had been marked in chalk, it seems, to stand exactly as it was as a bunker in the game. I have to flee to the "social hall" until noon if I want any degree of quiet. I wonder if I shall love Japan as I had expected to? I am told there are no pastures, no horses, no cattle or sheep, and no dogs as we know them. I begin to fear. We are now again passing small islands, and all the afternoon had a delightful land-breeze. Every one is on deck to get cool. The Chinese for'ard have a prayer-meeting just to the right of the poor sick man in his canvas house. To see the imitation of the gestures and airs of a Minister by a smart young Chinaman, and to hear them singing "Come to the Saviour" and "There is a fountain" (awfully out of tune) interested me for half an hour. On the other side of the deck the "unconverted" feed and wash themselves and their clothes. My laundry came home warm from the iron to-day and we have no "service," so it seems rather like 'somewhere east of Suez.'

May 27th, Monday.—After we were clear of the islands and the land-breeze the night in the Banda Sea was very hot; quite the hottest time we have had since we were near Suva. But it is not so absolutely breathless as then. I have on my hot weather rig, hair parted and wound round my head in two plaits, and my camp cotton frock. I am glad I do not play games on board ship. Hot weather brings out "human nature," as Mrs. A. says. I got four N.Y.K. hat bands and a N.Y.K. button this morning, and put one in an envelope for J. They are so unfailingly kind that I hate to tell the steward I wanted a black one when he brought me a white one. Dr. and Mrs. E. gave us a very interesting account of their recent visits to the Torres Straits. The doctor is Health Inspector for Queensland. The monsoon is gradually leaving us; whereas it has been a strong

following wind for days, now there is only a light breeze off the port bow. The hatches were opened this morning, to give the *onions air*, evidently. I could see through the slats of the crates that their outer jackets looked a bit mouldy. Amboina is a beautiful island. We saw what looked to be a temple near the shore with grey houses clustering round it, then, finally, wooded hills behind gorges and valleys, and at the back of all quite a high mountain range. These are the highest "high islands" I have seen. There is always something to do, so far. I am not bored and going without lunch keeps me fit in this weather—as Mr. D. J. writes in my book, "Luncheon on deck, with no latitude and not much lunchitude."

May 28th.—We crossed the equator to-day. Very different from my other crossing the line. The sea is like burnished silver with tiny wavelets (in white caps) sparkling in the sun. There is a pale mauve dado of sky of a little deeper tone than the sea, and above cumulus clouds that do not change their form against the background of real sky blue. Light breezes come from the bow and one might be yachting. Later a delicious shower and then the most wonderful sunset. M., who was playing bridge on deck, ran down to tell me I must see it, but I (being in my cabin to put out dinner duds) had been watching it, with my head out of one of the portholes. The background was green turquoise enamel and on this, in fantastic shapes, orange tones; then, away up to the zenith, opal. Again this peculiar orange brings the word "Halemaumau" to my lips. The sea was a dead grey, and so were all the heavens except the sunset side. Mr. G. had champagne for us all in honour of Father Neptune. It was a merry dinner and well cooked.

May 28th (*Celebes Sea*).—Very hot this morning.

It gives one the 'hot ring' round the head. It feels like a band of lead pressing to the point of pain. Last night was the fairest I have seen for many a day—never such a beautiful one on the sea. The Southern Cross was really magnificent, not at all as it appears in or near New Zealand. It stood upright, with the tiny star at its left side. The sea was beautiful and a fine breeze blew off the Celebes. They showed as a pale, fine line of hills, at first rather low; then one, somewhat like Rangitoto, in Auckland Harbour, with three points, and behind this a higher cone-shaped mountain. A little further one could see two lights near together on one side of an island, and on the other—the end near which we passed—a revolving light. Hours afterwards, when the breeze had died down and the heat awaked me to turn on the fan, looking back I beheld the last of the Celebes, an unwinking, steady light this time. We had the red, red, burning sun of the tropics this morning.

May 29th.—Two scenes of this voyage must always remain for us both, I think—the Celebes by moonlight and the scene going through Zamboanga Strait in the Sulu Archipelago early this morning. The Captain told us last night that we ought to see the latter, so we all asked to be called in time. It had been a fearfully hot night. I lay and tossed about in spite of two open ports, electric fan and door wide open. At last, tired out, I fell asleep, to be startled by a gong sounded as only a Japanese can do it, ending with a terrible crash. Up and out we scrambled, in all sorts of kimonos, to find beautiful tropical islands very near us and a refreshing breeze dead ahead. As the men were scrubbing the promenade decks, the Captain invited us up to his deck, where no one is usually allowed, and had coffee served there. As the shore is very abrupt we passed

close to Zamboanga, which is at the west end of Mindanao Island, South Philippines. It brought back to my mind the Sandwich Islands. Mindanao had beautiful trees straight to the tops of the hills. On the shore were picturesque, brown, grass-roofed houses, built upon piles standing in the sea, or hiding in groves of cocoanut palms. They were like the Hawaiian grass houses, except that the roofs were turned up. Fishermen came out in boats with two out-riggers. It is all United States now on our right up to Manilla. After passing Zamboanga we went below to bathe and dress, but when we came up again still the island of Mindanao.

We are now in the open sea again and there are more signs of life, a steamer and a sail on the horizon. It is not so fearfully hot as yesterday, but I am sorry for the four little dogs—fox-terriers—on board, which are being taken to Manilla to kill the rats, and shall be glad when we land them. One more day and then Manilla. This trip has flown. The water is deep blue. I first noticed the indigo blue of the sea yesterday. The sea is not so "sick" as it was going down the Pacific, and is more the colour of the sea at Nice and Monte Carlo. Also there is a wonderful turquoise colour in the sky at sunset which I have never seen before. One sees the greys and violets and flaming orange near Honolulu, but this turquoise is like enamel, clean and wonderful. Dab great blotches of orange, like the colour at Halemaumau (fire, you know) on it, and then imagine wonderful dove-greys, with all the tones of mauve and violet, and you will have an idea of what we see at sunset here. One forgets all the discomfort and the heat, and does not mind if one will be kept awake by it, for the sake of these experiences. This morning alone was worth the whole journey from home, even the awful sand-flies at Murupara, where we carried

first lumps, then sores, then the scars of these pests. One must have discomforts in travelling. Oh, but it is worth it! Life is quite too short for all one wants to see and do. I should like over again Honolulu and bits of New Zealand—the dear little bay at Whakaipo—and this trip. Here we are, close upon China and Japan. But India! I know that India will have cities richer in architecture and "past." I shall give my soul to India, I fear. I want to write it now and see if it comes true.

(*Note.*—This seems almost prophetic in view of the Authoress's tragic death in India.)

May 30th.—Too hot for words. Still wonderful islands on the starboard side, on a grander scale now, with backgrounds of rugged and high mountains. In the morning Mr. Iwamoto kindly gave me a few useful words and phrases in Japanese. He is always asking me, "Is that correct?"—usually referring to errors of speech which he hears from passengers. It is only comfortable after sun-down, and by then the day has worn me out so that I have to go to bed early. I *cannot,* so far, sleep in the middle of the day. Lots of passengers get off at Manilla, where we arrive to-morrow, but I fear many more will come aboard. There are wonderful displays of lightning in the evenings. It is almost continuous.

May 31st (Clarke's Restaurant, Manilla).—We arrived early this morning and came ashore to get some needful things. How I pitied the poor buffaloes (carabaos) and horses. Everything, except cigars, is very dear. The streets remind me of San Antonio and New Orleans, and M. says they remind him of Spain. Whilst we are lunching here we are surrounded by Philippino boys humming and chattering. We have tropical fruits again, and I demand papaia, which I have not seen since Suva. We walked up from the customs wharf, came through the old

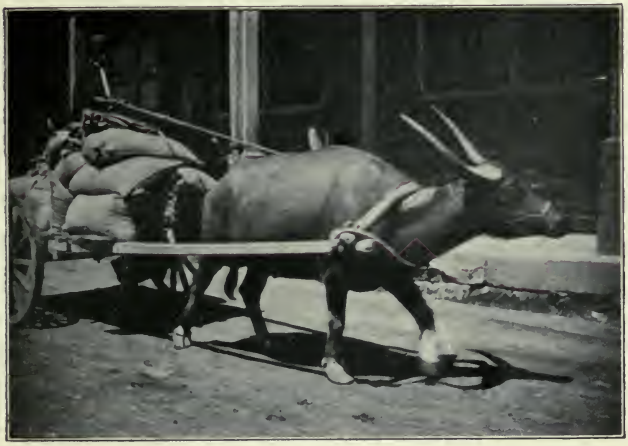
quarter, and saw the queer old houses. The street-waterers have two watering-cans and are dressed in an under-shirt, drawers, and black felt hats, beneath which flows a wonderful handkerchief—in their mouths the inevitable cigarette. Across the street a steamer is moored in the river, and from the scows, thatched with matting, lying near here comes the sound of crowing cocks. They are the homes of the water Philippinos, who keep their fighting cocks with them. We seem to come through miles of houses, some old, some building, before we find this street of the principal shops. The dress of the women is very wonderful. They wear stiffened sleeves and fichu, standing clear out from their bodies with long flair trains, and have extraordinarily small waists. A small hell or New York is Manilla! After lunch we sat in the shade on a seat adjoining the fire-station. M. put down his camera and a newly-purchased box of cigars on the seat. Presently he jumped up and walked across the road to buy a newspaper. As he was returning I got up to meet him and suggest that we should drive back. He said, "Have you got my camera and cigars?" I said, "No, I thought you had them." We returned to the seat, but in the moment camera and cigars had vanished. We told the American firemen, who kindly telephoned immediately for a detective, who came in hot haste on a bicycle, but in spite of reward offered, and the keenness of the Manilla police, we have never heard again of either camera or cigars.

We visited the old Spanish Church, which again reminded me of San Antonio. We went through a side door into an old courtyard that looked like that of an old palace—all adobe. Then through strange rooms, one or two of which were like Chapels. In one of them, a sort of ante-chamber, two men lay resting on tables. In another, which must have been a

vestry, was a quaint old piece of furniture like an immense side-board, and going up a few steps we found ourselves in the Church near the high altar. It was a strange old Church, with very strong oak doors, thick walls, and deep windows with strong iron bars, obviously built for the purpose of defence. The floors were of black and white marble mosaic. The altar-cloth was of beautiful lace, and there were fine candelabra made of glass coloured to imitate precious stones, but the roof was of plain, white-washed boards. There was a handsome Baptistry in a separate Chapel behind a beautiful ironwork door.

June 1st.—Last night there was a perfect pandemonium on board and some wonderful lightning. This morning the *ensemble* of the ship is completely changed. The heat, the row of the donkey-engine getting cargo on board (how I pity the poor men in the hold!), the scuffling of Japanese feet overhead, etc., made the night hideous. I slept through most of it, being worn out with Manilla, and I am glad now to be away and out at sea again. To-day we saw numerous flying-fish. The poor little dogs were put ashore yesterday, but, alas! there is another on board now. A Japanese lady has it, in the cabin next mine. We are meeting a fine breeze to-day and it really looks as if we might get up a sea. The wind is so strong I have had to *tie my hair on*, and I have not had to do that for nearly two weeks. Still the silent horror behind the canvas in the bows, and near me the Chinese, who have their prayer-meeting in the same place, are playing "21" like mad, reinforced by a Philippino who has money. We have left Luzon with its bare hills and its red lighthouse on a rocky island, and shall now be in deep water until Hong Kong. Luzon extends for miles and miles, but we have left it, having changed our course —latitude 15° 3′, I believe. The Captain has lent

OLD SPANISH CHURCH AT MANILLA



CARABAO AND CART, MANILLA.

me *Indiscreet Letters from Pekin*, and the Stewardess showed me some beautiful embroidery she had bought in Manilla. It is worked on a sort of grass-cloth made from pine-apple fibre. The work is very dainty and I wish I had known about it.

June 2nd (Sunday).—Very hot night because we are on the port side and the sun has heated the iron sides of the ship. There was no wind to cool us and the fan only moved the hot air a little. We hear from Manilla passengers that there is a small-pox and plague scare at Hong Kong! The fine weather continues, with a little breeze to ruffle the sea. The J.'s are packing to change ships at Hong Kong, and we are very glad now that we are going on in this ship to Japan without changing or repacking in this heat.

June 3rd, Monday (Hong Kong).—Last evening we had short rain squalls and the air was very thundery —for me, of course, headachey. Yesterday was Sunday, June 2nd, on the ship, but they told me at Cooks that it is June 4th. *Eh bien!* I was on deck as soon as I could see, in nightgown and kimono, staring at China with a feeling that I have not had since Honolulu. I know it now. I could not sleep the night we sighted Oahu, and as soon as I could see the dim outlines of China there was no more sleep for me. The first sight was the outline of islands that, when I could see them clearly, looked like Oahu—the same bare hillsides, crumpled hills like Diamond Head, *i.e.*, unwooded and without much grass, and I suddenly remembered that I had not seen waterfalls on any of the islands we had passed since Oahu. Then the wonderful sight in the bay called Aberdeen, as seen at dawn. There appeared to be a wonderful fleet of phantom ships, thousands of masts and dim outlines of queer hulls in a bay full of mist. The mist, cold grey at first, turns to pearl, and breaks up

into shreds as the dawn comes and the sun lights the whole scene. Next the back of the hill on which Hong Kong is built, with large buildings standing on the sky-line. Then we go through the narrow pass between Belcher Point and Green Island with the lighthouse on it, and then come to the harbour of Hong Kong, full of shipping from the uttermost parts of the world. Do not laugh at my efforts in drawing, but the small rowing-boats looked a little like this:

FISHING-BOAT IN HONG KONG HARBOUR

That is, their heads went up and their tails hung down (strips of bamboo hanging down behind). Three men stood up and rowed the thing in the grey dawn hours before we anchored. All I could think of was Charon and the Styx! Almost immediately we were amongst big war ships, junks, liners, sampans and lighters (not a bit like a Thames lighter though). When I came on deck, dressed and waiting for M., we were anchored opposite Hong Kong. The rows of grey warehouses on the water front, and behind and above and still up houses and houses, are all in the same style of honeycombed architecture. The hills behind Hong Kong are not bare, they are green and beautiful with trees. The harbour is landlocked, and the other hills show the red earth in spots, exactly like those behind Honolulu. Auckland has a good harbour and Sydney one on a larger scale, but there is nothing

very interesting in either, while this wonderful harbour is full of new, strange sights.

Our ship lay off from the shore and we wended our way in the launch to land, in and out amongst the queerest crowd. We took a 'rickisha at the wharf and drove to the Hong Kong Hotel, and to Cook's for letters. It is much cooler than Manilla. We left the ship filling all its spare space with rice. We spent the day, a hot and steamy one, going about quietly in sedan-chairs and 'rickishas. M. purchased a new and larger camera, and we went up to the Peak Hotel—more than a thousand feet above the town—by the wire tramway. Between the clouds we enjoyed fine views from the Peak Hotel, but thought the Hong Kong Hotel far more comfortable. The harbour, with its queer craft, is a source of unending interest. This is, up to now, the most interesting city I have ever seen, and I should like to come back and stay a week or two, but not at this time of the year. Honolulu's loveliness consists in its climate, views, strange flowers and fruits, and the wonderful lights on its hills, but Hong Kong is "built on a hill and cannot be hid." Its site, and fine harbour, its houses, strange streets, and strange people in them, are all fascinating.

We come here to tropical vegetation again, palms, hibiscus, bourgainvillias, red acacia in blossom, and a tree with pale creamy blossoms, yellow in the centre, with five petals, the size of a crocus, and with an odour like the magnolia. Then the wonderful things in the shops! But I find over-decoration here, too, especially in the Swatow work. The girls who do this work—drawn-work and embroidery—ruin their eyesight, going blind over it. It is a pitiful thought that these girls have to compete with each other for the work, who can give the middle-man the most intricate patterns. "Too

much," I keep repeating, "give me a simpler design." The average tourist wants too much for his money; he (she) demands lots of handwork in a blouse—"heavy" work, indeed—too much drawn-work. I find it difficult to get simple designs.

Flower street is a wonderful sight. The heathen crowd around us, thrusting bunches of glorious flowers into our faces. We try to get away, but find we are stopping the traffic. Two or three sedan-chairs, a 'rickisha or two, and a few foot-passengers, and the thing is done in a 'street' that would not be a lane at home. Here we meet again little Mrs. N., from whom I made my first Chinese purchase, a white bag of drawn-work, at the Peak Hotel. There was a curious scene at this Peak Hotel, where building operations were in progress. The clerk of the works, in a queer grass house, the men and women—chiefly the latter—were running about carrying sand in tiny shallow baskets suspended from the ends of bamboo poles, just as one has seen them dozens of times in pictures. 'Rickisha and sedan-chair men were resting in their sheds. The Sikh policemen refuse to be photographed. Order is kept here by a mixed force of English, Sikh, and Chinese policemen, and obviously their services are much needed. On returning to the ship we went through a heavy squall, and almost every one was soaked. We were glad to be back on the *Kumano Maru* and that the rain had cooled the air.

June 4th.—I was up again very early and had the whole deck to myself, watching Hong Kong put out its lights as the dawn came. Then one began to see the colour of the houses by day, red, grey, white, and certain warm-coloured stuccos. The junks are awake, and on one near us a Chinaman is patiently fishing. He has no rod, only a line, hook and sinker, and is fearfully in earnest for he is fishing

CAUSEWAY BAY, HONG KONG.

for his breakfast. The queer old junks lie three abreast on our port bow, and men, women, babies, and dogs are all there. They are born, live, and die on the junks. I had rather a shock to-day. It is difficult to realise that barbarous customs still prevail so near a city that is an English port. I was looking at postcards this morning whilst waiting for the launch to take us ashore when I came across one that I thought must represent some juggler's trick. Men's bodies lay in a row on the shore with their heads near them at different angles to the bodies. I could not make it out, but read something about " execution-ground at Canton." " Why, M., Canton is very near here. Do they do this here now ? " I gasped. Two or three people at once assured me that the photograph is a recent one. Mr. J. had a letter from a gentleman who has lately been to Canton warning him not to go there or, if he does, on no account to take his daughter if she is liable to faint. We see the sad and the gay, of course, just as one must everywhere, but this horror of beheading ! One forgets, or cannot realise, that not all nations are as humane as the English.

I am now writing in the reading-room of the Hong Kong Hotel to which a Babel of strange tongues and the caterwauling of Chinese musical instruments come up from the street. There were showers during the morning but it is not so hot. M. comes in very gay in a new pith helmet and new duck coat too big for him. I buy a grass-cloth dress, wonderfully decorated with dragons. We went out to the Happy Valley through a strange old quarter, past naval and military barracks and a little bay—Causeway Bay—full of junks. It is curious how the old cemetery has been jostled by the new race-course, golf-course, cricket-ground, etc. Strangely

enough we arrived at the great cemetery at the hour appointed for the burial of a Japanese who died on board our ship on Sunday. The body was sewn up in canvas with a rope round it so that it looked like a mummy. I saw it first on the ground at the cemetery gate. Some one put a wreath of flowers upon it. Then two coolies took it up and carried it suspended from a pole (as they do everything), and swung off at a good pace to the left, up a little rise of the ground, to the Japanese corner. The Japanese Purser, Doctor, Priest, and several of the Stewards followed. M. and I left our 'rickishas at the gate and went up the main path to the European cemetery, where we saw the graves of the men who had made it possible for us to come here to-day—from Scotland, Ireland and England. And women helped too; they came and are buried here and their babies lie beside them. We saw not one of our own race until we met the Officers near the barracks on returning.

The lights of Hong Kong seen at night from the ship are beautiful. We have been looking at them and tracing the road up to the Peak by them. All colours are glowing in electric bulbs over there. We may get very bad weather from here to Japan, but so far it has been a wonderful voyage. I saw beautiful silks and crêpes and exquisite drawn-work here, but bought very little as we are to be here again on our way to India. I did not expect to like Hong Kong, and had absolutely no idea of it—a happy state of mind, I think, to bring to a new place which can only be seen for a very short time.

"Les longs ouvrages me font peur,
Loin d'épuiser une matière
On n'en doit prendre que la fleur."

La Fontaine.

June 5th.—Off from Hong Kong in blinding showers at noon to-day. Could not see the place for rain. Came out the other way, *i.e.* through Lymoon Pass. I am reminded of this day seventeen years ago, when I made my first appearance as Fair Rosamond at Albany, for Mrs. Pruyn. Again the *ensemble* of the ship is changed. We are five now at the Captain's table, Mr. C., the new British Consul at Nagasaki, and his wife having taken the places of Miss J. and her father. At lunch time I had mine alone, missing my companion Mr. J. There is now no peace on deck. Two mothers with two babies and two amahs are everywhere. No sooner do I settle down to write or read than they find out my corner. I am now at the third change since lunch. They sing and make all sorts of unheard-of noises, supposed to be soothing to the infants; I do not find them so! Where is the peace of yesterday? I want to finish *The Empress Dowager* before I reach Japan. During our stay at Hong Kong a Mr. D., a graduate of the State College, P.A., from Manilla, sat at our table, having been left alone at his. He said, "Write just what you tell me and put your own *personality* into it, and it will succeed." He has written of the Philippines for the *Encyclopædia*. This morning Mrs. C. helped me with our Japanese itinerary, and I decided to see what I can of Nagasaki while the ship stops there, and then go on to Kobé.

June 6th.—We are now in the open sea. I find I am haunted by two sharply-drawn pictures of Hong Kong. First the life on the big sampans (cargo boats). They lie at our side and below us, so that their domestic life lies bare. As we looked down on one big fellow the raised after-deck was arranged as follows:

On the fireplace—a pit lined with sheet iron—was a big iron pot, and several fine brass ones with

covers. Eggs, meat, fish, crab, salad, and rice, all on a tray, were placed ready to cook. They ate some of the fish raw and one cooked whole without any cleaning. They are well-to-do and have tremendous feeds. I saw the women prepare it all. A yellow cat was tied in a corner by a cord like a dog. A small boy dragged it out of its small round hole, and a fowl poked its head out and looked round in the funniest way, as if to say, " Good morning, why do they make all this fuss about you ? " In the main deck of the sampan is a great hold or pit for bags of rice where men, and women, who, it seems, work even harder than the men, were unloading the rice, while a tired gang rested and a woman sewed up holes in the bags, a long needle in her hand and strands of twine about her neck. A small boy scooped up the waste rice and saved it for " the house."

The second scene is Hong Kong as we last saw it, with the changing lights on its surrounding hills, like Honolulu intensified. Surely *this* rain could not be called even by the poetical Hawaiians " liquid sunshine," but *before* the squall one got some effects of clouds and mists on hills whose sides showed here a green patch—wonderful green—and there red, red earth showing through. Behind this the hills are purple and, to the left, the Peak is now quite hidden. Now the storm has shut out all except the ships that lie near.

We pass Kowloon on the left, fortified on the hills, and, farther, the old town with houses of stone hurriedly built and so old that they look to be overgrown with barnacles. On the right fortifications too. This morning I see again the beautiful hills behind Hong Kong, and ever as I look at the stone houses away up there I marvel at the fact that every atom of these big, solid, granite palaces was

carried up from the wharves by human hands and most of it by women. No horses to haul, and the cable tram will not take any burdens. This underlying thought strikes a minor note—that human beings should be beasts of burden! Yet the women and men who work thus and your coolie who draws you in his 'rickisha or carries you in his chair do so of their own free will. No cruel bit is in their mouths, no nails pierce their feet, and no whip lashes them, and they can speak. We were informed in Hong Kong that two months ago a plot to kill Europeans was discovered and the soldiers were called out. Faithful servants disclosed the plot and all native cooks at the barracks were discharged immediately for fear of their using poison.

A conversation arose at tea-time over which the C.'s appeared to grow very heated, and I cannot understand the reason. We have been told and have read of the strictness of the Japanese law relative to photographing fortifications of every kind (the guns are hidden and you do not know when you may be *taking* one). But the C.'s say that you cannot take photographs anywhere in Nagasaki, and if seen with a camera are certain to be dogged by a policeman and may have it wrenched from you and smashed to bits before your eyes. Mr. C. left, having become very excited on the subject, saying that even if we tried to photograph in other places Nagasaki was impossible. I wonder! He is Consul there. Is he afraid that we might bother him on the subject? Mrs. C. continued the conversation and said it was foolish to try and take photographs in Japan anywhere. I replied that buying photographs was not like taking them yourself, that we, of course, intended to comply with the rules and regulations of the country, but that other people had taken photographs. I am

surprised to hear that you may not photograph even a child in the streets, as Mrs. C. put it, in Nagasaki. We shall see. I cannot help wondering why both the C.'s got so excited. If it should come to the point what do they care if we are imprisoned? At dinner the air is clear again.

June 7th.—Warmer than yesterday, but comfortable. Deep in books on Japan, planning routes and arranging luggage. Now I really do want to write a book, probably very much cut down, of our travels. I think the idea was not a settled one until Sydney. I am very glad to travel and be able to see these lands, but sometimes I feel as if we ought to be at work—as if we had had such a long holiday and seen so much already that it really could not go on much longer. I *must* try to make some good use of my experience. We are spending so much money, too, that it seems that it ought to be for something more than the mere pleasure and enlightenment of two people. Although I am aware that these may be old-fashioned ideas I am not ashamed of them. I feel as if I ought to do something to repay in some way for these eighteen months which are so full of new experiences. Thoughts of friends at home and sometimes the fear that I may not see them again, some sense of a far-off, but nevertheless real, duty to myself and to my husband comes now and then through the other life that presses around me. We are now in sight of Japan and expect to anchor about 7.30. It has been rather rough—"confused seas," our captain says—by reason of strong currents and cross winds. We feared a typhoon, but have escaped. I am sitting, wrapped up, in a long chair on deck. We hurried into woollen clothing this morning.

CHAPTER X

NAGASAKI, KOBÉ AND MIYAJIMA

June 8th.—We sighted Nagasaki harbour about 5 p.m. The harbour is a long, deep one, so that it was quite dark when we came to anchor, too late to go ashore in comfort, although some did. The evening and night scenes were very beautiful. The hills looked rugged and well tilled, and one little island on the left, with two stunted pines on top, was delicious. One, squat and fat, looked so exactly like the little scenes that one sees at home on Japanese screens and panels that one smiled. Who *can* paint the black waters and reflected lights from the shore off there, and the dozens of sampans and launches that crowd about a liner? From the Meteorological Station on the highest hill opposite gleamed three lights, green, yellow, and red, one above the other, and some one said it denoted a typhoon in the China Sea. To the left also, down the hillside, shines a bracelet of light, one big ruby in the centre. Sampans, gay with Japanese lanterns, are all around us. The bows are quite a different shape to those of the Chinese sampans, somewhat like a gondola, and are sculled from the stern. They have also a little wooden cabin instead of the woven grass shelter of the Chinese.

June 9th.—Awaked early by an awful row under our ports—coaling! It rattled down into the bunkers somewhere under us, but not with the noise of coaling that we know. It struggled inside, and there was such a chattering and laughing outside that I got

up to look out. What a scene for six on a Sunday morning! Have you ever seen Japanese coolies coaling a big ship? They make a chain of themselves—an endless chain—baskets are always in the air, full or empty. Work is not stopped to throw the empty ones back or pick up the full ones. The line of filled baskets is unbroken—it looks like juggling. More women than men are working, and their dress is quite different from that of the Chinese women I saw in sampans at Hong Kong. They seem to have one scant short skirt and a sort of shirt belted in—often tied with string—cheap woven grass sandals or bare feet the general thing, although a few had the one-toed, short stocking (tabi). All had handkerchiefs tied over their heads and a few wore the queer, flat straw hat that folds up like a pancake when taken off.

8.40 *a.m.*—The launch, and off we go to the shore. Very near this time, and we find 'rickishas at the wharf. First to one Yezaki, the oldest tortoiseshell house in Japan. What a marvellous place! His son understands English, and when I admired the wonderful work and the exceptionally fine colour of the shell in the cover of a box made for the Empress of Japan, how pleased he was! What artists they are! He bowed lower and oftener and thanked me far more for my praise than for my little purchase of a set of tortoiseshell combs. He produced from somewhere a large gold medal he had won at a Japanese Exhibition in London, a watch with the Russian arms upon it given by the late Czar to his, Yezaki's, grandfather, and a framed photograph of the present Czar. He had also two beautiful rings, one a ruby set in diamonds, that had been given to his "house" by some appreciative potentate. I walked back to the box cover to admire its exquisite design—a golden sun against the

natural clouds of the shell and a sea below of gold laid on, like the sun, so wonderfully done that you saw the waves—not hard gold, but *waves*, and there were pebbles and clouds of spray done in Nagasaki pearls of different sizes, from tiny things like grains of dust. I held it up to the light, enchanted with it, and the artist behind said, "I thank you very, very much. Many time I show beautiful thing like that some tourist and he say, 'Oh, yes,' and that all." You should have seen and heard him as he acted the man who did not appreciate his exquisite work. Many beautiful things he showed us, and gave us Japanese tea in priceless cups on delicately-worked brass trays—tea, colourless and almost tasteless—with cake just like the plain, light rice cake we make in England. Then I departed, wearing his new combs and leaving my old ones to be cleaned and mended within two hours. He preferred to wait for the money until a man should bring my combs out to the ship. Then father and son saw us to our 'rickishas, advised us to see the Shinto Shrine at the Suwa Temple, near at hand, and, after directing our boys and again bowing very low, said "Good-bye." The shop was closed when we arrived and the door slid to again as we drove away in our baby-carriages.

The streets were full of interest, the shops open, and the people pursuing their trades. The streets are narrow but clean, and at the end of each is a charming view of the surrounding hills. I fear I am becoming blasé, for although I saw it all I am no longer amazed at anything I see. The big bronze pillars and torii that form the entrance to the Temple are very fine. They were set up about twenty years ago. The older part could be seen higher up. From little houses by the steps little women called out

to us, "Oh, Mr. and Mrs., come, buy," this or that. But we plodded on and were tempted only by a seedy-looking man who sold postcards, and a persuasive little woman, exceedingly polite withal, who said to me in such a sweet voice, and with a most charming manner, "Oh, lady, buy, my house very naked." She repeated "house very naked" so often and so plaintively that I bought a little silver tortoise she offered me as a charm. Poor little Japanese woman, selling charms at Suwa Temple, I fear your tiny house will not be very well clothed with what I gave you. The little tortoise was only 50 *sen*, about a shilling.

We heard and saw part of the service in the Temple. I knelt on the outer edge of the matting on the top step, not daring to go further as I had my shoes on, and right in front of me knelt a Japanese who really prayed. He clapped his hands three times at first to attract the attention of his god and, with forehead touching the ground, he almost sobbed his petition. He had a little wallet or pocket tied to his girdle and I think he was a pilgrim. The Priest seemed very wooden and automatic, and wore a long purple skirt and a kind of surplice with distended, stiffened sleeves, reminding us of the costume of the Manilla women, and a hat of sugar-loaf form. I knelt and wished to hear and "attend" because it was a form of worship, but the guide made such a row talking to M. behind me that I had to tell him to be quiet, that people were praying. He was a very superior person, rather scoffing at and making light of the gods whilst he explained them. The view from the Temple was very fine in all directions. As we went to look over the harbour we passed a sort of Chapel, where the Priest was conducting a private service. This time I had to quiet a crowd of children in order to hear the strange, sing-song, monotonous

NUNOBIKI WATERFALL, KOBE.

voice. It reminded me of Monsieur M., the French actor, "doing Shakespeare."

Then "home again, home again, jiggerty jig," for the ship is our home for the present. The bronze columns and the torii are close to the street, with shops open and business going on. Two boys were calling each other names and teasing each other. They are in kimonos, and their heads are just like little Japanese dolls. Life presses close to the Temple steps, some of the houses and shops jut out upon them. The Temple itself, which is approached by more than a thousand steps flanked by stone lanterns, is not very old as the original one was destroyed by fire, but some of the torii, and the steps and wall under the Temple—where grows an immense camphor tree—are very ancient. I have not mentioned the Holy Bronze Horse, which gives the Temple one of its names, nor the well, exactly like a sarcophagus, upon which lie long-handled bamboo dippers with which the worshippers rinse their mouths and hands thus purifying themselves before mounting the last flight of steps. Fresh branches of pine lie round the base of the sarcophagus. I asked the guide why they were there, supposing they were some sort of offering, or had some mystic meaning. "To prevent splashing, Madame," he answered. Oh, the clean, practical Japanese! I saw how it was all done in another moment. The Shinto Priests do not use stone or tiled roofs, but always a thatch made from a kind of cedar that grows only in Japan.

And now we are out of the harbour and in the Japan Sea on the way to Kobé. There is a strong head wind and the sea is rough. I did not expect to see such rugged scenery. As we pass through the islands we see bleak fishing villages at the foot of mountains and rocks worn in strange shapes by

wind and sea. I have just seen a high, cone-shaped mountain and the land behind the villages is cultivated in terraces cut and planted right up the hillsides. On the sky-line generally a few stunted pines. M. photographed one curious rugged island which had a high arch worn through it by the sea and which looked like an old ruined church such as one sees in Northumberland.

June 10th.—Woke up in the Inland Sea, perfectly calm, with many hilly islands and fishing villages on both sides. We had a perfect, sunny, but cool day passing through this lovely sea and arrived at Kobé at 6 p.m., proceeding at once to the Oriental Hotel, which we found excellent.

June 11th, 7.30 a.m. (Kobé).—The sun is shining like anything, although we were told we should find Japan in the rainy season. Last night we went about, found the Bazaar and were glad not to see a single European. They began calling us "Europeans" in New Zealand, by the way. The Bazaar was a collection of booths where everything under the sun was for sale. In one booth a most ugly, big woman (with a face like a potato, as M. said, but with a kindly expression in spite of its size, warts, etc.) was frying cakes on a hot girdle. At the open end of the little square in which the booths stood was a wall, and above our heads was a camphor tree and some kind of monument. It was a rough-hewn stone with three Japanese characters at the top. The tree and stone were rugged and made a restful contrast against the purple sky to the little baby lights and generally tawdry, jimcrack effect of the fair below them. We met a dignified old man with long white beard in a dark grey kimono with "gela" (I think the wooden shoes are so-called), all in keeping until one saw his hat, a most awful-looking rakish (of a disreputable

rakishness) bowler. After that we met all sorts of European headgear surmounting the native costume : Scotch caps, straw hats, soft felt hats, etc. How can such artistic people do such things ?

Kobé is clean but too European. There are fine granite buildings, but we are glad that we saw dear, quaint, old, little Nagasaki. This is a very up-to-date hotel, built of granite, and our room overlooks the harbour from the front and from the side windows we see the Union Jack floating from the British Consulate. As we look out I see the *Kumano Maru*, for which we feel a sort of affection. Not even one unpleasant look from any one on board from the Captain down to the sailor who scrubbed the decks in all our long voyage. I shall always hope to travel on a N.Y.K. ship again. Later in the day we visited the *Kumano Maru* and came back in a sampan sculled by an old man exactly like a carved wooden monkey. The faces of the lower classes are ugly but yet kind. We went in 'rickishas from the funny sampan to see the celebrated Nunobiki waterfall in a deep ravine of the mountains at the back of the town. Here we met the J.'s again and they dined with us at the hotel. On the way to the waterfall we rested awhile at the Ikuta Temple.

June 12th.—I was up at five this morning to do little things before M. gets up, and to prepare for leaving for Miyajima or Itsukushima—the Sacred Island, one of the *San-kei*, or three chief sights of Japan—by the 7.12 train. This was our first experience of Japanese railways. There was a comfortable dining-car attached to the train, and they gave us an excellent tiffin. In our first-class carriage the Japanese passengers squatted on the seats in general déshabille, their slippers on the floor, and used freely the spittoons with which the carriage

was provided. It seems to be the general custom, even amongst the wealthy classes, to come to the train in full costume and immediately change into loose, easy garments. I saw that they had put on fresh silk kimonos at the end of their journey and we were amazed when the "train boy," not understanding a question put to him, asked me if I desired to change my clothes, pointed to an empty compartment and made it clear that that was the right thing to do. A gentleman in the carriage makes his breakfast from rice in a little box with iron handles, and for a long time afterwards occupies himself in cleaning his teeth.

The railway took us back along the northern shore of the Inland Sea and the journey occupied about eight hours. We passed through an agricultural country, and I saw cows used for ploughing the fields, pines, beaches, torii—always a picture; in the distance the grey-blue Inland Sea with tawny sand, pines here and sails there, a perfect scheme for a screen. The Japanese are a people of "littles," but oh, such clever "littles"! Are they not like the French in many ways? Everything is so neat, even to the cutting and threshing of the corn. People talk of progress spoiling Japan for foreigners who wish to see the native life, but we saw them yesterday in the hills cutting the corn with sickles, laying it in little bunches to dry, threshing it out with flails and (an older method still) the women beating it out by hand, striking it against a table. Women winnowed the corn too, by letting it fall in the wind. We saw them ploughing the rice-fields, up to their thighs in mud, the poor bullock or cow, as the case might be, with a ring in its nose. They did these things hundreds of years ago. At Fukuyama we passed close to a famous old Daimyo's castle which M. photographed. Arriving at 4 p.m. we crossed

to the island in a sampan and went at once to the Miyajima (late Mikado) Hotel, and in the evening walked round the Temple and village.

June 13th (Miyajima).—This place is beyond my powers of description—its charm is absolutely elusive. It was a hot, long journey from Kobé yesterday, part of it very beautiful and most of it very interesting, because so different, and that is the fascination of Japan. People told us that we should find Japan spoilt, all its charm gone, fled before progress. I said: "We could not see it earlier and I firmly believe that we shall still find interesting corners." We are in one here. This is an island about fifteen minutes' sail from the mainland. On our way across we pass the inland graveyard, where are buried all people who die on this island. Theoretically, no one is allowed to be born or to die on this Holy Island. I saw only the great red torii which one knows so well from pictures, and the hills stretching high away at the back of the village. A thunder shower was threatening, so we hurried up the hill from the shore, and the only thing I noticed was that the hotel buildings were in an old park.

I am standing at a little table on the verandah outside our room in Japanese dressing-gown and slippers. We are in a house on the side of a hill. A few feet below our verandah, cut out of the hill-side, is a little garden with fountain, stone lanterns, tiny maples, irises in bud, ferns and dwarf azaleas, a knot of flame-colour against the grey rock. A fence of tiny bamboos runs along the edge of this baby garden, where it drops suddenly to the little gorge below. The fountain is playing, and the brook below is talking too. Ducks sail about, and ferns grow on the granite rocks. Across the stream and below us is the hotel proper, *i.e.*, the older part,

with dining-room, offices, etc. The hill rises straight above us, covered with pines and firs that stand out in all sorts of outlines against the sky. Straight in front one gets glimpses of the sea under the tree below us, where the stream flows into a little bay and, standing up strong and naked in its loneliness, is a large dead tree. A little deer (I thought it was a dog at first) has just run out of the bush above the azaleas. The falling water, singing birds, and the voices of the Japanese girls from the hotel are the only sounds. The light is very soft here. It may be a summer haze, but the indistinct effect adds to the charm. It is as if one had sailed away from everything real and dropped the anchor. Through the leaves of the trees that overhang the stream I can see M. as he sits at breakfast in the dining-room. All the sides of the room are open. This hotel is Japanese with European comforts. Our room is soft yellow in colour, with stucco walls and pine beams with little black cranes over the doors as a relief.

We are away from the village, which is hidden from view, and I was not greatly impressed at first. But when we strolled out after dinner last evening along the shore towards the village I do not believe that any one could paint or write the beauty of it. "Elusive" is the word, even to us, looking at it. A little way on we come to a little (everything is little) bay, surrounded by stone lanterns, with boats anchored along the shore and a little bridge leading to a strip of sand, with gnarled pine trees growing out of it. Two modern warships that lay beyond the tiny village were using searchlights that lit up the great torii standing in the sea. The evening effect is the most fascinating, but even in the daytime the water and the hills on the mainland seem misty and indefinite. We walked down the dim road with old stone lanterns on either side and the

MIYAJIMA HOTEL, VIEW FROM OUR VERANDAH.

SACRED BRONZE HORSE AT MIYAJIMA TEMPLE.

smell of incense in the air. Suddenly we stopped, and saw across the water the dim, flowing outline of hills, the opposite shore blotted out except for the lights in a few houses. There were no city lights or sounds, none of the lights or sounds that we have become so accustomed to on shipboard, but everywhere old stone lanterns, shrines, and the outlines of the boats sheltered by the headland, with its fine pines growing at the end. It was all so wavering, so soft and flowing, so indefinite, so far from anything real, from any other life that we have known that I said to M., "I think we have died and are in limbo." But M. laughed and turned me about, facing the very real warships. You can see the torii behind the little headland, as the flashlights fall upon it. I expect we are to see many of these sharp contrasts in Japan between the old and the new. In a house behind us an old man was singing in a minor monotone whilst two women worked near him. The window was pushed back and you could see them, whilst his old wavering voice came out clearly to us. We crossed the tiny bridge beyond the cove to get a better view of the torii. So I saw Miyajima first at night, just as we did Niagara.

We are seeing Japan in such a nice way. Nagasaki and our first Shinto Shrine there were as quaint as one could wish, and Kobé, although a new and prosperous commercial city, has streets that are absolutely Japanese. Although the officials on the trains are in European clothes, and some speak a little English, yet from the moment we left the hotel at Kobé in our 'rickishas until we arrived on this island I did not see a single European, and I was the only lady in our compartment. Here at least, in Western Japan, English people are sufficiently unusual to be stared at, but in quite a nice way. Nagasaki, Kobé, Miyajima, with its historical

interest and natural beauty quite away from the world, and next Kyoto! We have so far certainly chosen our route well in order to see contrasts in Japan. M. has gone to see if he can get a little fishing and I will go now to find if I can see him from the shore.

You will think I *gush*, I fear, but the sky and sea to-day are like satin, and the whole scene looks about as real as a Japanese screen. I have thought out a scheme for a screen, if M. will let me do it. M. was interested in a gate he saw, a very simple, quaint thing, in which they had used rough bits of wood with the most pleasing effect, and he was also interested in the shape of the scull used in the sampans here, quite different from the Chinese sculls. As we passed under an old stone torii and among the many relics of an old Temple strolling back to the hotel, M. said, "It's a rum place," this being his warmest praise so far. We did a little shopping in the village and found the Japanese so nice. Although as yet we are only buying post-cards and small things, they smile and bow as though we were spending large amounts. M. climbed 1,800 feet up Mount Miyama at the back of the hotel this evening, and told me that great granite steps had been built the whole way up the mountain by the late Marquis Ito to the shrine at the top, at enormous expense.

June 14th.—Up at 5 a.m. and out to read on the piazza whilst it is fresh. I enjoy these early morning *thinks* best of all. After breakfast we went out in a sampan to see, sketch, and photograph Miyajima from the sea. President E., late of Harvard University, is staying at our hotel with a party of Americans, and after dinner we all went out in sampans to admire the effect of the shore lit up by the four hundred or more stone lanterns, extending from the

THE O'TORII AND TEMPLE AT MIYAJIMA.

THE LITTLE BAY AT MIYAJIMA.

THE O' TORII AND TEMPLE BUILT ON PILES AT MIYAJIMA FROM THE INLAND SEA

hotel to the old Temple, passing through the O' Torii and beyond the Temple. There was no light of moon or stars, so the lanterns showed up well. The water was black and looked like satin, if satin could reflect light. The O' Torii looked black, and it was rather uncanny sailing through this wonderful gateway. This is the gateway through which the three Shinto goddesses are supposed to enter the Temple, which dates back some fourteen hundred years, and in olden times all the great ceremonies were connected with it.

In the morning we had landed at the steps near the Temple, which, at high tide, appears to be floating in the sea, as it has been built upon piles. We were politely shown over the whole of the Temple and also inspected the Sacred Bronze Horse, the Hall of a Thousand Mats—a huge, barnlike structure, said to have been built by the hero Hideyoshi out of the wood of a single camphor tree. It is hung with hundreds of rice ladles—"Meshitoru"—to commemorate the troops being quartered here on their way to conquer (= Meshi-toru) China. We also inspected the pagoda. Our old boatman, standing in the stern in his kimono, and not understanding a word we said, cried out what might have been a salute to the torii, "O' Torii" as we entered. The natives all give it the honorific "O."

June 15th.—After a very courteous farewell from Mr. Yoshida, the young Japanese Manager who accompanied us to the shore, who speaks good English and is very up-to-date, we left Miyajima at 2.15. The last we saw of it was the red torii in the sun. After a comfortable journey we arrived back at Kobé at 10.30. Seen from the train the villagers' costume consists often of a large amount of dignity, an umbrella, and a shirt. He meets a friend similarly clad; they gravely and ceremoni-

ously bow thrice and pass on. We notice at every station a large, open-air lavatory; the men alight and refresh themselves by bathing neck and hands in the large brass basins. The hotel porter met us at Kobé station, and we had a 'rickisha ride through Kobé by night. We were ceremoniously received at the hotel, porter and room-boys bowing very low in the hall, on the stairs, and along the passages, until we came to our same rooms; and in the sitting-room, under the electric light, stood our nice, grave, thoughtful room-boy. He had everything ready for us and asked if I or the "Master" would have a bath, although it was past eleven. In fact I wonder when these people sleep. Long afterwards two kimonoed figures passed along the Bund, making an awful noise on a flute, one evidently giving the other a lesson.

June 16th, Sunday.—It rained to-day and we found the climate relaxing and sleepy. The white people here look pasty-faced and slack. We rested most of the day and packed to start for Kyoto to-morrow. Yesterday I had a long talk with a very polite and thirsting-for-knowledge young Japanese guard on the train. The Bund and the boats and ships in the harbour opposite our window are a never-failing source of interest. The costume colours here are certainly picturesque. Men and women alike wear chiefly kimonos of soft granite grey, the bright obis giving colour to the women's dresses, whilst the babies are like tropical flowers, great blobs of colour on their mothers' grey backs. How the little heads bob about! I wish they would not put the cockney baby hat on top of all. We must go on to Kyoto to-morrow, for M. begins to long for sport, and when the screen has been ordered and the palaces seen we must go on to Yokohama, where he can meet other men at the club and perhaps get some cricket.

OLD PINE TREE AND THE O'TORII AT MIYAJIMA.

PART OF THE TEMPLE AT MIYAJIMA.

June 17th.—Left Kobé at 10.12 and arrived at Kyoto at 12.23. 'Rickishas to the Miyako hotel, where we secured two good rooms overlooking the town and engaged a guide, S. Okumura. On the journey we noticed that whereas in Western Japan we saw azaleas here we found oleanders and irises in bloom. After dinner M. went into the town to see the fireworks and illuminations in honour of the opening of the new tramway.

CHAPTER XI

KYOTO

June 18th.—Kyoto is not as nice as it might be on account of the boys who dog your footsteps offering cards of business firms, etc. You cannot even pass along the passage to the dining-room without being beckoned inside the shops that line the way. They will spoil Japan. We went in 'rickishas to Fuji & Co., the great artists in embroidery, recommended to us by Captain and Mrs. K. S., whom we met in Honolulu, the latter a niece of Lady H. Mr. Okuyama (Fuji & Co.) showed us most beautiful things. Some embroidered pine trees were marvellous. We ordered our screen and then went to other shops. Here we met the D's. whom we last saw at the Spa Hotel, Taupo. She is a great shopper. In the afternoon I stayed in, but M. went off with a guide to inspect the museum, one Temple with one thousand and one gilded statues of Kwannon (goddess of Mercy) and another Temple with a fine modern golden shrine and many curious old pictures behind it. This was formerly the home of the Shoguns. M. also here subscribed to the Welcome Society of Japan.

June 19th.—The rain keeps off and we are booked for the palaces and Fuji's this morning. Whilst at Kobé M. interviewed a Mr. P. (an old Uppinghamian), the Vice Consul who assisted us to secure the necessary passes to inspect the palace here and the castle at Nagoya. It is much cooler. I met my poor No. 1 'rickisha man, and we sneaked down the back street because the hotel people always want me to take their 'rickishas. No. 1 no doubt

ENTRANCE TO CHION-IN-TEMPLE AT KYOTO.

EMBROIDERY AT FUJI AND CO.'S SHOP, KYOTO.

is a vagabond, but he is my faithful dog and he looks poor. He got a seat for me, putting a dust-cover on a rock, and then we watched for M., who turned up later with that naughty Oku and a crowd of street *gamins* begging for pennies. We first inspected the Chion-in Temple near the hotel, which has an impressive gateway. The gold and lacquer of the Temple gives a very pleasing effect, but the worship there seemed half-hearted. A Priest beats a gong whilst the service proceeds. Inside the Temple, near the door, was a little shop where watches and clocks were being repaired. It stood just where a shrine would be in a Roman Catholic Cathedral. I liked the big hall at the back of the Temple, which has two shrines to Amida. In the first were many gold and lacquer tablets to the Deity. We saw the famous "Heron in the act of taking flight." It may be wonderful, but I should not have noticed it nor the faded "Flight of Swallows" if they had not been especially pointed out. I liked the old Priest who escorted us. The verandahs squeak—are made to do so on purpose—and the sound is said to resemble "the voice of the nightingale!" A lot of rot is told to, and more or less believed by, the "foreign devil." But one can never get to the bottom of an Oriental, so why try? The old Priest, who spoke not a word of English, saw that certain things not in guide-books interested me, so he pointed out now the Chinese decorations, now the Japanese room with its arrangement of niches and shelves. I remember that here again the beauty of the wood struck me. One charming panel, an immense slice of Cryptomeria in natural colours, had a big pine painted on it. The great bell was pointed out, but we did not hear it. One that is only a common bell, which we heard at night, has a most lovely tone. It ripples

in molten music, it is mellow and the air that it disturbs loves it.

At the Imperial Palace we were saluted by smart officers and then went through the business of signing our names, producing our passes, etc. Again we were escorted by a very nice Priest, a gentleman, very proud of the Royal Chrysanthemum crest on his gauze kimono. The cool "Hall of Purple Mystery" is one of the most dignified halls I ever saw. There is a restfulness in the small Japanese rooms and impressiveness in the equally bare State Apartments. In the "Wild Goose" room I was struck not only by the fine paintings but by the exquisitely soft tone of the whole. We resume our shoes (I advise you not to forget your shoe-horn) and our western carriage, say "domo arigato" to the fine old man, ask the gentleman at the office who speaks such beautiful English to direct our "boys" to the Nijo Palace, more salutes, and off we go. Poor No. 1 was waiting for me outside. I gave him some money and sent him away.

The first glance at Nijo's wall interested us more. It was older and had more character. As we entered the fine, massive gate, we met President E. and his party, whom we had left at Miyajima, coming out. The apartments are so impressive that I shall keep them in my mind and shall not visit another palace, for a long time at least. Such a kind, responsive young soldier took us round the palace. He showed us several beautiful details. The pine trees in the wonderful ceilings of the audience-chamber of the Shogun, to which you are gradually led up, are very fine. Around the audience-chamber were sliding screens, standing ajar, and if any fuss arose out jumped the Shogun's body-guard from the guard-rooms. In the other palace (Gosho) I remember a painting of a funny old bear in the snow under a

snow-laden branch of pine. Here at Nijo, although other things pleased me and everywhere the *woods* were beautiful, I remember, as most splendid, the great hall of the Shogun, and how the light from the one deep, recessed window struck the wonderful work opposite. We were shown the Shogun's crest on the old, old Cloisonné on the bosses of the sliding panels. I coveted one old grey-blue button-bit and told our delightful guide so.

In the afternoon out to Fuji's. Sketch for screen quite good—he has got my idea. I wonder if he can and will execute it. When we come home from Fuji's we find my poor old vagabond, No. 1, waiting near, behind a Temple gate. I give him half a yen and M. tells him he must not wait about for me. I arrange to tell his friend when I can have him. It is such an amusing little intrigue. A nice little chat with Mrs. D., who, like me, wants a settled home.

June 20th.—I shall always regret that I did not see Japan in cherry time, but M. got his deer in New Zealand and I helped him to get them. I am lucky to be here anyway. M. is *very* just. If I only put the facts to him quietly he sees them without fuss. I have only to remind him that he promised me this or that in Japan, that we agreed to it in New Zealand, and he says: "Very well. I said you should do what you like in Japan and you shall." He is really most kind and patient, for he is not happy in an inactive life. I hold Yokohama before his mental vision to cheer him up and tell him when he feels slack that he will get some cricket there. Really I should like to come home and then have more travel when I have digested this much. One grows used to strange sights, but I still feel a thrill on entering a new city. I think what I miss most in all this travel is a place for my things—one has to live in trunks and nothing seems nice and cared

for, stuffed away like this. We have beautiful rooms here, overlooking the town, but it is only for a week and then we move on. I had a letter from my brother-in-law to-day, and to my great surprise my poor sister has had a very severe operation.

M. has gone off this morning with Captain C. to Kameoka, to run the Hodzu Rapids in a flat-bottomed boat. He told me afterwards that the scenery was very beautiful. He returned by tram from Saga. I had a good hard morning *chez* Fuji. He took me over his silk-manufactory, where no one spoke English except Mr. Okuyama. In the afternoon M. came back with me to Fuji's shop and we decided on the design for the screen, bought kimonos, etc. The tactful Fuji talks fishing to M. at the end of our bargaining. In the evening Ishikawa, representing the firm of O. Komai, came to our rooms to show us specimens of his Damascene work.

June 21st.—Sent Oku away, as we do not need a "boy" at present. He may rejoin us later. Go to O. Komai's shop and shown some exquisite work. We bought several little things and M. gave me a beautiful locket. I admire Mr. O. Komai's head, *inside and out.* In the afternoon M., Captain C. and I go to the Iris Garden, Ikushima Yoro Garden, Kitano. The irises were perfectly beautiful and the little garden was decorated with stuffed birds in the trees looking absolutely real, funny pigs, etc. The owner, a private gentleman, who is very proud of his garden, had given a general invitation to English travellers to inspect it, but was absent himself. His maid, however, received us most cordially, gave us tea in a pretty summer-house in the garden, and I have never seen such beautiful irises growing in such profusion. In the evening both Fuji and O. Komai sent representatives to

SHOGUN'S CASTLE AT NAGOYA.

FLAT-BOTTOMED BOAT FOR DESCENDING HODZU RAPIDS.

show us more specimens, and Ishikawa showed us some very interesting curiosities from his country near Nikko, and some adorable little Damascene boxes which we cannot afford to buy. My locket is the old Damascene work, made by the only man who can do "high standard" work. His name is Ohashi (pronounced almost like O hush), and we saw him at work. His eyes are failing, and no wonder. My locket has a gold-on-lacquer effect, which I love, and a tiny speck of blue that I shall ask "Ishi" about.

June 22nd.—M. and Okuyama, with a friend of the latter, have gone to Lake Biwa and the Seta River to fish. They caught a large number of very small fish, and M. told me that on his criticising their size Okuhama replied with great pride: "We got nearly a hundred pieces" (just as if they were goods for his shop) "very good to eat." I have a morning for work, odds and ends in truth, for I must collect our little things to give to Fuji to pack with the screen. We have sent off the silk for M. M. is anxious about occupation for H. and I for F. No letter from E. here. I hope she is not ill.

June 23rd.—Fuji called. We spent a whole afternoon with our nice 'rickisha "boys," who took us up the narrow lanes and through Maruyama Park. M. got his carved monkeys at a little curio-shop opposite a palace gate. Then on, above the Chion-in to the great cherry tree, where I "took" M. in his 'rickisha. And so on to Teapot Lane and the Kiyo-midzu-dera Temple. There we had a wonderful view over the city. We rested, and had tea. What a strange mixture of gods! A colonnade leads up to a kind of main hall on the edge of a precipice in front of an old wooden statue. A woman with a sleeping baby on her back prays and touches the baby's head with her hand, which she

has rubbed on the idol. The wooden underpinning of the hall which overhangs the precipice of rock is very fine. A service was going on in the Temple with queer chanting and the use of very odd bells. In one corner was the Shinto Mirror, yet this is now a Buddhist Temple. The Priests were dressed in cream colour kimonos, with Japanese characters.

From the Temple we passed down some old steps to a fountain, or rather pipes delivering water from a height of 10 feet into a small pond below. Here a young Japanese stood with his head under the running water, praying most devoutly. He stood for half an hour and we were told that he was interceding for his mother, who was ill, and undergoing this painful penance that she might recover. We saw Japanese families who had climbed to the top to admire the view. Everywhere were wonderful bronzes. We went home past the Yasaka Pagoda and Gion Temple. At the latter was a Priest in full Japanese attire surmounted by a pith helmet! A woman was praying in a low tone and the sound was like the buzzing of a saw. It was a very enjoyable afternoon. Peeps through the doorways in Teapot Lane showed the tiny yards at the back, each with one tree at least, a little fountain, a bit of moss, and all immaculate. I am unreasonably tired, and Bara brings me chicken and rice to my room.

June 24th.—We go to Fuji's to try on kimonos, then to Yasuda's to buy specimens of Satsuma. Afterwards to see Yasuda's factory and watch the process of making Satsuma ware. Afterwards we visit the Zoo.

June 25th.—Slept for four hours and then off to Nara. After inspecting the new and very smart Higashi-Hongwan-Ji Temple near the station, our "faithful dogs" see us off and say "good-bye." Arrived at Nara at noon. Sailing up the village

M. UNDER GREAT CHERRY TREE IN MARUYAMA PARK, KYOTO.

IRIS GARDEN AT KITANO, KYOTO.

street in our 'rickishas M. reels off phrases from his hand-book which, strange to say, are understood. We find the hotel at Nara large, quiet, and most comfortable. After lunch we went through the Deer Park, watched Japanese boys playing Association Football, and inspected the wonderful Temples, the pine tree stated to be a thousand years old, the great bell with its wonderful, deep note, and the thousands of stone and brass lanterns. The park is a very beautiful, natural one, with both Shinto and Buddhist Temples dotted about it. One of the Temples (Kasuga, I think, is its name) had avenues of stone lanterns, and dates back to the time when Nara was the capital of Japan. We also inspected the great Diabutsu, which was under repair and under no circumstances could be beautiful although it is immense. Its enormous head seemed to me to be of the Negro type. M.'s initials will appear on one of the tiles of the roof they were building over the great statue in consideration of a small donation. The park is full of awfully hungry shopkeepers. Terrace of hotel overlooks a small lake. Very restful moonlight walk to bridge and then to a quiet, restful bed. You who are tired go to Nara.

June 26th.—Left Nara, arriving at Nagoya in time for dinner. It is an uninteresting place and has a bad hotel.

June 27th.—We spend the morning at the old feudal castle reputed to be the finest example of feudal architecture in the world. We climbed to the top of the five-storied Donjon, a kind of pagoda surmounted by two golden dolphins made in 1610, one of which, having been sent to an exhibition in Vienna, was wrecked on its way back, but fished up and replaced. The castle was built some three hundred years ago as a residence for the great Ieyasu's son. The dolphins are valued at over

£30,000. In one room were the finest screens and lacquer that we have seen yet, three hundred years old, but in perfect preservation. All the rooms are adorned with paintings, generally by artists of the Kano School and by Iwasa Matahei, and with sketches of street life. The "Musk Cats," by Mitsuoki, were good, but the celebrated "Sleeping Tiger" was "queer." Many paintings were by Kano Teishin. A kakemono painted by him we afterwards purchased. It was worth seeing, but that castle in the great heat nearly finished me.

When we arrived, hot and tired, at the station, we found quite a commotion—officers in khaki, carriages driving up (a carriage is a strange sight here), and a large party of Shinto priests. We heard that the Governor-General of Korea, Prince Terauchi, was travelling by our train. As he is a member of the Royal House and his life has been plotted against lately he is quite a hero. We were engrossed with the Priests in their gauze kimonos, some with bowler hats, when the train rushed in, the coolie ran up with our tickets, and the next I knew I was in the observation-car, standing near a man whom I suddenly saw must be Prince Terauchi. I had my hands full of things and as I put them down and looked out of the broad window I saw the whole group of Priests, Officers, and citizens of Nagoya, many decorated with artificial "morning glory" flowers, apparently saluting M. and me. Then I noticed the bronzed, dark man in khaki, and I said in a low voice to M., "There is some mistake, we do not belong here," but, as the Prince bowed in answer to the tremendous kowtowing that was going on, he motioned to me to be seated. I thought he had seen my expression and gestures, but we found that he speaks English perfectly. Poor man! At every station he had to go out and be

GREAT BELL AT NARA.

JAPANESE BOYS PLAYING FOOTBALL AT NARA.

GATE OF HIGASHI-HONGWAN-JI TEMPLE, AT KYOTO.

KIYO-MIDZU-DERA TEMPLE, KYOTO.

" received." He did not seem to like it a bit. He has a kind face but looks a strong character. He had his suite with him in a private compartment next the observation-car, and as he passed through M. took off his hat and the Governor-General of Korea saluted.

We passed through some beautiful country, with glimpses of the sea, and then up, through long tunnels, to the hills, and I got my first glimpse of Fujiyama at 5.40 p.m. There is very little snow now on the mountain, but the outlines are very fine. Unfortunately we saw him only for about two minutes, as he was quickly enveloped in cloud. In the evening we arrived at the Oriental Palace Hotel, Yokohama, and found it excellent.

June 28th.—Stayed in the hotel all day, meeting our nice J. friends again. Unpacked and wrote letters. No letter from E. M. went to Cook's and the bank, was put up at the Yokohama Club, and made inquiries about cricket, but found difficulties as the club is being deprived of its present ground. I am tired of sights and Temples and castles and people and must go to Miyanoshita in the hills to digest quietly all I have seen before we go on. In a tour of the world one finds lots of uninteresting places, but also *too many* interesting ones in going straight on as we have done since Auckland. No one can digest so much in the year. It has given us a bird's-eye view, so to speak, a general idea, but one longs to know some of the places quietly—not in the rôle of a tourist.

June 29th.—Saw Fuji San from our windows early this morning. Many of the shops here seem to have been spoiled by rich Americans and others. Kyoto was bad enough, but it is worse here. The Japanese quarter is very interesting, but the big Japanese shops near the hotel are very hungry. M. has found a number of friends here, and some one's

motor is waiting at the door for him every day. His friend Mr. A. P. S. dined with us to-day after M. had been to a cricket match, in which Mr. S. (formerly captain of the Marlborough Eleven) made 81, not out, and got several wickets. Bought a parasol and some scarves. The J.'s left to-day.

June 30th.—M. plays golf with Mr. S. S. (who won the June Medal) in the morning. Mr. H. came to tiffin, and Mrs. W. to tea. I liked her and the son and the dog and the Japanese amah. I went with her to some Japanese shops in the Moto Machi to buy Japanese cloth and to her tailor. Floods are descending as I write.

July 1st.—Shopping and tailor all day. Mrs. R. to tea. Rain and thunder at night.

July 2nd.—Lunch *chez* Mr. S.—charming man and charming house on the Bluff, which is quite another Yokohama. Fine Buddha in garden. Lieutenants H. and D. to dinner.

July 3rd.—Went to Kamakura by train in the rain to see the great Daibutsu (Buddha) and Temple of Hachiman. Oh, Buddha! He worries me! Home to pack whilst M. goes to the Grand Hotel to meet Captain P. Go to bed *dead tired*, but must get up and pack again.

July 4th.—M.'s things have to go into a big trunk in the hot baggage-room, while my head, throat, and back ache from a cold taken yesterday and too much bending over trunks. Add to this a tailor bringing home things which I have no time to try on and a shoemaker, all in a heap. Trunks not fastened, new things bundled into them, and down we go to meet Captains P. and J. at luncheon, and off to catch a train immediately after. After five hours' journeying we reach Yumoto, partly by train and partly by electric tram, only to find that we have another stiff climb of four miles to the hotel

at Myonoshita. It took nine coolies to push and pull ourselves and our baggage up the hill, although I walked most of the way and M. the whole way. Having first gone all over the hotel to select rooms, and unpacked M.'s dinner things, I went to bed. I longed to lie down by the road in some little grove and stay there. I've struck! No more heavy packing and travelling the same day.

July 5th.—I crawl out, stiff and sore in mind and body, to find the much-praised Myonoshita is absolutely smothered in big hills and the hotel almost *too* European. I had asked if you could get views of Fuji from here. "Oh yes, from everywhere," they said. And this is what *is*! If you climb 700 feet straight up—and it is breathlessly hot here—with Mukoyama in front and Sengenyama behind you—you may be lucky enough to see the top of Fuji. People come here and eat three times a day—good, heavy, English meals. Then the man retires to his paper and the woman to her fancy-work or book. There they stay between meals or sometimes stroll to a shop near. This is the usual case. There are a few energetic souls and bodies.

July 6th.—I am almost ill, here where we wanted to be happy. M. walked to the top of Sengenyama, tells me he could not see Fuji for clouds, but had a good swim in the swimming-bath in the garden on his return. I cannot wear the shoes that I had no time to try on, and of course there are faults in my cotton suits, which I need for Japan.

July 7th, Sunday.—Walked to Kiga and Miyagino in the morning and inspected some of the wonderful woodwork and paper-cloth which is made in Atami. We afterwards bought a number of puzzle-boxes, Hakone woodwork, and specimens of the cloth. There are no sharp impressions of anything here, except too much Europeanism at Myanoshita.

You are most comfortable at the Fujiya hotel. The proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Yamaguchi—the former of whom M. remembers as a teacher of Jiu Jitsu in London—are charming. But if you want to see anything you must *work* for it, for you are in a valley, in a gorge even. I leave M. and Captain C. and come up to read *Murray* and find out how to see something of the Hakone district while I rest here at the Fujiya.

July 8th, Monday.—Not promising. The heavy, bare, crushing shoulders of Mukoyama are disposed to wear a fichu of clouds. I cannot bear that mountain. It has no trees, no interesting spots, but is simply bare and *crushing*. It is not at all *grand* but shuts out air and, I am sure, something that I would like to see beyond. In the rain M. and I began to climb Sengenyama and were rewarded, for the rain stopped and we got lovely shifting views from the summit, quite like the Rigi. We saw the sea and, bit by bit, all the panorama below and around, except Fuji, unfolded itself. It was nice to be up on a level with Mukoyama and to feel equal to him. He still blotted out a large space, but we saw around him on either side. Some horrid tourists passed us on the summit, their coolies carrying them in heavy chairs, straining, with blood-shot eyes, as on they went at "65 sen for the round trip."

There were beautiful butterflies and lots of wild flowers, whilst the birds sang. Although we have missed the cherry-blossoms we saw this morning trees in bloom that looked like flowering elder, and the effect of the trees as seen on the hillside opposite among the evergreens was like the dog-roses on the banks of the Hudson. It was a tiring climb of nearly 1,000 feet, but we almost ran down, and after a hot bath and tiffin I felt like a new woman.

JAPANESE SERVANTS AT FUJIYA HOTEL.

I had accomplished something myself, not just been dragged about in trains or 'rickishas, and since our trip to Kilauea this is the first sight-seeing of the kind I have enjoyed. I will have more. There were beautiful trailing white wild roses, cream-white ones like ivory, creeping along up the path, and in one place a shrine or tomb just off the path on the right above the tea-house. It was Shinto, as two bamboo sticks made a sort of torii in front of it and the string of hemp, which I always wonder at and no one seems to understand, was tied to them. The thing was of stone, the foundation, upon which was placed an upright slab, having a piece of stone let into it, upon which were inscribed Japanese characters. I must try to get to Hakone before the snow melts on Fuji. A tiny glimpse of it from the train window at Gotemba, and a good view of the upper part, white and glistening with snow in the sun, early one morning from my window at the Oriental Hotel, Yokohama, are all I have seen of it, and I now think that I wanted to see Fuji San more than anything else in Japan. In the afternoon we walked up the "gorge of Serpents' bones."

July 9th.—M. and I, with a coolie with 'rickisha conveying a bag and our coats, start off for Hakone, seven miles distant. We say "au revoir" to Captain C., hoping to see him again at Nikko. I think the nicest people we have met are these soldier men. We had a very hot and stiff climb to Ashinoyu (2,870 feet), and from thence an easy descent to Moto-Hakone. As a *compagnon de voyage* a young Japanese merchant, a cheerful, child-like soul! He went along in his flowing kimono and outside silk garment on his high wooden "geta" (clogs), all surmounted by a funny little "sailor hat," without perspiring at all. How he could and did drink (temperance drinks, though) at all the tea-houses!

He was going on to Hakone-machi to establish a "branch store," he told us. They have the American phrases. When we reached the summit at Asyinoyu he halloed like a child and said, "Now my trouble is over." Then he said he must send a postcard to his friend "in commemory of my travels." He told us bits of legends and history as we went along and brightened the journey not a little. We passed the curious monuments of the Soga Brethren (victims of an old blood-feud in the time of Yoritomo) and of Tora Gozen, and the fine image of Jizo carved in the solid rock by the wayside, said to have been done by Kōbō Daishi in one night.

In the afternoon we went out on the lake in a sampan. We had a fine old fisherman to scull us about, but as he understood no English, and the 'rickisha boy very little, poor M. had a hard time of it, as he did not know what sort of tackle to use. Finally he rowed us to the shore and departed to the woods. He returned with grubs for bait and took us to a place where we caught a few small ai, M. using a trout fly. Then it began to pour. The boatman put on about four kimonos and tied his head up in a cotton "handky" so that he looked just like an old woman. He stood up on a seat, one bare foot resting against a slanting piece of wood to give him a "purchase" on the big oar. Near him, in the bottom of the boat, our coolie squatted, wrapped in matting. M. sat for'ard, and I on the floor near him with matting over me, under an umbrella. M. was the only one who had rainproof clothing. We went back to the funny little hotel.

Two coolies were waiting with umbrellas at the landing and the whole household came in great consternation to the door—Madame even coming out in the rain. Would we have hot baths at once, etc., etc.? We assured them that it was nothing, we

STATUE OF JIZO CARVED IN ROCK ON ROAD TO HAKONE.

TEA HOUSE ON THE ROAD TO HAKONE.

were all right. I had a hot bath, however, and was glad to find that I had it all to myself and that the water was clean. One hears such a lot of rot! *I* prefer the Japanese to the Europeans one sees—generally speaking. The host and hostess were all right, but they had put absolutely the most awful points of German hotels, plus "out West" and New Zealand "bush-pubs" into that little lake hotel. There were fearful wall-papers, beds with broken springs, extraordinary washstands and mirrors and wooden lamberquins over the windows. The dining-room had wonderful pictures, cheap lithographs, etc., with stuffed pheasants and ducks. This is the worst taste I have seen in Japan—it really is sad, what these artistic people can do, when they "let themselves go," to try to conform to European ideas! But everything was clean, and I had a nice hot bath and a pleasant room overlooking the lake. The air was thick with German and the ladies were over-dressed. At dinner six oil-lamps were going and every window was shut tight. Our host and hostess were most attentive, for Mr. Yamaguchi had telephoned to make things as comfortable as possible for us. It rained so hard that we could not go out again, so I went to my room to get away from the Germans. M. seems to have had the smoking-room to himself and a yellow kitten that made itself useful by catching all the moths and insects that came in out of the wet.

July 10th.—Up at six looking for Fuji, but no luck. It rained steadily whilst M. arranged for our departure, and I prowled about. I came across three ladies sitting in a little room overlooking the lake, with all the windows shut, busy with letters and fancy work. How they must come to hate each other and everything. I should run away. I walked up the Hakone road along the great, solemn,

dark green avenue of cryptomerias, fine old trees that line the old Tokaido road from Tokyo to Kyoto. Once Daimyos came along this way in state, their heavy chairs borne by many sweating coolies. Hence this line of trees on either side, still "at attention" as they stood then. The Emperor has a rather English-country-place-looking summer palace here facing Fuji-wards.

Up we climb, past the little granite pillars and the villages, on and up past the Sanguine Mere (the Japanese name means "the Lake of Blood") with the row of small Buddhas overlooking it and the statue made in a single night; on past the many Buddhas cut in the solid rock. Here we met an American and his wife with two chairs and eight coolies. She told us how she had "got up mad" and was "goin' to London, to learn to talk the way the English do." They had been from home a year, and had always been rushing to catch a steamer or train, until she had lost thirty pounds in weight and she thus accounted for the strangeness of her figure. That was a funny scene up there in the Hakone hills. She told me how a certain lady who knows all the "best fam'lies," had promised to give her the "*ongtree* to any home in England," stating that this lady, "Why, she used to play in the Wellingtons' and Warwick's backyard and she was a great friend of Queen Victoria." She said that they were going to Hakone, back to Miyanoshita to-night, and at once to Yokohama. It had ceased to rain and was getting hot, so I advised the lady to get into her chair again and proceed.

Home to room No. 105, a hot bath and bowl of rice for me and a swim for M. I begin to make plans for going on. We must get to Nikko and Chuzenji as soon as possible. It is too early to

climb Fuji, and the "Pearl" has refused so far to show itself to me. I shall not wait here. I will go on and hope to see it or climb it later. One *cannot* see Fuji from Miyanoshita, which is a great disappointment. We met several parties going to Hakone by chair. They are putting newly-broken stone (rough, jagged pieces) on the road, so that in several places the stony short cuts are at present the best. Worn-out coolie's sandals are thick along the road. The little rest-houses are clean and attractive. Generally a spring runs past them and you drink your "cha" to the sound of falling waters, but as I begin to despair of seeing Fuji San now we may as well go on.

There are trees which look like hawthorn, white on the hills above us. Irises in full bloom in the gardens at Ashimoyo, and wonderful swallow-tailed black butterflies on bright azaleas which bloomed at the door of our hotel at Moto Hakone. The irises and azaleas are still fresh in these higher altitudes. There were beautiful, sweet-scented orchids falling from high cryptomerias into the road as we left our inn. A man, high up out of our sight, was cutting branches which fell close to us, and upon which grew these beautiful flowers.

July 11th.—Rain. I mend and M. reads in the morning. In the afternoon we go to Tsune Nakaya's shop and buy old brass temple ornaments, etc. We decide to go to Tokyo on the 15th.

July 12th.—To Yamatoya's, where we bought two kakemonos and who presented me with a quaint Japanese drawing, and to Tsune's shop in the morning. We walked through Miyagino up to the tea-house on Mukoyama mountain opposite, and back through the village of Dogashima and across the river below the hotel in the afternoon.

July 13th.—Up at 4.30 and climbed before break-

fast to the tea-house on the summit of Sengenyama, where we had a fine view of Fuji for half an hour. Then sudden rain which completely blotted him out. M. fished in the river below the hotel but had no sport. Met Major and Mrs. S. again and two young Sapper officers in the evening.

July 14*th, Sunday.*—Storm and rain and wind. Out for a little walk with M. through the hotel gardens before lunch. Went to call upon our fellow-

EARLY MORNING VIEW OF FUJIYAMA FROM TEA-HOUSE ON SENGENYAMA.

traveller to Hakone, and bought some water-colours in the afternoon.

July 15*th.*—Received a telegram from Mr. S. and decided to go to Tokyo. Packed and bought kimonos for my two little room-girls. Ima wept when she said "O'k San going to-morrow!" In the afternoon there was a scene in the village street. We saw the only case of drunkenness I can remember in Japan. A young and powerful Japanese had

THEATRE STREET, TOKYO.

OLD GATEWAY AT IMPERIAL PALACE, TOKYO.

been indulging very freely in saki and came down the street with practically nothing on and shouting at the top of his voice, evidently in the state of mind which induces the Irishman to invite all and sundry to tread on the tail of his coat. Several of his friends endeavoured vainly to restrain him. A considerable crowd gathered and at last one little white-uniformed policeman with his tiny sword at his side interfered, but in the most kindly manner. He evidently was persuading the man to go away quietly and, with the assistance of some sympathetic onlookers, got him some way down the village street. Then the man, in a fit of drunken obstinacy, turned upon the policeman and mauled him. M., who was watching the scene with great interest, expected to see an exhibition of jiu jitsu on the part of the policeman, but instead of this he submitted to the indignities, and at last, with the help of the man's friends, pacified him and led him out of the town. We asked Mr. Yamaguchi for an explanation of the policeman's forbearance, and he told us that drunkenness was looked upon with pity and not with anger by the police officials, that under no circumstances do they imprison for drunkenness, and that all the policeman wished to do was to get the man away to a quiet place out of the village until he became sober.

A terrible wind storm has now lasted three days—almost a typhoon. In our aforetime quiet dining-room suddenly appeared a blonde, bewigged, made-up European (female) with five European men staring at her. The only gentlemanly ones (besides M., who only roared with laughter) were two Japanese gentlemen near us, but of course her style would not attract them.

CHAPTER XII

TOKYO, NIKKO, AND CHUZENJI

July 16th, 6 a.m.—We are going to Tokyo to-day. Now I am sorry to leave these hills, and the Yamaguchis have been most kind. We had a nice walk down the valley to the tram at Yumoto, accompanied part of the way by a young Japanese law student. There was a dear little dog at a tea-house on the road and M. photographed a wonderful bunch of white lilies growing on the wall of a house. We had a very hot journey in the train, and I dropped M. at Yokohama and came on alone to Tokyo. M. was to dine with Mr. S. and Mr. H. at Yokohama and come on later in the evening. I went to the Imperial Hotel, which we found dearer than any hotel so far and not very satisfactory.

July 17th.—To-day we went to the Imperial Palace in the park but were not allowed to cross the bridges, and could only see the copper roofs from the distance. Passing through a wonderful old gateway, we drove out to the mausoleums of the 6th, 7th, and 9th Tokagawa Shoguns in Shiba Park. The Temple there, and especially the Chinese part, are well worth seeing. I was tired and demanded to be taken to tea at the Maple Club. Here everything was in the purest Japanese style. We had tea and they gave us delicious sweets served on little maple leaves. In the evening M. went

GRANITE TORII AT ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE OF IEYASU AT NIKKO.

VIEW FROM OUR VERANDAH AT KOMAYA HOTEL, NIKKO.

alone—I was too tired—to the Japanese Imperial Theatre. He tells me that it was very interesting. The first play was a complicated Japanese historical drama, and what struck him most was the " chorus " of men on a platform at the side of the stage who, from time to time, explained the progress of the play or assisted in it, in exactly the same way as the old Greek " chorus " used to do. Afterwards came some incidents from Sherlock Holmes by American and Japanese actors, and then a very clever Japanese modern play, well acted by a Japanese cast but with, practically, an European plot.

July 18th.—M. went to the offices of the Welcome Society to engage a guide to accompany us to the Hokkaido. As a result a young Japanese University student named Bunshiro Suzuki (who was immediately re-christened " Boon " for short) appeared. He was a well-educated young fellow, speaking English fairly well, and exceedingly keen to improve. We engaged him and he accompanied us at once to inspect the temple of Kwannon in Asakusa Park. The temple was crowded, dirty, and tawdry. Enormous lanterns hung in front of it, gifts of fishermen to propitiate the deities for taking the lives of the fishes. We had an *al fresco* Japanese lunch in the gardens, where was a woman with a cage crowded with little birds. I inquired and found that she charged a small sum for each bird to be released, and I set free a number of the poor little fluttering things.

Afterwards, passing the house of some fortune-tellers, we went in and I and M. had our fortunes told. They were very much in earnest and promised to send my fortune written in Japanese for Boon to translate. I drove back to the hotel while M. went for a long expedition through this immense city with Boon. They passed through Theatre

Street, where every house is a theatre, visited the Museum and the Jiu Jitsu School. I packed, but after dinner M. went off with two young Englishmen, H. and J., to see Yoshiwara. For the first time since leaving home we find a mistake against us in our hotel bill. On our way to Asakusa this morning we called at the shop of Namikawa, the most celebrated maker of the new cloisonné, and was shown the method by which the wirework is now withdrawn. We bought a small but beautiful specimen.

July 19th.—Up at 5.30 and taken by Boon to see the celebrated convolvulus (morning glory) garden. This was a fiasco, and Boon, to console us, told us a Japanese story of an exceedingly lazy young exquisite in Tokyo who never rose till noon. One morning in this season of the year he decided to get up very early to see the morning glories, but as he entered the garden every flower closed its petals. The flowers, knowing his habits, concluded that the day must be far advanced and that it was high time for them to go to sleep. We breakfasted at the Seiyo Ken restaurant in Ueno Park, from whence we had a view of the great lake of lotus flowers. Leaving Tokyo at 10.30 we arrived at Nikko at 12.45 and proceeded up the long village street in 'rickishas to the Kanaya Hotel. The journey was very hot, and I went to bed after unpacking.

July 20th.—Having settled down and disposed of our laundry, etc., M. and I crossed the river and visited, between the showers, the Hall of the Three Buddhas on the hill opposite the hotel, and went as far as the first great granite torii, guarding the entrance to the Temple and tomb of Ieyasu. A thunder shower drove us back to the hotel. After tiffin we had many letters to attend to, but in the evening we climbed Daikoku, the hill behind the

hotel, and afterwards were entertained by acrobats and conjurers in the doorway of the hotel.

July 21st, Sunday.—Up at 6.30 and went early alone to the Temples. There was a wonderfully beautiful view early in the morning after the rain, from the bridge over the Daiya River. This bridge is side by side with the sacred red bridge over which only the Emperor is allowed to pass. After breakfast M. and I spent five or six hours in the great Temple of Ieyasu. It is very wonderful. We had the good fortune to be the only strangers present at the solemn service held in the Temple for the recovery of the Emperor, who lies dangerously ill. It was wonderfully impressive. At first we were told that no one would be allowed to be present, but one of the Priests, seeing that we were serious, finally allowed us to kneel on the outer edge. I will not attempt to describe in detail this marvellous Temple, as it is done so fully in *Murray*, but what struck me most was the wonderful simplicity of the gate, steps, and the tomb itself when we arrived at it after the splendour and glory of the Temple below. "The Sleeping Cat," one of Hidari Jingoro's most famous works, also pleased me, as much by its simplicity as its intrinsic beauty. The solid pillars of lacquer—some of them gold lacquer—the great silver vases, the bamboos of gold and the marvellous carvings and paintings were all wonderful and must be seen to be appreciated.

I have just received a letter from London speaking of seeing the Durbar from easy-chairs without the weariness of travel. True, but only half true. I am beginning to know the sweets and rewards of toiling and enduring for the sake of seeing some fine view or other. I have been taken to see things for a year, drawn by steam overland or by sea or by horses and even men, but only to the volcano at

Kilauea did I go *myself*, footsore, very weary, and drenched with rain. I *earned* that sight. It became *mine*. So the other day, in my pilgrimage over the mountains of Hakone. To climb in the heat and moisture, what of that? I could *endure*. Then came the exhilaration of the summit of the mountain. I became gay with the gaiety of a little child. It is a delight beyond words to gain a view thus. You may have read or friends have told you or you may have seen pictures, but when you go yourself and with physical effort gain that view! One must do it to understand. If I do not take care, this will be full of soulful sentiment and inky "I's." It is lucky for me, though, that after a year of it I do feel thus.

I am sure that for me Nikko is the acme of both art and nature in Japan. If you will read this last sentence twice it will tell you more than pages of raptures. Nature and art combine to make it wonderful. Fancy this. In the midst of, or rather *after* all that is gorgeous in colour, carving, bronzes, lanterns, gateways, great walls of stone and avenues of magnificent trees, then more glories, gold and red lacquer pillars and black lacquer with gold overlaid, dragons and fabulous monsters, arabesques of all the most gorgeous flowers and beasts that man ever saw or imagined in wonderful carving, painted in pleasing colours, all in time-softened harmonies—after this you stand finally at a gateway before a door leading from all this glory to the stone steps that go up to the tomb of the great man whom all this commemorates, and over the door is—what do you think, after all that comes before?—just a dear little Sleeping Pussy Cat, a little white pussy with a few black hairs to make shading, and a peony bud and one blossom. Her face is so sound asleep. She was such a gem after all that glory that I smiled

THE SACRED RED BRIDGE AT NIKKO.

at her and almost laughed aloud. My powers of admiration and wonder have been so strained that that little cat was a joy. M. read to me that a great artist did that little cat. He *must* have been. The carving is under an overhanging roof and is very difficult to photograph.

As for costume, I am in love with the kimono. I cannot imagine a more graceful or dignified garment, and after seeing myself in a kimono I am half ashamed of the "civilised" dress that is more or less immodest. I do not wonder that the Japanese dislike our dress for women. I shall don the kimono "chez moi" when we come home. I am having a complete Japanese costume made.

Japan, and especially Nikko, shuts in around one and everything else recedes. We are seated on the verandah with the whole Nikko San range in view. The sun comes through the mist now at sunset. Perhaps India will have something better or finer—can a fine thing be finer or only different? At any rate, I am contented with all I have here. It is the most beautiful place I have seen in spite of the heat and mosquitoes. To this I put my hand and seal.

July 22nd.—Heavy rain all day. For exercise we again climb Daikoku Hill and walk round the hotel grounds. M. plays billiards with Major S.

July 23rd, 1912 (Kanaya's, Nikko).—On this day we made an inspection of the tomb of Tenkai and

the Temple of Iemitzu, both of which are situated on the same hill as, and in the neighbourhood of, the great Temple of Ieyazu, but found them less interesting and less beautiful than the latter.

July 24th.—When half awake I heard the deep, sad, sweet bell near "The Hall of the Three Buddhas," and it made me wonder in a half-conscious way what they were doing up there "behind the scenes" at that early hour. One is *always wondering* here. We, who come and go, touch only the outer rim of it all! Does *any one* know? Near the hotel here are some old statues, and one is very strange. He has *woolly* hair, the features of a North American Indian, flowing Indian robes; and in his right hand what once was a weapon with which to kill his enemies or to lay them low and in the left a rope to bind his prisoners. Whence this *violence* among the gods? I thought Buddha taught *peace*. Yet often at the Temple one finds *protecting* gods (Nios?) who are far from *peaceable*. It was all Shinto long, long ago, and then came the Buddhist thought that took firm hold here—as early as 800 A.D. all over these hills Buddhas were carved in stone and rude Temples made. This was done, I take it, by the Buddhists *converting* the Shintoists whom they found here. But what about the change *back* again, how was that done? Not by conversion, for some of the Temples remain Buddhist, and, in all, some of the Buddhist decorations remain. In spite of what is written to the contrary, Buddhist emblems remain at the Temple of Ieyasu—in the Hondo—even the Buddhist vases, although the service was Shinto.

To-day we walked three and a half miles to Kirifuri Waterfall (the "Mist Cascade") and back before luncheon. On the other side of the Inari River on the left are more Buddhas and signs of the old

RUINED TEMPLE BEHIND TEMPLE OF IEYASU.

AMIDAS AT GAMMAN-GA-FUCHI.

religion. We turned to the right, meeting some kindly people to direct us at the tea-houses. Arrived at the "Mist-falling Cascade," mist fell everywhere, for a fine rain came on. I am not sure we were sorry the sun did not shine—it was cooler for our walk and the dim effect—ghost-like trees surrounding the Falling Mist Waterfall—was very lovely!

After luncheon we walked to Gamman-ga-fuchi (about a mile or so up the river from the hotel), and not only found the "pool" and rows of many Amidas (there is a legend that no one counts the same number twice), but, up some very old stone steps, on the hill, an old Buddhist cemetery, of which nor *Murray* nor *Bird San* speak. It *seems* to be the burial-place of Priests, Abbots, or some other high officials of the Temples. All through the wood are old ruins—here a bit of stone wall that still stands, there a Buddha or a stone lantern—*everywhere* they are, Jizo the most frequently met, with small stones in his arms, on his shoulders, even on his head! (*Note*—these are placed by people with the object of alleviating a task in the next world). Most of these statues plainly have had their heads broken off and fastened on rather recently, whilst many are headless! . . .

Coming home from the row of Amidas by the river, the wild orange tiger-lily was just coming out, and M. got a lovely bunch for me with a few graceful sprays of a white flower and "a bit of trailing vine" or so. They are here in our little "study" (where we write and read) on the verandah above the roaring Daiya. Yoshi brought me a fine bronze vase for them. Kanaya is (or was) a Shinto Temple-man, and the balcony around our verandah is red like the (sacred) bridge and has the little black knobs with gold circles around them like the bridge also: and before the door to *our* part of the hotel, *i.e.*, near

the dining-room, stands, if you please, a large bronze lantern, not *like* the Temple lanterns, but *one of them*, for it has the Tokugawa crest on it! To-day, when we came in tired for tea, M. found business and other letters, and is fathoms deep in "affairs" now.

July 25th.—We went for a long walk at the back of Hotoke-Iwa—(Ieyasu's Hill) to the "White Thread Cascade" or "Vermicelli Falls," then up old moss-covered steps to a ruined Temple behind, a curious contrast to the splendour on the other side of the hill. Then back by Futu-Ara Temple—rather uninteresting. The broad stone path is very old and the way is paved throughout. It leads past wonderful old trees, the finest we yet have seen in that natural forest. Had "cha" at a little tea-house and home by the Princess's Palace. Still dull, but no actual rain.

Now we have "done" all the "sights" we had planned to do, poor old M., who has stood it like a man, says he is "about fed up with Temples and would like to catch a fish!" We have met Major and Mrs. S. here, who had crossed the Atlantic with G., and Mrs. S. comes up to my room whilst the Major plays billiards with M. It is nice having them here and good to *hear* and see English people. We have had to learn to enjoy things *without* good weather, and really one can see everything but distant views in mist and rain. It is disappointing to climb a stiff hill for the view and then fail to see it.

I want an old screen and an old lantern. I once thought the stone ones we saw at Miyajima very fine—*now* I'd like an old bronze one, and I would love to have some of this *wonderful* lacquer—not what they sell, but what one sees in the Temples. I'd like to steal that little "sleeping cat" as the

KIRI-FURI WATERFALL, NEAR NIKKO.

man did "Monna Lisa." From Temple to tea-house there are adorable things one could *live with* and not tire of. I often see charming little cups and trays at a wayside tea-house. Japan is all I had hoped and something more. I never *tire*; I am always interested here. There is so much variety and they make so much of all the "*littles*"—nothing is lost.

Almost the most wonderful thing in Japan is the *wood*—from growing trees to wood in a thousand ways in use the *beauty* of the grain is shown. One of the doors in our room has an *exquisite* panel, simply the natural grain of the wood. You would say it was carved. M. admires it very much too. At Miyajima we first saw wood used thus—no paint or varnish—and we find it so used in the dining-room and Japanese part of the hotel here. So soon as they begin to build a "European" room, they spoil it all; they copy our worst things. Indeed, many of the dreadful things that I see look like cheap German effects.

We were given a card of introduction to the Yamaguchis, who have the hotel at Miyanoshita, and they sent a letter to the Proprietor here, so that we have one of the best rooms in the hotel—indeed, it is the most attractive (to me) that we have had since we came to Japan, with its verandah open to the river and mountains. The "Daiya" is roaring and rushing more than ever since the rains. We cannot hear each other speak unless we are sitting near each other. If one is in the bedroom proper it is impossible to converse. We have tea in our rooms always, as it is *cosier* and costs no more, and we need not stop writing or whatever we are doing. We have a nice little maid—very pretty in her afternoon kimono—who wants to go to London with me.

July 26th.—We went to the so-called "Fine Art

Museum," where M. got a bit of silver cloisonné (from Nagoya) and a small Nikko lacquer tray, and to the little village shops, where he bought some squirrel furs for me. Packed in the afternoon. Mrs. S. came up to say "Good-bye" after dinner, because I did not go into the hall or drawing-room. We wired to Boon at Tokyo to come to Chuzenji. This was Bunshiro Suzuki, a Japanese student, who was to accompany us as guide, interpreter, etc.

July 27th.—Came to Chuzenji—a beautiful walk although very hot and tiring. Poor mine-horses with the hind foot lame—we saw several thus, and one actually *dragging* this foot after him! Pack-horses with the luggage of silly (worse—cruel!) people—hat-boxes 2 feet by 2 by 2! One poor horse carried fully two hundred and sixty pounds, and one side of his neck was rubbed bare. Another fell over the cliff at the side of the road as we came up and had rolled down at least eighty yards. It is incredible the size of the trunks they bring up. M. and I had packed as lightly as possible, and our horse looked so happy and frisky that I begged the horse-boy to put some of the over-burdened horse's load upon him. It could not be done, however, as it would have unbalanced the load. The way was bad enough, but to see overloaded and unfit horses took away the pleasure of "the view."

There was one good Japanese inn en route and all the tea-houses were very attractive. We found nice rooms at the end (at Lakeside Hotel), a letter from G., and just before dinner came Boon. The walk is about six miles, a stiff climb most of the way as Chuzenji is about 4,600 feet above the sea. M. went out fishing in the lake in the evening, but had no sport.

July 28th, Sunday (Lakeside Hotel, Chuzenji).—Very beautiful! As I write I look out upon the

beautiful Lake Chuzenji and up to Mount Nantai-San. His majesty the sacred mountain is not long visible—*i.e.*, his head; you see it one moment and the next it is blotted out by clouds. It is very *still* here after our noisy Daiyagawa always roaring beneath our window at Nikko. This is too calm and placid. It seems like Italy, and very warm (for every one said it would be *cool* here!), and last night I could not sleep for mosquitoes. So far I prefer my room at the Kanaya to any I've had since we left home.

I smelt *that elusive incense smell* early this morning. There is always something just *beyond*, just *invisible* to us. It made me think of the little "things" made of egg-plants, cucumbers, and potatoes we saw by the roadside as we came down from Miyanoshita. A lot of coolies were working by the road and had placed these "things" at the edge of a cliff facing a dry river-bed (presumably as an offering, an appeal for rain). The "things" resembled animals, had wooden legs, food was placed before them, and, in some cases, pieces of paper on which words were written. Another time M. saw a gardener carefully burning one of these "things" at sunset on one of the three days on which they believe their dead relatives and ancestors return as spirits to their former homes and live with them again.

[A German Professor whom we met later at Sapporo gave us the following account of these as related by his Japanese companion: "I myself as a boy have made such animals, with the other boys of our village, on the 6th and 7th of July (old style), but we did not know why. It was simply the custom. After two days they were thrown into the river. We gave them raw rice as food and called them 'nasubi-uma' (egg-plant horses). I do not now

know of any explanation why this is done. It is still done in my village."]

Then sometimes (usually early in the morning or at evening) comes from behind the scenes a whiff of incense. At Miyanoshita a bell rang at midnight —or rather I heard bells. It sounded like the bells the Priests used in the service at the Kyomidzu Temple at Kyoto. I heard this at Miyanoshita on the 13th, 14th, and 15th (or was it the 12th, 13th and 14th) of July? Mr. Yamaguchi said, "Oh, that's the watchman," but a curio-dealer in the village told me that the *dead come back* at midnight on those dates and that the Priests ring those bells. It sounded as though they were walking about, and I wanted to get up, go out, and *see* what they were doing.

In the fur-shop at Nikko a little shrine was there in a corner: he had hidden it a little with furs from the curious "foreigner," but I saw (while M. talked "bears," etc.) a little torii, a god, and several kakemonos. Daikoko Hill, behind Kanaya's house, has all the Shinto altar "pieces," and the torii, *and* the money-box at its summit. The Shintoists seem "good business people!" At Hakone I saw women working in their houses, squatting on the floor sewing, and little cloth "fox gods" were tied to the open shop near them. Besides the Temples there are a *lot* of wayside shrines, etc., which we do not see. To us there seem to be many gods and a mixture of religions, but *something* has hold on the minds and souls of the people, and it is not a thing for *only one day* of the week! M. went to see the Temple with Boon, and to the Komeya Inn, where the latter is staying.

At luncheon we saw all the "frills and furbelows" of a fashionable watering-place—large hats (oh, the poor pack-horses—the hat-boxes are impossibly

large, square things!), fussy white "costumes," floating veils and even paint, powder and dye. I wish the women who wear all these clothes could see the pack-horses *without* their packs, as I did! "Cha" (tea) at Boon's inn—a charming place overlooking the lake—makes one long to try living at a Japanese inn for a few days.

This afternoon we took our supper and rowed to Shobo-no-hama, the landing-place for Yumoto—a village at the further end of the lake—and walked up to the Ryuzu Falls. I waited at dusk at the tea-house opposite the Falls and had it all to myself, whilst M. and Boon walked further up the Yumoto River. The scene around the Irori was most picturesque. After supper there, home across the lake by moonlight. I rowed a little.

Now at 10.45 p.m. I have just put on my Burberry's and done my hair up *tightly* and am ready to start to *climb Nantai-San*, about 8,100 feet and 4,000 feet above our hotel. We are to be "called" at midnight. The wearers of the "fussies and frillies" are bidding each other effusive "good nights," and a plaintive Japanese flute sounds over the lake. We are to take a guide and lanterns, and I shall *try*, although I may not reach the top. *I shall go on* unless I am really exhausted or feel I am doing myself an injury. It will be a new experience!

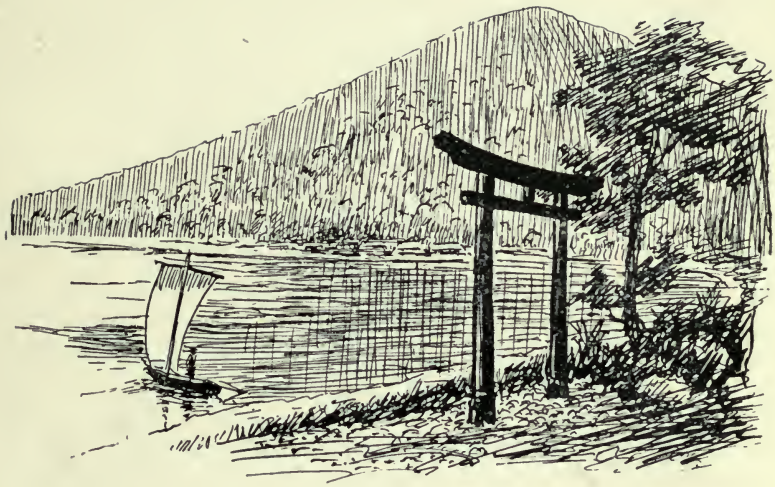
July 29th.—(*After 4 o'clock tea*). *And it was!* Tea has just come in on a nice lacquer tray—all the china blue Iris design—and the tea is from Ceylon, with thin buttered toast and a kind of soft ginger-bread.

Shall I tell you a little of our feat (I could also of *feet*, but not anything serious) of climbing the mountain? A lot of history, myth, and superstition is mixed up with it. Nantai-San is the highest,

most difficult to climb, and most sacred of the Nikko-San mountains. At best "extremely steep" and "the path consisting partly of log steps that are very fatiguing" (see *Murray*). It is *awful* at this time of year! Terrible freshets burst down Nantai-San every spring, and the town or Temple (which ever does it) does not attempt to "better" the path until the time for the annual pilgrimage—August 15th this year.

It is impossible to imagine the way—path there is none. After the log steps end—bad as they are—what follows is worse! No one from home who saw the place we went up could discern any path at all. Women are never allowed to pass through the main Temple gate, nor, I believe, until lately to climb the mountain at all. Through the "Black Wood," as they call it (to the Pilgrim, corresponding to the "Slough of Despond"), first come miles of slippery, naked roots of weird shapes and bleached by the weather, earth *none* in places, the soil washed out and tree roots standing bare, washed bare and twisted by the floods and winds. Even the guide hesitated more than once. Boon was a great help, as the guide, who was very kind and cautious, spoke no English. When I got "blown" he assured the guide I could "*endure*."

It was not walking or climbing—it was a *scramble*. All night long—from 12.30 till 5 a.m.—we toiled up that mountain of "Man body" (Japanese Nantai). The moon and stars were bright, but their light seldom fell upon our path, and we toiled slowly and painfully by lantern-light, the guide first, then myself, then Boon, and then M. I remember a queer effect—near the end of the big tree growth—of the moonlight upon a bare, dead tree-trunk, a mottled, moving light. The moonlight above through the trees, occasionally a sudden view of



MOUNT NANTAI-SAN FROM CHUZENJI LAKE.

lake and village sleeping in the moonlight far below, the far-off roar of Kegon Waterfall, one star shining brightly in a tiny bit of blue sky ahead and far above us, were all strangely beautiful.

Often the way was really *dangerous*—earth or rocks slipping from underfoot, and a rolling stone nearly finished me, for I twisted my foot upon one and fell. (We heard that a few days afterwards a Japanese student was picked up, seriously injured, by a search-party and brought down with great difficulty.) I look ahead and up, and there is a solid face of granite, over which we climb by means of a rusted iron chain with links a foot long and three inches wide. Near this is another iron ladder leading to a shrine about half way up—the neglected shrine of the wife of Nantai-San !

At one of the resting-places we were overtaken and passed by a band of Japanese pilgrims—amongst them one we named " the Merry Carpenter," whose jovial Philosophy of Life he expounded to Boon, and who made me think of Flute in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* He was very jolly, but was going on a *solemn pilgrimage* to pray for success in some undertaking.

My muscles stood it well, but as daylight approached I feared I should faint. There are no *levels*—no breathing-places—but one steep climb the whole way. It became easier as we neared the summit. It was a strange sensation. I do not know whether over-weariness produced this effect or the excitement of doing an unusual thing, but I went on as in a dream, feeling very *light* of body with no sensation of fatigue at all. After we had seemed to reach the top there was still a terrible walk over scoria, but the rhododendrons and other flowers at the summit were very lovely. There was a little plant like edelweiss growing in the moss, and

a shrub resembling sumach, and some tiger-lilies of lovely colour. It was cold up there, but there was a wonderful view over the "Japanese Alps"—the moonlight paling to death on the left and sunrise with flushing sky on the right—nearing the top as we *clomb*.

At the summit we passed through a Shinto torii to two shrines. You must know that in the shrine at the top, a little house on *stilts*, locked securely, and having the Shinto crest, the Tomoye, Nantai-San lives—the god of the Mountain. They let him out to drive about in a closed palanquin on the festival of the mountain, the 15th of August, I believe. On that day about ten thousand pilgrims sleep in rows of sheds in the village below. He has a "Missis," whose shrine we saw, with a tumble-down torii some way from it. The "Carpenter's" party had made a fire in a hut and invited us to share it, so we ate our food there. Mr. "Carpenter" was a great fellow and they were all most polite. They all worshipped their gods and gave offerings. I gave a beautiful pure white rhododendron flower.

Coming down we saw fantastic shapes in roots and rocks, and Boon picked up a root exactly like a trout. The guide boy did not even perspire, and seemed to be enjoying a morning ramble. He collected all sorts of things, from oiled paper and discarded Waragies to flowers and tiny trees. The way down was *very* long, and the sun became very hot—but *he is done!* We conquered him step by step. M. was particularly *nice* about this desire of mine to climb Mount Nantai-San—although he thought it mad, and it deprived him of all his *cast-iron customs* of sleep, food, etc.

The Thread of Life. All the way up and down the mountain we found pieces of fine thread—sometimes extending intact for several yards. The guide

TOP OF KEGON WATERFALL, CHUZENJI (250 FEET).

LAKE CHUZENJI FROM LAKESIDE HOTEL.

explained to Boon, who interpreted thus: When a young girl has a very sick relative she starts upon a pilgrimage, selecting the highest mountain she can possibly climb. She goes to the Temple nearest to her pilgrimage and has a bundle of thread *blessed* (that is the *idea*—I do not know their *way*), which she unwinds as she goes. She takes it to the shrine at the top, and whenever it breaks as she goes she knots it and proceeds. She prays that the god will give long life to her sick one for her penance of climbing the mountain. The thread must reach from the Temple at the foot of the mountain to the shrine at the top.

When we tried to rest to-day my effusive pair on the left talked steadily—a humming sound. Then the baby overhead made a " choo-choo car " of some of the furniture, and the servants all chased and yelled up and down the corridor. M. went fishing on the lake, but had no sport. I shut my eyes and again I'm toiling on all through the night.

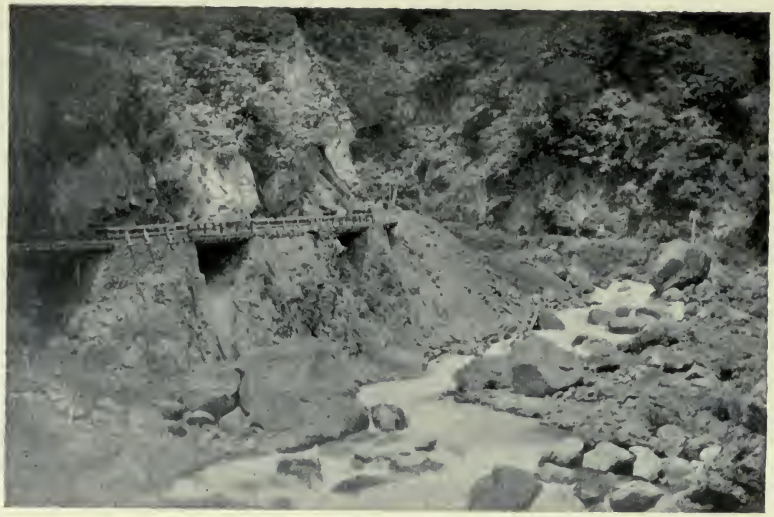
July 30th, Tuesday morning.—This morning I see smoke ascending from a point in the mountain that I should judge is the second rest-house—some one descending stops for " cha." This mountain dominates the place. There is a fine torii in the village, and another on the shore. The main entrance to the Temple and to the mountain path is through the torii on the shore. The other is at the far end of the village. We passed through this and through a field at the back of the Temple, as the main gate was closed when we ascended the mountain. A third torii is behind the Temple.

The " Black Wood " must be *dead.* In my mind's eye I can see the white roots and grey-white granite rocks now, but from my window all is a smooth green curve—no breaks in the dense foliage. Except for a blister on one foot I do not feel any bad

effects from the climb but my eyes are sore and strained from loss of sleep. One may try, but one never "makes up" that sleep. All night I strained my eyes to see a sure footing on those awful rocks and roots. The usual stony water-courses were smooth—when we came to one—in comparison to the steep mountain side, with no real path, and always *steep*—there comes no *level* in all the climb. I thought it would be the usual mountain climb—steep, then a road or path *around* on the *level* and then up again. I am glad to find I am so strong.

M. and Lieutenant B. (a young R.E. officer, cousin of Archdeacon B., an old friend of M.'s mother) with Boon went out this morning to see the Kegon Waterfall (250 feet), on the river running out from the lake and were much impressed by it. A short time ago, it seems, a Japanese student, after depositing a poem on a tree at the head of the fall jumped into it and disappeared for ever. So many others followed him that there is now a police post to prevent suicides at the head of the fall. In the afternoon they went in an extraordinary old one-horse coach to the Yumoto River to fish, but it poured with rain and they only caught one fish and got soaked.

I shall rest and prepare for going down to Nikko to-morrow morning. I telephoned to Mr. Kanaya last night, and we are to have our old room or one near it. I shall be glad to hear the Daiya again and the *Bell. It is too placid here*—i.e., down here by the lake—too still. Nature is so still that one hears every sound of voices on the lake or people moving or speaking in the hotel. Besides, foolish people try to make this a *fashionable* resort! The way up from Nikko and the mountain are "worth it"; the lake is *pretty*. Lake Taupo is much finer with its irregular bold outlines and the snow-



BRIDGE ON ROAD FROM NIKKO TO CHUZENJI.

covered mountains at the other end; *and*, the pack-horses make me feel *ill* now that I've seen them without their packs! *

July 31*st* (Nikko).—We had a delightful walk down from Chuzenji, and when we reached the river again it was good to stand on the bridge (the last one coming down) and see and hear the Daiya at its maddest *rushing* and *tearing* on: old as I am I could have jumped for joy! I *did* call out to the Daiyagawa that I was glad to hear him again, and that he sounded much better than the people I'd been *obliged* to listen to for four days and nights.

The mountain and gorge are rather "grand" just at this bridge, though not very high—the 'rickisha boy told Boon that the steep one ahead is called the "Three" Mountain—I don't see why. From the bridge looking towards Nikko the hill is so perpendicular that it looks the highest mountain in the world, but the river is wide, and as you stand above the rushing water you can *breathe*—there is a fine current of air.

We met the S.'s again and they introduced the R.'s, who are also up from Hong Kong and from India. We three ladies chatted till eleven o'clock (late for me) in the drawing-room, while the men played bridge and smoked in the hall. Mrs. R. told me a lot about Kashmir. We may take one of their Indian servants back with us—he comes from Kashmir and longs to go back.

August 1*st*, *Thursday*.—I could not sleep, and so was up (trying to find the mountains in the mist and listening to the Daiya) at 5 a.m. I had only

* Arrangements have now been made for rewards to be given to merciful drivers, suggestions to be displayed in hotels and railway station that tourists' luggage should be better adapted for pack-horses and for the erection of a memorial on this road to the Authoress, with an inscription inculcating kindness to animals.

sat out here on the balcony a minute or two when that sad, sweet bell began to *toll* five o'clock—an unearthly sweetness!

Boon told us on Tuesday morning that the Emperor was dead, but that it would *not be made public* for another day! On the tram-car which we met about five and a half miles down from Chuzenji we saw the Japanese flag with a crêpe *button* at the top and the conductor wore a black crêpe hatband. As we got nearer to our hotel we saw the flag at half-mast. I forgot—the first thing I saw as I went out of our wing was the flag—half-mast and crêped—draped over the door of the Lakeside Hotel at Chuzenji. This was on Wednesday morning. Here we find an official notice posted in the office, but it simply states that the Emperor is dead—not giving the *time* of death as we do.

It has poured with rain since we arrived here. We plan now to go on to Sendai on Saturday, August 3rd—although Nantai-San gave me a bad heel and a twisted foot, and Boon a bad knee, we shall be quite fit to travel after the day or two of rest here. I should like to stay on here for a month at least, for we have delightful company. I often wonder whether I succeed in conveying a clear and *truthful* impression of Japan as I see it. People have praised and over-praised parts of it—have gone into raptures, and thus, to me, spoiled it.

We have seen some fine hill scenery, some beautiful (*pretty* rather) lakes, and Fuji was very fine from each of the three points from which we saw him—the train, Yokohama and Sengenyama, and the view from Nantai-San was a surprise. I had no idea that so *many* mountains clustered here in the centre of Japan, nor such high ones. Nikko is *beautiful*, and what the French call "très intime." You *love* it and could rest here for months. But although

NICHES CUT IN ROCK ON HOLY ISLAND AT MATSUSHIMA IN WHICH BUDDHIST PRIESTS "CONTEMPLATED."

30 MAT ROOM IN JAPANESE INN AT SHIOGAMA.

I am always *interested* in Japan, and should always want to come back, I have never seen anything here to thrill one with its beauty like the scene from our first camp across Lake Taupo—a great sheet of water, irregular shores, and, at the far end, three mountains one above the other, and the highest covered with snow! To see it in the early morning fairly took away your breath. An officer and his wife who were staying at my hotel when M. was on his coach-accident trip said it was like Wular Lake in Kashmir. Ever since then I have wondered if India would prove the climax (Kashmir in particular) of our tour.

Do not think that Japan has not proved all that I had hoped—it has, and *more*. It is less Europeanised—has still more character of its own—than I was led to expect. But I have not yet found anything here that *takes you off your feet* for beauty. I think these mountains, the view from our window, are as fine as anything we have seen in Japan. One would not tire of them—they are always changing.

Do I give you the idea, I wonder, that I am trying to? Japan is to *me*, at least, fascinating, attractive, even *dear* it might become; but not wildly beautiful ever. I should like to spend a year or two here studying the language, the art, and enjoying the scenery, but in all that time I should never once feel what I did the morning I opened my tent "door" and saw the snow-covered mountains over the green willows at Whakaipo Bay! And I believe India will have the same *uplifting* beauty. It is difficult to speak of *beauty* in our every-day matter-of-fact world without seeming to "gush," but I am trying to tell you things as *I see them*.

Do you remember that I thought no trees could be finer (even at Nikko) than the cedars at Hakone? It is true. There are more here, but not finer trees.

And they were all planted for that Ieyasu who lies over there on the hill I see from our balcony. Before I knew who he was—at Kyoto—we were shown the Castle of Nijo and the *Tokogawa* crest three hundred years old. He built Nijo Castle for his palace, to use when he went to Kyoto to visit the Mikado. At Nara we were shown a pine—the very old one—that grew in form to represent his name, and the Temple of Kasuga at Nara with its avenues and avenues of old lanterns and trees was at its zenith at the time of that great Shogun. The Mikado had no real power then—this Noble ruled all. At Tokyo the palace where the Emperor now lies dead was first used as such by Ieyasu, who simply seized it from "a certain warrior."

This Ieyasu was a very strong character, and not a wicked one, although he thought it his duty to stamp out Christianity. He has such a dignified, simple tomb here that it is one of the things in Japan I wish you could see—and yet (I feel guilty in making this comparison when I am in this *kind* Japan) I *know* the Taj Mahal will be "a thing apart" for beauty. One cannot really compare—there are so many different kinds of beauty!

August 2nd. We spent chiefly in packing our things away to leave at Nikko and the afternoon at the curio-shop, where we bought a bronze gong, inlaid tea-kettle, seal, netsuke, kimono, and incense-burner.

August 3rd.—Good-bye to the Kanaya. Major S., Lieutenant B., and the Kanayas (father and two sons) in porch to see us off; same 'rickisha boys who took us up (or rather went *with* us) to Chuzenji. Down part of the long avenue to Ima-ichi, about five miles. In one place *seven* cryptomerias had grown together, in several places three or four and two very commonly. Grass, lilies, and even bushes

THE AUTHORESS, " BOON," AND JAPANESE MAID AT OUR BUNGALOW AT MATSUSHIMA.

were growing on the thatched roofs of the cottages, partly as a preventative against fires.

At Ima-ichi, where the two stately avenues meet on their way to their goal—Ieyasu's Temple and tomb—is a fine torii, the largest we've yet seen, of absolutely plain wood, the same giant cedars I should judge. Tea near the station with all four "boys." No. 2 delighted with his photograph, his farewell bow deep and his "You please come back" most polite.

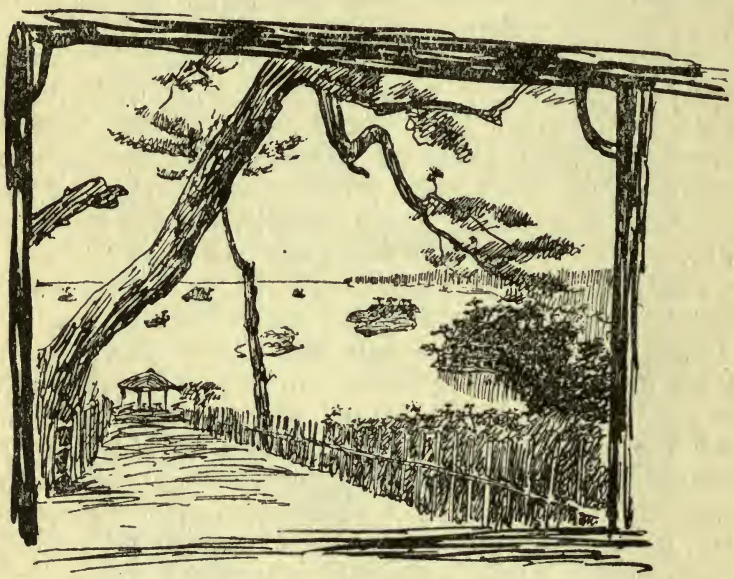
Sendai, August 3rd, 7.40 *a.m.*—Horrid hotel, dirty pillow-cases, "mean" clerk, and all the *worst* European things they could possibly stuff into a room. Bought chest of drawers with inlaid iron "furniture" from shop which gained many prizes at Exhibition, and some fossilised wooden trays etc., for both of which the place is famed. Rain.

August 4th.—Clear weather. Arrived at Shiogama (pronounced Shiong-ama) in time for luncheon at Japanese inn. Shown into fine thirty-mat room—what a pity it is in half-and-half style. Good lunch, beautiful lacquer zens, trays, etc., and fine *hibachi*. All the family treasures (in the way of kakemonos, etc.) shown to us afterwards, and all this entertainment for about three yen ($1.50 American money or 6*s*. English), including "tips" and all. Boon had a most elaborate "meal" *squatting* in the middle of the "apartment."

We were shown to the landing-place, near by, in *state*, and found a clean sampan with nice old boatman, and had a delightful sail through the celebrated Matsushima. Landed on the island of Umahana or Hashi, where the big white lilies were growing wild. Found two old wells and, from the hill, enjoyed a wonderful view out to *Kinkwa-zan* (Golden Flower Mountain) and the Pacific.

Arrived at the village (Matsushima or Kangetsura)

about 5 p.m. and went to the Japanese hotel " Haku Ô Rô" (White Seagull Hall, so named by the late Prince Ito), up old steps with glimpses of cave-shrines on hillside on the way up. Courteously shown to a little Japanese house or bungalow, which they said would give us more *quiet.* It is *perfect,* a thing to dream of always, and for the first time

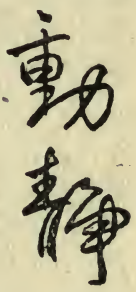


we are living *à la Japonais!* Ours is the last house up the hill belonging to the hotel. A huge pine (matsu), " The Emperor's Envoy," grows at my door. His great branches make a frame for such a lovely picture that I can do nothing but rest and *muse*—like those old Priests who carved the niches in the rocks, years and years ago, over there on Ô'Shima!

After payment of the customary " tea money," a

formal receipt with a new *towel* (great mark of respect!) and postcards were presented by the manager with a profound bow; while I, on my red cushion in my doorway and in kimono and tabi, prostrate myself. I heard a voice at the back of our house and went out to inspect. A part of the hill had been cut away and a new path was being made at the N.E. corner of the hotel. A Priest was there reciting words, bowing, and, in fact, apparently conducting a solemn service by himself. I asked for an explanation, and was told that the N.E. is the side where the devil is strongest, and that as they were altering the path there, it was necessary that he should be "laid" at his gate.

August 5th.—Who says that Japanese rooms are *bare*? I have here two (connecting, of course) thrown into one—the one I am in is an eight-mat room, the other a six-mat room. In each the Tokonoma has its kakemono, the one in the bedroom (for such we made it) has two immense and sprawling Japanese characters which Boon translates into "Moving" and "Being quiet" or "Action" and "Rest," and adds: "It has many meanings, madame. When we Japanese *do*, we believe in doing something *hard*, and then we are sometimes *quiet* in a beautiful spot." I know!—"*that's me*," as the Americans say. Action and reaction, the systole and diastole until comes Nirvana. Just as I wrote that a lovely butterfly flew in and came to the zen on which I write.



But I digress: the *tatami* (mats) are "furnishings" in themselves. They had just finished rebinding them when we arrived, and the clean black and white of them—white with the black bands—is

beautiful. Then the *fusuma* are white with brown lacquer frames and metal *hikiti*.

I am writing on a zen of *beautiful* wood (natural wood-tone), and a smaller one holding my books, maps, etc., is at my right near the open *shoji*. On my zen, besides writing materials, is a *tobacco-bon* of good black lacquer, on the left, on the floor, a fine old bronze and brass *hibachi*. The ornamental band is the "key pattern" (from India *via* Korea hundreds of years ago), and the handles are elephants' heads. On the fire *dedan* rests a Morioka iron kettle. Where there *is* a wall it is dark grey rough-cast, but screens (I mean *fusuma*) and *shoji* leave little space. The Tokonomas are empty, so we put our belongings there as the *tatami* are far too fine for our dirty bags.

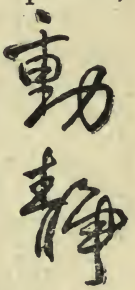
All round the top of the outside walls are dear little *shoji* ventilators, so that when they came and shut us all up last night in *amado*, or wooden shutters, we still had lots of air. I got a pair of "tabi" when we came and they are not soiled at all, so you see how *very* clean the floor is. There is one red cushion for "colour." An *andon* burned just the other side of our bedroom, and gave a very soft light. We had most comfortable beds, *futons* on the floor under a green mosquito netting that formed a room in itself 7 feet by 10, only leaving space to walk around it.

August 5th.—The *Work and Rest* kakemono looked weird seen through my green mosquito net by the dim light this morning. I rang the *electric* bell, and came a maid with tea and the head man-servant, who greeted M. with "Good-morning, Gozaimazu" (Highness), and to me "Mistress, good-morning." Then they tore down our outside house, and put it away in a place built for it, leaving only the paper lantern one with its pane of glass all the

way round, so that I can see the view, even if I close the *shoji*.

When M. came back from his bath our sleeping-room was bare again, the men had vanished, and while I completed my toilet in the little corridor behind the six-mat room breakfast was served. It is all so clean and simple. As M. is out all day he stands it very well when *backed up* by the old green canvas clothes-bag at dinner! They tell us that Sir Claude MacDonald and his wife were here not long ago, and stayed a week. We planned to stay one night, but are going to stay on. I told M. I would give up *climbing Fuji* if he'd stay. I'll keep Fuji to do another time, and the *Golden Flower Island* off here too.

I *know* that the Buddhist Priests must have built those old stone steps that we *clomb* to get up here, and that they sat here (as I do now) long ago. It is very calm, and lots of boats are out. I wonder if the Buddhists *planted* the pines on these islands! It is a *grey* day—sky and sea are steel-grey, the walls of my house are grey, and so is the stem of the old pine and in this light even the green of its "faithful" branches is a grey-green. All the better for my



The villa just below us was occupied by the new Emperor when Crown Prince, and he planted the small pine tree there in the corner. M. and Boon are out fishing, and I think I see their boat.

I am so sorry for people who lose the beauty of this place by rushing back to a train. Murray says "Inn at station." I wish you could *rest* here, Mr. Murray. I'm sorry for Miss Bird (and maybe for *myself* in the Hokkaido). Our andon did not smell, and there wasn't *one* flea! We have a *villa* to ourselves, "heaps" of servants, good food, and

this most lovely, restful view, a room and food for Boon (in the Family Temple, M. says)—and all for 9 *yen* a day = $4.50.

This little house is all very well in summer and in *health*, but *kore wa* (what about) the ordinary Japanese house in time of *birth* or of *death*! I saw into a room in the village street; a man lay looking very ill, in the middle of the floor, and *all the domestic life went on just the same about him!*

To-day has been spent—for me—chiefly in thinking and writing, and in reading *Murray* and consulting the map of Japan; for M. on the water (it is bank holiday in England). To-morrow we go to Aomori by sleeper, and to Hakodate. One Sunday, July 21st, we attend service at Nikko, the next, the 28th, midnight, we climb Nantai-San, and the next we are sailing about among the Islands of Matsushima!

The "speciality" here is seals engraved on solid bamboo. I think we have been "done" a little over the "non-hollow" bamboo for seals. We *shall see.* Yes, we were! We had gone to the most expensive place. There was another where we got them at half the price. "Although she was on pleasure bent, she had a frugal mind." No, she simply never *could* bear to be "done."

August 6th.—After visiting the shrines and cave-niches on Ô'Shima (Holy Island) we drove two miles to the station, arrived at night at Morioka and went to a Japanese Inn. Unpromising exterior, ash and garbage bin below our two rooms on first floor, but these drawbacks overbalanced by extreme kindness and politeness of every one in the house. Boon says that the whole family, from grandfather to grandson, "turned to" to get "foreign food" for us.

Wednesday, August 7th.—M. bought an iron kettle, for which Morioka is famous, and we left at noon for

Aomori. There was a fine mountain view (like Scotland), but although we asked our hotel-boy, a boy at the station and the train-boy, none of them knew which was Ganju-San, the mountain said to " dominate " Morioka. The first glimpse of Aomori Bay after a very hot day in the train—the railroad follows the shore-line—was very *good*. We had a wretched night in an awful " European " room at Aomori, children looking in as I undress, loud shoutings and running about at midnight. It was so hot that all our windows were open—we were on the ground floor—and I saw the people rushing frantically past. One sound dominated all the other din, " Bō, Bō." Early in the morning awakened by the whole village coming for water *under our windows*. Most *awful* (un-) sanitary arrangements. I was actually *sick* from them.

Aomori has one wide, though cheap-looking, street and the most fearful smells ! Women were crying apples to sell as we crossed a kind of common. A curious crowd follows us to the bazaar, where, after some naughty children had caused some amusement by trying to delude us as to prices, we bought a nice basket and a bit of mottled lacquer, both especial work of Aomori.

CHAPTER XIII

HOKKAIDŌ (YEZO) AND BACK TO NIKKO AND YOKOHAMA

Thursday, August 8th.—Left in Japanese boat, *Tamura Maru* I think, of which the Captain was kind and helpful. The shore view of distant convent, Sengenyama and entrance to Hakodate Harbour were fine, but there was a good deal of fog. A little like Hong Kong, but hard and grey, unlike the Peak. Our room in semi-European hotel "the worst ever," and I've seen a few. It was the cellar, very dark and hot, and the only window looked upon the cook's quarters, about five feet away. We had no curtains and the children of the cook jeered at us and got upon my nerves "somethink awful." The cesspit sanitary arrangements (or want of them) were appalling, and were situated next door to us! We banged down the window and frizzled.

Nice evening at the British Consulate, where Mr. C., a friend of Mr. S., entertained us most kindly. I am *so* sorry for him—he has nearly lost an eye, and still suffers horribly, I can see, from it. A nice old house—English and Japanese interiors (but not *mixed*) and a fine view from a balcony, where we smoked after dinner. A restful contrast from our hotel "below stairs." The Japanese idea of *European rooms!!* I get water and towels with great difficulty, though they may have a water-jug. At Hakodate I *clamoured* for towels, and got them at last, but M. found that they had put them on the

bill. It is the Japanese custom for every one to travel with his own towels.

Friday, August 9th.—Long train journey to Sapporo, the capital of the Hokkaid or Yezo, but from the first until dark it was a most interesting one. I wanted to get out and *stay* at Mori with its grey water, grey sand, grey (bleached wood) huts, brown naked babies and bright hollyhocks. We seemed to twist round and round the mountain that gives Volcano Bay its name. The fishing-boats were of strange shape; some had pointed necks, and a few arched like a swan. The air was so lovely all about the bay that I put my head way out of window until cinders drove me in. Fine effect of mountain fading away until it is only a dim outline. Railroad and road follow the shore for miles. You cannot see the opposite shore. Then the train goes inland through virgin forest.

We have had a far worse time than our *roughest* New Zealand experiences, for here we have had to put up with smells, insects, beds, and food such as we can get. And yet *I would do it again* if I had not seen it. Volcano Bay is *beautiful*, and I wanted to get out and jump into the sea with the brown babies!

August 10th.—(Yamata-Ga Hotel).—I know nothing of Sapporo, for we got in late, and doing "odds and ends," weariness, and the *heat* have kept me indoors. A loud noise at the well waked me at 5 a.m., so I slept only from one till five, after two bad nights and a long journey. This city *seems* much larger than Hakodate.

M. and Boon went off fishing in a tributary of the Ishikarigawa, but they only caught some small "ai" and saw a gang of chained convicts washing clothes in the river. What next? Where next? I wanted M. to get a little fishing, but I *do* long for Volcano Bay with its *tang* of salt and freshness in

the air. If I lived in Japan I'd have a summer villa there. You could get everything from Hakodate and the air is far more invigorating than at Miyanoshita or Chuzenji. Near Volcano Bay we saw beautiful wild flowers, Canterbury bells, irises, golden rod, and that same white veitch that grew on Sengenyama and a duplicate in blue; also scores of flowers I did not know. We experienced excellent attention on the train, but execrable manners on the part of some of the passengers—undressing in public, spitting, etc.

August 11th.—M. and Boon went in a queer horse-tram ten miles over a fertile plain to Barato, and then by rowing-boat and small steamer to Ishikari at the mouth of the great Ishikari Gawa (river), where they were preparing for the annual salmon fishing. They were told they were a fortnight too late for the salmon-trout (masu) which had already run up to higher reaches and too early for the salmon (saki), so they got no sport. The fishing, in fact, proved a fraud. It was the same old story we've heard from Canada to New Zealand and on here, "too late" for one thing and "too early" for another.

They had an amusing experience that might have been troublesome. At a little village (Ishikari) where they stayed at a primitive Japanese inn a policeman came running after them as they went down to the boat. "Alarmed by your clothes, sir," Boon explained. (M. had on his *worst* old Burberry's). They had a bundle of fishing-rods and Boon says that probably the officer thought that M. wanted to survey and make a plan of the place—at any rate he thought M. *looked* dangerous—so they had to "stand and deliver," first Boon's license as a guide, and second their names and addresses—M.'s name having to be written both in English and

Japanese. However, nothing further came of it. M. has at least had two days in the open air, and has seen a little more of the country.

August 12th.—The hotel we are in now is *very* good for any country place in Japan (there are three that are perfect—no, two: Miyanoshita and Kanaya's at Nikko). No one speaks or understands a word of English, and I get on by means of gestures, a list of necessities made out by Boon and M.'s phrase-book. By means of the latter I have just got a new pen. I find the people *most* kind! Here they are all anxious to get anything for me, because I am alone.

Yesterday afternoon I went out for the first time and I find Sapporo a very sad place indeed. It has wide streets with houses of wood and wooden roofs. It does not look *Japanese*, but reminds me of a Western American town that has been *laid out*, and started with a "boom" and then stood still. My "boy" took me to the park. Round a muddy pond a little path runs, and one or two nice little hillocks occur where grow straggling pines. A few boys in boats were trying to row, and I saw three boats in a *tangle* finally free themselves with great splashings. I was stared at, and finally followed, by a crowd of children. I tried to ignore them, but that becomes difficult when they hem you in as these did, so I was obliged to return to my 'rickisha. Sapporo is the one place that I've seen in Japan that seems absolutely unattractive and uninteresting.

I am not at all lonely and, of course, not alarmed, for a lady may even travel alone all over Japan and Yezo. The place, however, is so very dull and devoid of interest that I have to fall back on reading, writing, etc. I am never at a loss for *something* to do. Maps and plans for the future are always a source of absorbing interest. So the time flies. And *now* I find Miss Bird and Murray *open books* for

I begin to know something of Japan. It is cooler to-day, and a refreshing breeze comes in at my window. I keep my hibashi a-going, so that I am independent in getting tea. They are very slow—except at the chayas—in bringing tea.

This is a saké drinking-scene—it is not looked upon here as with *us*. A young "blood" here began his "spree" on the 10th—walking about with saké cup in hand he drank all day, and came, at the request of one of the Mousmés, to translate for me—badly "fuddled" then! Much loud talk and giggling came from his room. Yesterday, the 11th, his door stood open, and he lay on his bed with his head in bandages—even the daughter of mine host comes up to inquire after his health! At evening a blind shampooer was brought to his room, and vigorous slapping and pounding went on, accompanied by groans—sometimes yells—from the patient. After I had gone to bed this young man evidently recovered and he with one or two others and, I should think, all the Mousmés, were laughing and shrieking and jumping about on the balcony near my window—under the draped flag which hangs at half-mast for the dead Emperor!

I've had washing done here, and written to Mrs. Thring and E.—also done a little mending and written up this book. There is an excellent private bath in this hotel and I've made up my sleep and rested well these last two nights. Also one is not eaten up by fleas (I've seen none here), and the food is good.

Of course the European decoration and furnishing are *dreadful*, but it is only because they do not know that we like simple things. I suspect the American "runner" or travelling salesman of unloading certain things on the Japanese, who believe they are getting what we want.

At one of the railway stations an old, hot, red plush settee stood blazing in the sun. It was so hot and stuffy-looking that one would far rather stand than *think* of sitting on it. Boon thought that was what we like and have at home! Coming down the long avenue of cedars to Ima-ichi we saw red plush chairs in the numerous barbers' shops, and awfully cheap-looking, large, gilt-framed mirrors. One gets to know that this is hopeless, but longs for water in the European water-jug, towels on the European towel-horse, and not to be obliged to "make up" one's European bed oneself.

This is true in all the "European" hotels I have seen north of Nikko. Sendai was dreadful. We *fought* for clean pillow-cases there, and finally got a clean piece of cloth wrapped *about* the pillow. At Aomori I had great difficulty in getting them to bring towels and water, and even here, as M. had taken our bath-towel (the only one in our kit for the north), I was given a towel that hung by the front door! On refusing that, another was taken from a peg nearer the bathroom, but I did not feel at all *sure* of that towel, so dried myself as best I could with my wash-cloth.

Little Japanese inns that try their best (as at Morioka) I refuse to complain of, though fleas and smells be trying, but Sendai and Hakodate hotels ought to be compelled to provide decent accommodation as they profess to have "European rooms," and their prices are arranged accordingly.

However, it is all new experience, and M. and I are living on experience chiefly at present. We shall go still farther from civilisation to see the "hairy Ainos." The thermometer stands at 86 degrees here in my room. M. is very fit, and, I hope, will get some sport.

I am *longing* for Volcano Bay and Old Muroran,

and *hope* to be there to-morrow ; if possible, I'll go on to Usu ! I can see with that " inner eye " again that lovely bay, where one can breathe and life becomes a joy. Does one's birthplace give one that feeling ? I was born at such a place on Minas Basin, Bay of Fundy, at the foot of Blomidon. I cannot *breathe*—I feel always stifled inland—in summer away from the sea or at least a running stream.

I'm in love with the Daiya—but Volcano Bay *calls* me more than anything I've seen in Japan. How I longed to get out of that hot train—but M. is having a day or two of sport and we shall have been a little farther north. I *know* that I shall like Volcano Bay. The " hairy Ainos," " sights " such as any one volcano, etc., are as *nothing* compared to that air coming straight from the Pacific ! And for this I am going to endure a passage in a little steamer from Muroran to Mori ; for I, who am happy beyond words *at* the sea, am miserable *on* the sea. In perfectly calm weather it always gives me at least a bad headache ; and I shall *endure* seeing the poor horses too and riding one, perhaps, for I want to go to Usu !

M. and Boon returned with never a fish ! M. was just starting off to see the collection of Aino things at the museum when he found that it was closed, so they are going to look at skins, furs, and curios instead. We leave at 9 a.m. to-morrow.

August 13th.—Sapporo to Muroran was a hot, uninteresting journey until we struck the sea air—I say uninteresting, but it was of great interest to see such a fertile plain and so rich in crops as that around Sapporo, although not a *bit* Japanese. We saw horses grazing or hitched to carts, and the houses and crops look like the Northern United States or New Brunswick. This may be due to the fact that

the first "Head" of the Agricultural College at Sapporo was an American and his influence was great. At a station near Muroran we saw our first "Ainos," and M. photographed a woman with her lips tattooed and her child. A man who got into our carriage drank saké steadily for an hour or more, and was very noisy at the inn, where he evidently had come for a "spree."

At the station at Muroran and in the streets we found a number of the big and fat Japanese wrestlers, who wear their hair in a "chignon" and appear to be a different race. M. thought that at last he would be able to see some good wrestling, but they were on tour, and left that evening, after scaring us from the first inn we went to by their noise and nakedness. We had an awful night at "Moto Maru" Inn.

August 14th. ("Moto Maru" Inn, Muroran).—This morning I got angry because I could get nothing I wanted, had had only three hours' sleep after a tiring, hot journey in a second-class carriage with only "bento" to eat, and because the day began by the servants peering in through a pane in the door leading to the kitchen when I was in the bathroom. They wanted to see if it was true that we have tails! M. was out at breakfast at the Station Restaurant and I *scolded*, in English, of course. I stood just outside my door and scolded a group of giggling country maid-servants and one old man who seems to be a sort of clerk. Then I went in and closed my "fusuma" whilst Boon translated. After that we went out in a sampan in the bay, and did not come back until 8 p.m., when they all bowed to the ground and were very respectful, even reverential, towards me.

August 15th.—I got everything I want this morning. It is strange how they understand my slightest

gesture now, and yesterday, before *I went on the war-path,* I could get only the most stupid attention and giggles after waiting hours for things.

We had a delightful day yesterday. M. and Boon and the sampan boy caught lots of fish off the light-house island, M. getting more than a dozen flounders and soles. But first we landed at an Aino village about a mile along the bay from here, and went to see the chief. M. sent Boon to his house to ask if he would receive us, and he came back saying, "He is very *savageous,* sir." M., thinking he meant the chief was angry, went himself to see, but came back, having discovered that what Boon meant was that he had found him in a state of nature. The polished wooden floor was bare and the mats in rolls.

When Boon announced visitors wife No. 1 unrolled the mats and brought a garment for herself and a kimono for the chief, in shape like the *haori* or Japanese over-dress, and ornamented in appliqué white cloth design. He also put on a quaint sword of which he was very proud—the tsuba and hilt inlaid with brass and silver—and a crown which appeared to be an oval of dirty cloth, ornamented in front by a roughly-carved animal's head (Boon says a deer's), and with a bunch of shavings hanging down behind. It was a poor thing!

The chief and his wife look quite like *anybody, i.e.* they had good and regular features and round eyes. He had a long white beard and she must have been very pretty once in spite of the heavy dark tattooing round her lips. They explained they had lost their all in a fire a little time before and appeared to be very poor. The chief was rather mercenary. Their house was thatched in terraces and constructed quite differently from the ordinary Japanese hut, thus:

The large room was evidently only for living in,

AINO WOMAN AND CHILD AT RAILWAY STATION.

AINO CHIEF OUTSIDE HIS HUT NEAR MURORAN.

AINO VILLAGE NEAR MURORAN, LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND IN DISTANCE.

and they must cook and eat as they sit round the central open fireplace. It was very clean, and the space round the fireplace was a polished wooden floor as with us. *Fusuma* shut off the Chief's room, and partly shut off the other. There were heaps of lacquer dishes, etc., in the cupboard, from which

INTERIOR OF AINO CHIEF'S HUT, NEAR MURORAN.

the chief's sword, crown, and some fragments of charred finery belonging to his wife were produced.

The chief claimed us as his relations (being white), and did not seem to love the Japanese. He said there are about thirty in his tribe.

We then rowed to the lighthouse island, standing well out in the bay, and both enjoyed a lovely day in the open—M. *on* the sea, where he likes to be, and I *by* the sea, where I like to be. We had luncheon on the shore in the shade of the lighthouse store-house,

a solidly built place, about 60 feet by 20 feet, of brick with stone doorway and windows. Floor of brick, too, and laid so as to form gutters—a clean, cool place.

A Japanese boy in charge was sent away, M. and Boon go a-fishing, and I'm left in my glory. I undressed in this cool, half-lighted place—only two grated windows—and putting on only my one-piece cotton frock went out to bathe. Then after resting and drying in the sun, I had a lovely sleep on an old sail that had been spread to dry. Such fine air and no sound but the sea. M. was fishing near all the time.

Late in the afternoon I climbed the island for the view. The lighthouse is on the top and log steps (that recall Nantai-San) lead to it. The view is very extensive and beautiful—in the distance a mountain like Komo-no-take, and I saw Esan, a shadowy outline, graceful like Fuji, besides a high line of mountains on the left as you enter the bay. On the right was the village where lives our Chief and away to the left old Muroran lies at the foot of a hill. There were Ainos in queer, dug-out canoes with "sea-telescopes" (boxes with glass bottoms) by means of which they speared fish and sea-porcupines. They will not use hooks and lines. We stayed so late that we saw a very fine, soft, all pink and grey sunset and a wonderful phosphorescence from the oars.

August 15th.—At *Moto Maru* they have *tried* to give us a *private* bath; also clean cushions with white covers—and these for the floor! also silk quilts and pillows. Altogether, in these little ways, the best and cleanest hotel we have found this side of Nikko. Yes, in justice to them I must say that I find these rooms better *equipped* in both Japanese and European details than any of the *mixed* ones we

have found. Besides the usual *Tokonoma* with its *kakemono* there were shelves with white *fusuma* and golden flying storks. Good zens, tobacco-bons, hibachi, tea-tray with white cloth, little cabinets, water-jugs, coal-scuttle, besides all that a Japanese needs for writing—both black and red ink stones. While for Europeans there are tables, chairs, shaving-mirrors, electric lights, and the zens have electric call-bells on them. There are hooks and the clothes-horses of beautiful black lacquer with gold decorations and the ends turned up like Temple roofs. One feels as if one is trying to sleep and dress in the drawing-room! M. went for a ride on a Yezo horse, and I worried till he came home.

August 16th.—We had to leave Muroran at 2.30 a.m. We lay down on our futons under the stuffy green mosquito netting until 2 a.m. Our kind little hostess, by name Mrs. Hondo, insisted on coming out in the mist, which was almost rain, to see us off in the sampan that was to take us off to the little steamer. "You please come again," spoken very prettily, constituting all her English, was her farewell. She made her pretty, profound Japanese bow, and was swallowed up in the mist almost before the sound of her *sayonara* had ceased.

On the steamer I sat alone on deck in a friendly Burberry "slip on" and hat, which defied weather and smuts. Not a thing could one see—and I had come this way to see the scenery of Volcano Bay! All was grey mist, sea and sky mingled—you could not see where one ended and the other began. Even the ship was grey. A little shadow flitted close to my face once or twice and I heard a sad little bird-note like one we heard as we rowed away from Muroran. As daylight came slowly—there was no sun-rise—I saw a little bird that had followed us perched on some bars above my head.

M. and Boon slept on seats on either side of the table in the tiny dining-room on deck. I make tea and give some to the young country folk, who are used only to barley tea. Boon explains that this is Indian tea, and the peasant replies that it is very rare to taste tea from India. Things which struck me at Muroran were the fire watchman with his bells, the blind shampooers with their plaintive whistles, our very kind little hostess and the ambitious Japanese boy at the nice restaurant, who was so keen to learn English.

At 5.30 a.m. we arrive at Mori across the bay, and walk through the main street. The people come out and *stare*. We found quite a nice little inn with three good upstair rooms (M. made a sketch of the cupboards, shelves, etc., with an eye to our Japanese room in England), and the ever-hungry Boon eats in such a way that I reprove him for such large mouthfuls. Whereupon he says, "Madame, we Japanese eat very much and it is proper with us to take a mouthful thus, very gracefully." At this he waved his chopsticks in the air in what he thought a "smart" way, and took such a huge mass of rice that I said, "Why, that's nothing. Just to show what a great man you are, Boon, why don't you carelessly swallow the saucer?" He has his faults, being young, but he is not a bad-natured boy and he laughed with us.

We saw again, however, at the station an instance of his desire to play the fine gentleman. M. told him to buy the tickets and check the luggage. Mr. Boon beckoned an *akabo* with a lordly air, and dispatched the fellow to do what he himself had been told to do. So Mr. Boon sat beside his master and ordered people to wait on him—for which service "master" later has to give tips. Yesterday we told Boon to get the boat tickets, and when asked if he

had done so he said, "Others will do it." If asked to telephone a message he prefers to sit in his room, clap his hands for a servant and entrust what he should do to others.

He is, in many ways, a good boy, but inclined to play the gentleman, and I *cannot* yet believe what he says about Japanese being gluttons. Is it not only the hungry schoolboy out on a holiday? We told him that *refined* people of any land do not eat thus. He eats three or four plates of rice, many fishes, and a bowl of broth—having had tea first—for *breakfast*. I have seen him eat thus until he was obliged to *let out his belt*. Boon is very thoughtful and except once (on our first landing in Yezo) has never spoken at all rudely or hastily and has often been "fussed" over hotels, luggage, etc. Besides, you must remember that much that we demand seems to him unnecessary; and when things go badly for us he is always "very sorry" and full of apologies for the people, who are, after all, *his* people.

He is a bit cool though! We have often spoken of the Book—referring to my mother-in-law's (and other's) request that the letters sent home be sooner or later put into book form, illustrated by M.'s photographs. This morning he said, "Madame, will you please give me three of your book when you write that book?" I explained that it was not yet *written*, and if ever done would be only to give to our family and to friends. "But am I not one of your friends?" Thus young Boon!

August 16th, evening.—Hakodate again after thirty-six hours without changing our clothes. I am in one of the *dungeons* which are let here to "foreigners" as European rooms. It is pouring with rain! We are off again to-morrow morning for Nikko, and I shall be glad to get back to my room over the noisy Daiya—the voices of the river and bell mingled at

times into wonderful music : and at the Fujiya and Kanaya they *do* know how to make you comfortable.

August 17th, Saturday.—Left in s.s. *Yegesan Maru* at 9.30 a.m., and arrived at Aomori at 2.30. Left by train at 4.5 and slept in train, arriving at Utsonomiya next morning and at Nikko at noon on 18th. Spent the 19th, 20th, and 21st resting, visiting shops, writing letters, etc.

A most interesting journey. First the mountain (Komo-ga-take) seen from Hakodate, which we seemed to go all round in the train, and then fine scenery until dark. At Hakodate and Aomori we had wretched rooms, and going to bed at 1 a.m. got no sleep until we got up at 5 a.m. M. does not mind it much, but we are both sick of what the Japanese call "European accommodation" and their ideas of *sanitation.*

August 20th, 1912.—We are back again in this beautiful place. The sun is shining "like anything" and the Daiya is *rushing* on ! It is just 9 a.m., and so, as I write, the Temple bell speaks too, and the Daiya and it sing a most wonderful duet together. The Daiya is very busy, "everyday" and "go ahead," whilst the bell is *very* sad and sweet, because it *remembers* a long, long way back into the past.

The river is always new—born afresh every day and *remembers—nothing !* It is the most noisy, bustling, busy river I ever met, very strong and cold (coming straight down from Chuzenji), and absolutely heartless. It cares for nothing and nobody, but sweeps everything before it in flood time. You see how different they are, the bell and the river ! The bell is a *Buddhist* and *dreams,* and does not believe in taking life. The river has no time for *dreaming,* and hesitates not a second to kill anything that opposes it. One could never grow weary of

these two, and I know that I shall always want to come back to them.

It is very nice—I do believe in contrasts—to be back and find the S.'s here, and the Kanayas, and their servants glad to see one! One little maid—little Sai—heard that I was here (although I did not go down to luncheon the day we came), and I heard a patter of little tabi-clad feet and "O'k San, O'k San," and in rushed the dear little maid, holding out her two hands to me and simply bubbling over in a funny mixture of Japanese and English! She kissed my hands and finally I made out that she was saying, "Oh, I *like* O'k San—Sai like O'k San." She is on my right in the photograph (frontispiece) taken in the garden with the hollyhocks behind us. I had on my Murapara frock and hat and really ought not to be photographed at all—being no longer a fit subject for the camera.

The other little girl—little Yoshi—does not care very much for *anybody* and succeeded in losing two of my best "handkies" (wedding gifts), and only giggles if you reprove her. She speaks very little English. In her way she likes us a little, but likes M.'s book of photographs *very much*, and it is amusing to see how she plans her work to get a few minutes to see the "picshers." She came in last night, and sat on the floor at M.'s feet, looking at our Matsushima photographs, jabbering Japanese all the while to herself over them.

At no other place do the servants seem really attached to us. They call M. "Master," and me "O'k San."

Yesterday we walked down the village street (quite like a Swiss one), and every one to whom we had ever spoken bowed, and some greeted us in Japanese, others in English. At our fur shop the "one who speaks English" said, "Oh, when did

you get back?" just as people do at home. Our Northern Japan trip was very interesting — as showing the country and the customs of the people — but as soon as you get North of Nikko comfort, as we know it, or any *approach to it*, ceases.

Some of our experiences were awful, and I do not know any woman whom I should advise to do it, but that was only *in spots*. Certainly I would do it all over again if I had not seen it. Matsushima was *ideal*. Mr. Kanaya sympathises with us over our trip. He says that Sendai and Aomori are *impossible* as to hotels, and he has stayed at our villa at Matsushima. In some of the little places they had never had a "foreign lady" before, although men come and go on business. Though we had much to put up with, it was *pathetic* to see how they tried to get "foreign food" for us. I remember one place where we waited literally *hours* for dinner, and then they brought us a dish of boiled eggs and *nothing else*. They were in a most "lordly dish" but for several minutes nothing else appeared. Finally about 10 p.m. dish after dish came—chicken preceded fish, etc. etc.,—and we had to get Boon to stop the *steady flow* of dishes from the kitchen! Boon told us that all the family, from grandfather to little child, had "turned to" in one great effort to please us and *do themselves proud*, because "Master is an English gentleman of rank and we have an alliance with England."

To go beyond the beaten track of tourists is the only way to learn "things Japanese." We learned the most and were treated with the greatest respect in the smaller places. In such places the best lacquer, the finest china, the softest and cleanest "futons" were brought out for us. Some of the things were priceless. M. got one day's good sea-

THE EX-M.P. PAWNBROKER OF NIKKO IN HIS GARDEN.

THREE GENERATIONS OF KANAYAS AT NIKKO.

fishing at Muroran in Volcano Bay in the North Island, but the river-fishing was a failure.

I did a fearfully extravagant thing yesterday! There is a delightful old gentleman here (late M.P.), who has a rambling place—charming little houses full of curios of every description—many things from the old Temples, and belonging to the ancient Daimyos and Daimyos' ladies. We often go to this place, and yesterday the old man himself was there and we were caught in a heavy downpour of rain about tea-time. Through Boon we had an interesting and amusing conversation. Cha (tea) was brought in, and the old M.P. himself brought a roll of fine old *hand-woven* blue and gold brocade! It had been the "obi" (sash) of a Daimyo's lady sixty or seventy years ago. I wanted that, as a woman wants a beautiful jewel. I knew it was sheer extravagance, but M. gave me some money long ago to buy things in Japan, and I decided to do without something *modern*, and have my old brocade. I may only hang it up and enjoy it as one does a picture, and I cannot help who likes it or does not—I love this beautiful, dull, old blue and gold thing! It has brown shades, not much gold and neither design nor colours are clear.

To-day we went to photograph the M.P. in his garden, and he was in his *best* and we "dressed up" too—M. in white ducks and topee, and I in my white frock with the long black silk net coat that you once said you liked. I wore also an old, old hat that I got in Paris before I was married. I tell you all this because of what followed. The old man and his son *fingered* my coat (by way of compliment you must know) and remarked upon the beauty and grace of the poor old bird of paradise plumage that has been *jammed* into trunks for a year, and had seen five summers before that! We had a very funny

and interesting "call," and as we came away the late M.P. told our interpreter to tell us that as we had been so good as to take his photograph he would *knock off* 3 *yen* if we would decide to buy a thing we had admired yesterday!

Captain and Mrs. R., with their little boy and Indian servant, came back from Chuzenji yesterday and were delighted with some photographs M. took of them. We expect to see them at Hong Kong next month. One comes back to social life with an appetite for it after *the wilds*! Mrs. S.'s news of the announcement of Lt. B.'s engagement, etc., all emphasise the fact that we have again reached a *trickle* of our own civilisation. We are having heaps of lovely peaches now, and we wish you could be here to have some with us and to visit the curiosity shops. M. played billiards with Major S. last night. I am glad he has some Englishmen again.

Received letter from Mrs. R., telling of Wm. Jr.'s summer trip with Dr. Grenfell to Labrador.

August 22nd, Thursday morning.—M., who had gone down to breakfast, suddenly appears at our room door and says, "Where are my cards? Sir Claude MacDonald is on his way up from Tokyo to his villa at Chuzenji, and is having his breakfast at the next table to me, and I'm going to ask *him* about seeing the Emperor's funeral."

I asked M. to let him have his breakfast in peace and not to bother him, but it turned out quite successfully. We had been present at a very impressive service for the Emperor (when he was dying) at Ieyasu's Temple, had seen from our window the crowds going up in the early morning to pray for him; and when, after climbing Nantai-San, we heard of the death of the Emperor, I said, "Oh, I want to be at the funeral." M. replied that it was *hopeless*.

I still did not quite abandon the idea. At our

villa at Matsushima I begged M. again to try to see the great pageant. At Hakodate I asked at the British Consulate what it was possible to do in regard to it, and I wrote to Mr. S. to ask him if he thought anything could be done by writing to our Ambassador. We wrote to Cook's relative to this (and our sailing) but they discouraged us, although they said "possibly our Ambassador, etc."

A steady downpour of rain began last night and continues this morning, there is packing to face, and I had the feeling that I must at last give up all hope and leave Japan *without* seeing what is sure to be a most wonderful and solemn pageant. A great *depression* is what I woke to this morning and the Temple bell was sadder than ever. The white mist filled up the river valley, muffled the voices of river and bell, and came straight up to the edge of the walk beneath my window, so that only the nearest trees were visible. Nothing to do but face departure from Japan.

But now I have a tiny ray of hope of seeing the great and solemn pageant. It happens that Sir C. M. was at Uppingham when M. was born there, and though "Uncle Edward" gave him "many a good hiding," says he, and thus left a lasting impression, Sir C. will do what he can. Good old practice that of caning. It should not be dropped from the English schools. It has (as may be seen) far-reaching effects! M. and Sir C. had a very pleasant chat over our Hokkaido experiences, etc.

The mourning is universal—little bows of crêpe are worn by all the children—even up at Sapporo—and the crêpe sleeve-band is quite universally worn by all the men one meets in trains and boats throughout our journey. I now hope! This would be a fitting climax to our three months in Japan, and we

should have Boon to explain everything to us. All the costumes are to be of the olden time, and even the officer's swords are to be old ones—such as they have never worn before. It will be contrary to etiquette for any one to stand above the coffin, so there will be no stands erected, nor will people be allowed to see from windows. M. and Boon are out fishing.

[The dénouement of this was most unfortunate. We waited until September 5th, and then sailed, having heard nothing from Sir C. M. about the funeral. Some two months later a letter from him was sent out to me from England, telling me he had obtained tickets for the funeral for us, had called *twice* at the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo—we were, as I had told him, at Yokohama—and not finding us, had left them for us at the Embassy. This was a terrible disappointment.—C. H. M. T.]

August 23rd.—At about 10 p.m. on this day there were two very severe earthquake shocks which shook the hotel from top to bottom, but it had been constructed especially to withstand shocks and little harm was done. A wet day, spent chiefly in packing.

August 24th.—M. and I and Boon spent most of the day at Gamman-ga-fuchi after visiting Mukai's wood-carving shop at Iremaiche. M. fished, but caught nothing, and I again visited the old cemetery where they were cutting the grass and getting the graves ready for the *Bon Festival.* At night a very heavy storm of wind and rain, thunder and lightning. Had an awful time with big box and getting people to bring us things ordered from the shops.

August 25th, Sunday.—A quiet day. M. sent off our heavy baggage in the evening.

August 26th, Monday.—We leave this morning.

I love it all and shall probably never see it again! It is very hard to leave Nikko and the dear people at the Kanaya. I feel as if all the ideal Japan were now left behind me. I enjoy the shopping at Yokohama, but my heart is in Nikko. My poor, honest, dog-like, 'rickisha boy! We gave him very little, but he looked after me in a pathetic way. Some one said that they are only "nice" because we give them more money than they are used to. I don't believe it!

Arrived at Tokyo at 1.30. I drove to see the lotuses in Ueno Park, and then went on to Yokohama, where I met with a nice reception at the Oriental Grand Hotel and a good room, the one lately "occupé par M. le duc de Manchester," M. Mourouan says. M. and Boon paid another visit to the fortune-tellers, and did some shopping in Tokyo. M. took photos, and came on to Yokohama in the evening.

August 27th, Tuesday.—Letters and unpacking boxes which have been three months here. Boon came from Tokyo. Shopping.

August 28th, Wednesday.—Packed big box and wrote many letters. We have had two very busy days since we arrived, and I am tired. A good thing—one sleeps better! M. dined *chez* Mr. S. I knew that they would dearly love a cricket chat. M. and I previously went to Iida's silk-store and got silk as a birthday present for Mrs. T. and some cheap cotton crêpe, which will wear, for the house. We are not buying foolishly but we seem to be collecting an amazing amount. We found the wood-things at Miyanoshita and Nikko—especially the latter—very tempting. We have had a large case made in Nikko of a kind of cedar, and I hope it will *live* to arrive safely in London. Besides this there are two packing-cases here and the screen to be sent later from Kyoto. M. is really enjoying it, although he likes to pose as

a martyr over the shopping. You should have seen him dressing up in gay kimonos (be-dragoned and otherwise) this afternoon at the cotton crêpe shop! We ought to be in Kashmir by the end of October. All the Indian Army people assure us that we shall be enchanted with it. I hope M. will get good sport. He has been very good about my seeing Japan as I wanted to—going where I wished, and staying as long as possible at Nikko, etc.

It is unusually hot, and Asama, an active volcano, has been "cutting up" and making earthquakes and things. We had quite a severe one last week at Nikko—a double shock. It was severe enough to make Major S. rush off to his wife and M. to me to see if we were in fits of "nerves." M. found me calmly contemplating the swaying electric fan cord and waiting for the real shock. It was nothing after the one in New Zealand, and I was expecting more.

Then I have never seen such rain. It rained from early in the evening straight through the night, a steady, pelting downpour. At 1 o'clock Mr. Kanaya was waked to be told that the rain had broken glass doors and windows in the dining-room. He and his men worked all night. Then, suddenly, the electric light went out all over the big hotel. All was inky darkness. Several yards of the *flume* for electric power had been carried away, and they worked all that night and all next day. Finally the light was restored by eight the next evening.

The Daiya was a torrent! It was muddy and angry, and twice the size we had ever seen it. A gang of coolies was at work in the early morning, strengthening the walls of the Chuzenji Road and *watching* the river, whilst the villagers stood on the bank and on the road and watched the coolies. The river drowned the bell that morning. It was between us and the bell.

August 29th, Thursday.—M. and I finish up letters in the morning and M. dispatched and insured four cases by the *Sardinia* to arrive in London November 3rd. Mr. S. to luncheon. M. fusses with Cooks and the boxes. Meantime I write, mend, and have all washed and cleaned up ready for sea again!

August 30th, Friday.—Boon appears again, having been away ill for two days. There is much writing of Japanese letters to Nikko. This morning the box of furniture and *tray* arrives from Nikko, and M. and Boon re-pack it. M. comes up bringing two legs of his *Shinto chair* that will not "lie down," so we must carry them in our steamer trunk! In the afternoon *ivory* arrives from Nikko and M. and Boon go a-shopping. Still I *mend*! We are all in rags. M. pays Boon off, and we talk over the possibility of his coming to London.

August 31st, Saturday.—M. plays golf and Boon does not come, so I mend (still!) and put some things (still!) in the big trunk downstairs, and take out *miles* of iron rust from our white clothes. M.'s ducks had patches two inches long! Out to get cotton tape, etc. and found Nozamaya, Iida, and all the big shops closed—the new Emperor's birthday, so it is a legal holiday. It was very quietly kept—no guns or anything, as the late Emperor still lies dead and *unburied*!

All day a wild wind and sea. It seems like a typhoon. They tell me that to-day and to-morrow are "critical" days here for the rice-crop. It may blow itself out—but we are booked to sail for Shanghai on September 5th, and I begin to *dread* it. It is a rough passage, I'm told. I shall be thankful when we get to India. I dread these awful wind storms of the East, and I do not like the idea of sailing in these old steamers that are now practically *cargo* boats! The wind has been *awful* to-day!

September 1st, 1912 (Oriental Palace Hotel, Yokohama), 7.30 *a.m.*—An *awful* wind still blowing. Just inside the breakwater here in front of our window several small craft are sunk at their anchors. No cease of wind and rain all night long! We are told that Formosa is *swept* by a terrible cyclone or typhoon. The wind god is surely at work! If it will mercifully blow itself out—this storm—before we sail I *shall* be thankful. M. called on Mr. S. in the evening to give him our little birthday present.

Monday, September 2nd, 1912.—*Very* hot and calm after the storm. Mrs. W. came this morning and we did a little shopping at Iida's. It is almost too hot to move, 96 degrees in the shade! Boon and M. shop in the Moto Machi and M. appears with *another* big—rather big—box of china. We have now sent four boxes off, and still have to stow away three pairs of shoes and slippers, a bronze candlestick, two or three blouses, shirts for M., etc. Now off to see the cameo place.

Tuesday morning, September 3rd.—Very hot still—scarcely a *breath* of air, and they are afraid of another typhoon. Boon said "good-bye" yesterday with many stately and sweeping farewells—this was his *final* "good-bye" from a 'rickisha. He *began* saying "good-bye" up here in our room.

We are off to stay for a day with Mr. S. at his beautiful place on the Bluff, to have tea with Mrs. W., and come back to-morrow to close trunks, do final "little things" and take ourselves off to the steamer in a launch. I forget *when* I sailed *properly* up to a pier! Not since we left Sydney, I think!

I thought all the poetry was left behind at Nikko—much, almost all, was for me—but the strangest *little plaintive air is haunting me*—all because of a wandering pedlar of sorry sort, who blew on *something* (I wish I'd seen him and *it*) like a flute; but

this had an *air*—a terribly haunting thing that will not stop, but goes on weaving itself into all sorts of *arabesques*. Perhaps it was a street cry—I heard several in Yezo—but none so weirdly beautiful as this; and I was sitting in a little back room in a street in Yokohama, having my hair shampooed, so I could not run out to see, and no one spoke English.

Then last night, as we crossed the bridge on our way back from the cameo shop, the river full of barges, the wavering line of old houses on its bank, this scene was very attractive "in the cool of the day."

There are two good bits from our window—the sea and the line of trees on the hill the other side of the creek. The only interesting "building" is a little triangle of a Temple roof cut off by warehouses, etc., a good plain line of blue-green copper, and grey tiles. Visited the Yokohama Nursery Gardens with M. and Mr. S. Saw dwarf trees and bought iris-roots for Mrs. Thring.

September 4th, 1912 (218, Bluff, Yokohama).—We came up here yesterday morning and have had a very restful time at this fine old place. It is considered the *nicest* place in Yokohama. There is a garden (Japanese, of course), a Buddha, dwarf trees, etc., and two dear dogs. No, *not* as nice as "Punchie," of course. Please tell him so. The 'rickisha boys are ordered to come for us at 10 o'clock and I finish packing, etc. Mr. S. and a friend of his, with whom M. has played golf, are dining with us at the hotel to-night. Then we are off to-morrow about noon.

It is very hot, and we have just had a typhoon—on Sunday last. Monday was "the hottest day Yokohama ever had," several people have told us. They have a cholera scare (more than a *scare* I am afraid) at Shanghai and there is some doubt as to

our landing. We may tranship at sea. Formosa has been swept by the late typhoon, and I confess to actual *fear* of this wind storm. Sunday's was bad enough seen from our windows that look out to sea. We shall not have a nice N.Y.K. boat as we had before, but an old P. and O.—the *Sardinia*, and I shall be thankful when we reach Calcutta.

I was only " dressed up " for fun at Kobayashi's, but the Japanese thought " O'ksan very fine lady." I am *awful* in those photographs. If it amuses M. to take me, I must submit, but you must be tired of seeing my photographs ! I'll try to get another of M. soon. I am sorry to leave Japan.

September 4th, Wednesday evening.—Back from 218. The Bluff and M. and I have been to a Mr. Howe, dentist, to have our teeth cleaned. I have been packing, tried on two needed blouses (in this hot weather) and have had no rest from the moment we came in. A Mr. F. lunched *chez* Mr. S. (he is to be on our boat to-morrow) and a Mr. G. dined there last night.

Mr. S. told us a true story à propos the system at Yokohama where no one pays cash for anything at the time but signs " chits " for all goods, drinks, etc., purchased. These are collected monthly by a very polite but businesslike old Englishman. The hero of the tale, who was " hard up," decided to climb Fuji on the day the " chit " collector was due in order to avoid him. As he arrived at the summit of the mountain he met face to face the " chit " collector, who had scaled the other side, with a smile beaming on his face and his bag of unpaid " chits " hanging at his side. Tableau !

Mr. S. and his friend Mr. W. dine here to-night. The S.'s are here ! They are *very good to look at* among all these new people who only come to take a steamer. We bought quite a nice " Kwannon "

(goddess of mercy) and a bit of embroidery that I *hope* is good. I like the old faded colours, but *I do not trust the man* (an American). A nice postcard from J. Kato (the "very ambitious boy" of the Muroran Restaurant) about the phrase-book I sent him. He says he will keep it *for ever*. This our nice "dark man" (the second waiter) read to us, for, of course, the card was in Japanese. We had a nice tea *chez* Mrs. W. yesterday, when she insisted on my taking the brass bowl. M. sent "Buster" two books to-day.

I do not like to leave Japan and if we had a *sudden* month *more* here I should go straight back to Nikko! M. is *fussing* with photographs and his photograph book.

Mr. C. and a Mr. W. (whom I like because *he* likes London!) dined with us on our last night at Yokohama, *i.e.* September 4th. Major and Mrs. S. were there too. I give Mrs. S. Kyoto addresses and try to give her a cold ginger ale. Wilful little lady *returns* it.

CHAPTER XIV

SHANGHAI

Thursday, September 5th, till Sunday, the 8th, on board the P. & O. s.s. Oriental (Capt. Valentini).—Better passage than I had anticipated, nice weather all through the Inland Sea. Mr. F. and Mr. C. make the time to pass more pleasantly. M. played bridge with Sir H. de Sausmarez, Chief Justice at Shanghai. We mercifully escape a typhoon, as it is the season for them and that last Sunday in Yokohama was so bad. It swept this corner of the world, and when I saw the end of the typhoon from our hotel windows at Yokohama a great fear of the sea came upon me. It was awful even inside the breakwater. Small craft were overturned and sank. But we have been most fortunate—good weather, not too hot—and calm seas, although the ship is *jiggling* a bit. The first officer, Mr. B., a cat fancier—old Westminster school boy, with South African and Boxer medals, who has had heaps of hospital ship experience—possesses fine thumb-nail sketches of Lord Kitchener.

Sunday, September 8th, 1912.—On arrival at Shanghai the flags were at half-mast, and we heard that one of the P. & O. staff had just died of cholera.

After "fussing" with them a bit, we finally secured a good room overlooking the Bund—like the Yokohama one—not *quite* in the front of the Palace Hotel but very good. M. went alone to the Chinese Theatre.

Monday, September 9th, 1912.—Early morning

scene from our balcony: quaint Chinese wheelbarrows with one wheel in the centre, a contrast of up-to-date warships with old junks, their sails having nearly as much hole-space as canvas.

Visit Laon Kai Fook & Co., where I got and sent to E. some silk crêpe and bought a "one piece" blue, regular Chinaman silk for myself and, I hope, enough for M. too. The lavender hues which are so pretty and so common I feared would not be so good for me—but they *are* lovely when faded a little, and they add beautiful tones to the street scenes. A big and busy city this and a "grande mêlée" as we found as soon as we went even a little way into it. Very nice plan to send silks home *at once*, and have no more bother about packing and re-packing them.

This afternoon we go to the Convent "out Siccawei Road way" to see lace and embroideries made by the Chinese girls. We have engaged a Chinese trap—I hope the pony will be up to his job (he was not!). One gets a peep at the "sweating millions" here. It was very hot (92 degrees) yesterday but rain has cooled the air a little.

Tea-time, September 9th, 1912.—We drove to the Observatory and Convent and back in a drizzle. Convent of old stucco standing by a "water," whether river or ditch I know not, for all "water" here is slow, sluggish, and *thick*: one cannot see current or *anything* in it! A nice old "Sister" showed us lace, and I got a beautiful collar—venetian and embroidered—and M. bought a nice bit of lace by the yard for his mother and me—enough for neck and wrists for each—for our "best" frocks. We saw the girls at work. One sweet little Chinese "Sister," all in black, was doing an *exquisite chemise de jour*, embroidered and dentelle! Madame la Sœur en charge m'avait souhaité *bon voyage*, avec empressement, parce qu'on parle beaucoup du

"typhoon" maintenant. Et, vous savez, il y a assez de choléra ici à présent aussi! Demain soir nous en allons, grâce à Dieu.

The Sister told us of the death of a friend of hers on the day we arrived. She was the Mother Superior, and had been taken ill of cholera at 7 a.m., and died at 10 a.m.—three hours! I went sick and cold while I looked at the lovely lace, and heard the Sister tell M. this. I dogged M.'s steps all the time for fear he would forget and drink the *wrong water* (we had a special water provided for safety), and we dared not eat salad or uncooked "green stuff" of any kind. Altogether we have no real worries now until we embark again on the *Sardinia* for Singapore. Then we shall again be in the typhoon centre—May and September being the worst months.

Mr. Cox called while we were gone. Sometimes I wonder if M.'s ignorance of "dress" etc. is pretended. His taste is *excellent* when he will "be good" and go a-shopping with me. As a judge both of colour and style of work, I prefer his taste *for me* to that of any woman I know—but that is only when he will "be good" and *faire attention.* To-day he saw at once at the silk shop that a silk was *too blue* for me—I needed more *grey* in it and (kore wa!) as to a lace coat at the Convent—that it was too *ornate* for me. *He* chose the lace for collars and cuffs and it is a nice quiet pattern. Men *are* funny!

September 10*th.*—It was wet to-day. M. went over the old Chinese city, which he said was very dirty but picturesque, and where he was shown a tea-house in a pond approached by a twisted bridge to prevent the devils from entering, said to be the original of the "willow pattern" plate. Also a curious old Mandarin's Garden with houses for his various wives round them. He called on Mr. Cox at the

Shanghai Club. I was afraid to have M. prowling about inside the old native city but he enjoyed it and was none the worse.

September 12th (on board the P. & O. s.s. *India*, Captain Gordon, to whom Mr. C. introduced us, and upon whose right I sit at meals again).—A large blue jay and small shrike were on the ship to-day. We sailed the evening of the 10th, after I had gone back to Laon Kai Fook for a shawl and a scarf—got one for M. too. It was rainy and cold coming off (fourteen miles!) in the tender that evening. Mr. C. introduced Mr. N., who proves a delightful *compagnon de voyage*. Now at 10 a.m. we are off Amoy with a following sea (N.E. monsoon) and what the Captain calls "most favourable conditions." The air is full of reports of the typhoon of ten days ago—wrecks at sea and in harbour, and an awful tidal wave that killed thousands at a Chinese town on the coast near here. We are passing Formosa.

I can never *love* China as I do Japan. I hear people talk of the Japanese and especially of the "coolie" class. They know nothing of my dear "faithful dogs"—the 'rickisha boys who were so *kind* to me or a boy like the "boots" at the Kanaya Hotel or my faithful old soul of Sapporo. I'm glad I do! And now it is really all behind us and I can only *hope* to go back one day. Now we must think of the new lands to come. After Hong Kong it will be all "new and strange."

How ignorant we are! I've just found out what a big *island* Singapore is. I thought it was a port on the mainland. This is a wonderful voyage—this and the one from Yokohama to Shanghai. I had greatly feared a typhoon. I wanted to read Conrad's book by that name, but *cannot* until I am out of the typhoon course or belt. I am studying the atlas now of this part of the world.

I saw a fleet of fishing junks just before we came abreast of Amoy and many islands lying dim on the horizon. Then while we (M., Mr. N., and I) waited on deck for the breakfast gong the Captain came and pointed out the landmarks at the entrance to Amoy Harbour. On the left stood Nantai, and the Captain said *he* could see thereon a pagoda—"a fine large pagoda, too"—because he knew where to look for it. We get in early to-morrow, and I am to be called early to see the Pass just before Kowloon—Lymoon Pass, I think.

September 13*th*.—Up before six (nice Mrs. Reed, the Stewardess, called me), and the colouring and *clearness* of it all—the air was just cleared by a typhoon which had circled round us (the Captain said he "smelled it")—was a thing to remember always. Hong Kong is very beautifully situated. We came in a different way this time and I was on deck before 6 o'clock to see the wonderful view. When I first arrived on deck the lights were still a-going in the lighthouse and the islands were clearly and blackly outlined. The sun rose just as we came unto Lymoon Pass, and the colouring is beyond words on a fine morning. The water is deep blue, the hills splashed with ochre tints and the distant ones all shades of purple.

Then one comes in, past Kowloon, and on the left the Peak shows a purple shoulder, then stands boldly out—all of it—with Hong Kong at its foot, climbing up its sides and even on its skyline. I wonder if any one ever saw the lights twice alike in Hong Kong Harbour. It is far hotter here than in Japan, and for that reason I shall be glad to go to sea again, although I dread the typhoons a little.

Landed and went to the Hong Kong Hotel. Just time to unpack when Captain G. came to lunch. It was his baby's birthday. It comes out that he

GATEWAY TO NATIVE CITY, SHANGHAI.

BIT OF THE OLD WALL OF NATIVE CITY, SHANGHAI, NOW BEING DEMOLISHED.

knows the M.'s of Kinaldie and Aberdeen! "Geoff" and Mr. B. dine with us. Rotten dinner!

September 14th, Saturday.—Go to "Bon Ton" to try on frock for to-morrow—also visit Kwong Woo, 66, Queen's Road for my earrings, etc., and the Swato Trading Co. In the afternoon it was hot, so I stay in while M. goes to see "Geoff" play Polo. Very hot!!

September 15th, Sunday.—In the morning to the Peak to hear the K.O.Y.L.I. Band at the R.E. Mess. Very good music, the best I have heard since I left home. We and Major and Mrs. T., whom we met at Nikko, are Lieut. B.'s guests. "Geoff" came with us in full uniform. On to lunch at the N.'s. The "Missis" very nice—used to army life in India both with her uncle, an Adjutant General at Peshawar, and with her brother in Kashmir. Nice little lady!

Monday, September 16th.—Shop (little things) in the morning. Received a note from Mrs. R. and Mr. Haynes' card sent up—me not dressed. Had big trunk up and *stowed* Mrs. W.'s brass pot. "Geoff" and Mr. B. to dinner again—all went well this time. We are to see Mr. Haynes, Mr. B. and *of course* "Geoff" at home.

Tuesday, September 17th, 5.30 *p.m.*—M. tried to go over to call upon Mr. Haynes at Rennie's Mills but a stupid 'rickisha boy took him to the wrong pier, and he missed the boat. Major C., R.E., telephoned for him to explain. All the packing done! M. reading a book on photography—all his "things" out ready for "Geoff's" mess—he dines there to-night. I have on my new (but dirty) "Bon Ton" silk crêpe dress, my old lace bolero, fished out and found still wearable, Honolulu red beads, and my new Chinese jade ring that M. got here of Kwong Woo. I am fearfully "dressed up!"

Mrs. R. came over this morning, was induced to

stay to luncheon, but could not make up her mind to let her Indian "Bearer" go! I am rather relieved, for we do not need him at all until Calcutta. Much cooler to-day—cold in comparison—and I fear "weather" at sea. There's nothing for it but to go —we are "booked" for Singapore "willy nilly." There's *that* to be considered in a tour round the world—even a leisurely one like ours—the day comes, and you *must* sail no matter what the weather, and, unless a disaster prevents, off you go! Otherwise all your "bookings" for months ahead have to be cancelled and done over again. I shall hope for our wonderful good luck to still follow us.

Saturday, September 21st. (P. & O. S. N. Co., s.s. *Sardinia*).—In spite of all the scare the typhoon obligingly went round and up by Formosa, so we are again in great luck. M. is getting some cricket on this ship. After passing along the Coast of Cochin China to-day we are nearing Singapore after the *tamest* voyage that I've had since we left home. Nothing has happened. We have got through a lot of reading, and have been extremely lucky in that we've had no storm and no great heat—though it was so stuffy in our cabin (no fan!) that I fled to the music-room one night and slept there!

I am writing in the dining-saloon. Little gusts of rain and wind come up from time to time and strike us—first on the starboard, then the port side and then on our bows. Drops are being blown in through the forward windows at present. We have been so very lucky! If you had seen the "edge" (as they called it) of that awful typhoon at Yokohama you would have pitied me, knowing I *had* to put to sea in twenty-four hours. But we were very fortunate in our weather, our ship and our "ship's company." I think I wrote that a typhoon

obligingly passed the other side of Formosa on our way from Shanghai to Hong Kong.

Later, at Hong Kong, we were to sail on Wednesday morning, and there was a sudden fall of the thermometer (*and* barometer, only I did not know this latter) on Tuesday afternoon. We were at the Hong Kong Hotel, and I heard an awful row going on in the corridor outside our room. At last I went out—it was so dreadful, sounding like tearing the walls down—and at a glance I *knew*, although I had never seen it before. The coolies were putting up heavy iron shutters—getting them into their grooves. I said to one "Typhoon?" "Yes, missie." Again I, "Who talkee typhoon?" Coolie, "Office and keeper house" (housekeeper). Then I went back and told M. He said he had been afraid of it. "But must we sail to-morrow morning?" I demanded. As usual M. was calm and sensible. He told me that the ship would not go out into actual danger. "No, but we can be awfully uncomfortable and yet not die," I said.

Our room had a big balcony, from which one could see the Peak and the scudding clouds that raced over it. M. went to G. K.'s mess to dine and after dinner I finished packing and watched the wind-storm on the Peak. After all this, and typhoon signals up all over the place, it (the typhoon) sailed past and went up *inside* Formosa this time over the path we had just crossed! We are practically "out of them" now, the chief Engineer tells us, and we have had such a fine passage that we are to "make" Singapore to-morrow afternoon instead of Monday. We expect to get heat at Rangoon and Calcutta, if not in Singapore. We shall stay as short a time as possible in Calcutta, and are to go on at once to Srinagar, and get a houseboat. I feel sad whenever I think of Japan. Japan is behind,

and we are not yet in a new country of which to write.

Yesterday I had England and all my favourite haunts in London and you all very much in mind. It is difficult to *keep track* of the seasons at home. We have had one continual summer since Vancouver nearly a year ago. This ship is small and steady, and makes her few passengers quite comfortable. The captain has two Russian cats, and we are always discovering more cats. There were two very amusing black ones playing for'ard on the sailors' deck before breakfast.

The coast of Siam was rather fine yesterday—the colours are still *unbelievable* out here! The sky and sea and mountains someway get all "washed in" together! They always look, to me, done in water-colours and sometimes are almost the same tone—only light values are different in the whole scheme. Yesterday the sea, clouds and mountains were all a grey-blue, relieved by a tawny beach and the white paint of a passing ship. These two—the buff-coloured sand and the white of the ship—were accentuated so that they fairly jumped out of that misty grey-blue.

September 23rd to 26th, Singapore.—My impressions—*swarms* of natives on the wharf, bigger 'rickishas, *i.e.* "coolie" of less value, wonderful colours of costumes in the streets, Connaught Road shady and cool in the early morning, fine trees. Hotel big, uncomfortable and expensive; no drainage, no bed-clothes; noisy with children, dogs, servants, typewriter always clicking, shots, and howls of poor lost dog shot by policeman this morning as I am having my "chota hazri." Every one seems given up to "gain." Dreadful hag in pawnshop. An awful place! Glad to go to sea again.

M.'s impressions—wonderfully cosmopolitan place

Europeans of all sorts—chiefly English and Dutch—Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Cingalese, etc., etc., almost all "on wheels," in motor-cars, gharries, motor-cycles, 'rickishas, etc. Cricket, tennis, "soccer," and golf all being played in steamy heat simultaneously.

We drove to a Chinese Temple, three miles out, through wonderful tropical vegetation (reminding one of Honolulu, but without the royal palms or fine iron-wood trees) with native huts built of rushes sandwiched in with pretentious villas of Europeans, rich Chinese and others. The palms we saw were small ones, but one tree (the same that grew in the little square under our windows at the Young Hotel, Honolulu) *is* here in full bloom. The Chinaman seems to be the man who is making money here.

The Chinese *Buddhist* Temple was shown us by a tall, thin Sikh policeman who was very polite if not very informative. The demons and tortures painted on the outside walls were very dreadful and revengeful, far worse than any *Nio* I had seen in Japan. The fierce, diabolical *energy* of them was a *strain*. Passing quickly through, I was at once at the back of the shrine, where sat a *nice* god with quite a kind face. I exclaimed, "Oh! this is calmer!" and our Sikh policeman beamed, showed all his square, white teeth and said, "Yes, Sahib, *Kharma!*" They often "Sahib" me instead of "Mem Sahib."

M. has been "shying" a match-box at a little lizard on the cornice of our bedroom. Only his little claws were in sight until he made him move.

The bullocks who do all the heavy haulage have humps—very queer ones—just at the back of the yoke. There is a mad rush all along the Bund at night. Poor Sir Stamford Raffles, who almost

broke his heart over this place, has a statue in a big square—the cricket ground—facing the sea and in front of the cathedral. A curious thing is a big lighthouse up a side street. This place looks like a crazy comic opera scene at night. All sorts of people are out—"on wheels" as M. says—and the poor coolie is often drawing a whole family along. There is a regular "Coney Island" to the left of the hotel.

Think of it! Nearly the end of September, and we are steaming in summer heat. We have had no spring, no autumn, no winter for a year. In many places—Honolulu, Suva, Japan, and Hong Kong—you find compensations for the things you have to endure, but Singapore has *nothing* that could make me want to see it again. When it has not rained it has *steamed* ever since we arrived. We could not see the harbour for steam when we came off in the tender. *À propos de cela,* I can hardly remember *when* we sailed up "properly" to a wharf. We lay at anchor on Sunday night, having arrived too late to land passengers, and it was the most dreadful night I remember. We had only one small port-hole and not a breath of air! What one could gasp was hot steam. Then a ship is a fearfully noisy thing when she unloads. One can understand the decline in favour out here of the P. & O. when so many other companies are *kinder.* Not only do they make you pay extra for an electric fan, which the other companies do not, but our last ship had none on board for the cabins. Then you could not hire a deck-chair on board. Every one brought his own. Fancy carrying your deck-chair under your arm round the world! The Pacific was awfully hot, and so was our voyage from Sydney to Japan, but in each case all that was possible was done to make one comfortable—we had fans as a matter of course and without extra charge. On the P. & O. ships

you must not do this or that—you must not eat a biscuit or drink your ginger-ale in the music-room—the only sitting-room—etc., etc.

On landing at Singapore the first thing one notices is more colour and more mixture of races. The place *swarms*—you are in a sea of moving, gaily-clothed (no, half-naked), dark-skinned natives. My 'rickisha was much larger than those I had seen before, and I saw why when some passed me with two or three people in each. The drive along the shore (Connaught Road) under a fine avenue of tropical trees was very restful.

At the hotel we had a large bedroom with two beds, each done up in a sheet, two pillows at the head and a long one in the middle, "to keep you cool," but no bed-clothes which are considered quite unnecessary in the heat; mosquito curtains of course. Beyond the bedroom (which is always dark except when the electric light is turned on) are two rooms with cement floor below the level of the bedroom. In the first are two washstands, towel-racks, clothes-basket, etc. In the second stands a large earthen bowl—a very large one—brown outside and pale green within. Into this flows water from a tap. It is a Singapore bath-tub! The concrete floor slopes away to a drain in one corner, and the water flows away into it as it is poured over you. It is a long way back to this bathroom—the depth of the house in fact—and the coolies come in at a back door to keep the place clean. It is drenched with water in this process of cleaning and then left to dry—so it *steams*. There is no drainage in Singapore, and everything you put on feels damp.

In the front, where I am now, is an outer room where one sits. It is furnished with rattan furniture and screens shut one off (more or less) from the corridor. There are matting "shades" around the

outside piazza. The sitting-room is very lofty, with whitewashed walls, and there are two port-holes high up on each side, so you see here "walls have ears." I cannot help hearing all that goes on in the sitting-room on either side.

Singapore is flat—one dead level. There is *colour*, and the one "different" and therefore delightful thing that I have seen here so far is that the light-house is quaintly placed up a side street in the town!

This is a big, noisy, rambling, expensive hotel. We have not paid such a price since New York. On our first night here we sat up reading, having found the reading-room well stocked with recent magazines, and when we went to our room, about 11 p.m., I saw at once that no one had been to make the beds. I went to the back in fear, but found that the coolie *had* attended to the bath, etc., and that all was clean. I rang and asked the Chinese "boy" for two sheets and two blankets. He brought one sheet and one old "honeycomb" bed-spread torn in two. I gave M. the sheet and his Turkish bath-gown, and I took the half of the old "spread" and my kimono. It was cool, and we needed blankets in the early morning. Next day M. went to the office and said that in an expensive hotel the beds at least should be properly made, but we had *the same* last night. It is warmer now but one dare not "sleep cold."

There are few women and fewer ladies, but lots of men here. There are palms and a band, and every one drinks "apéritifs" at little tables under the palms on the piazza overlooking the harbour before dinner. There is a long French *menu* and always a *noise*! Always a murmuring of the "heathen" who wait about the doors to take you for a drive or to sell things, and the Europeans are *nervous* and

EXTERIOR OF CHINESE TEMPLE NEAR SINGAPORE.

AUTHORESS AND SIKH POLICEMAN IN CHINESE TEMPLE NEAR SINGAPORE.

noisy. The ladies (?) are loud in dress and colouring. There are two exceptions—one a very thin, pale, dark little woman—a lady—who sits near us in the dining-room with her husband, who must be in business here. She is young and is going to have a baby, and I pity her! The other is the wife of a clergyman, and her whole attitude, her whole atmosphere, proclaim to the world that she *believes* she is the only virtuous woman "East of Suez" and *knows* that she is the only lady! She is rather thin, of medium height, wears her blond hair very tightly frizzed (fearing *any* relaxing in this air), and last night she wore a high-necked black gown with a drawing-room train. Truly it was so long that when I saw her *sailing* off to her room, the poor clergyman positively slunk along next the wall to give her a *clear way*. She wore a good old lace collar and front with long lace cuffs from wrist nearly to elbow. Men smoke in the reading-room, and M., unthinkingly, smoked his pipe. The lady whispered to her husband and they withdrew from our table into a corner. Afterwards it struck us both that it was doubtless the pipe! We are "no better than we ought to be" now!

I have felt rather anxious here and the first night I bolted the door to the bathroom, but M. made light of it, although he had been warned by a Scotchman at the bank that if thieves get in and you should wake up, they think nothing of "using a knife." We are both well and *quite* in our right minds, so we shall be careful. I shall try to forget the gruesome facts Mr. McD. told M., but shall be glad when we leave to-morrow. In the *Surgeon's Log* the author says he was glad to get away to sea from the "confusion" of these ports, and I look forward to it, too.

Never since we left home have we felt so *helpless*

in a hotel. They ask you what they like and give you what they choose.

Oh! my *dear* Japan and the lovable little Japanese! I cannot imagine a white person *liking* a Chinese or an Indian, but I was quite fond of the little girls at Nikko and became attached to the 'rickisha "boys" there, as one does to a dog. Their eyes looked like dog's eyes. But we are here.

I wish I could write what I saw yesterday! It was a nightmare. We went to pawnshops here to look at things and in one an old Malay hag was trying on beautiful rings. Those awful hands! She swore, I am sure, in an unknown tongue. We bought some silk "sarongs" and malacca canes here. The smells are bad and *strange*—that unmistakeable *smell of the East*—it is pungent, "heady," stifling, and *queer*. I smelt it in Chinatown, San Francisco, in 1896 and have never forgotten it.

We went to a Temple yesterday, but "that is another story." I saw some *awful* frescoes of tortures. This Singapore is an unnatural, dreadful place.

M. could get no cricket, as he had hoped to do, because there was a big tennis tournament in full swing at the Club.

We go on board the British India s.s *Ellora* this afternoon (Thursday, September 26th).

Saturday, September 28th.—Anchored off Penang—only the shore front visible through rain and mist. Squalls of rain and wind all night long cooled the air so that Penang has been quite bearable to-day. I was "up and down" all night long closing port-hole to keep dry and opening it to get air. The bites of insects at Singapore burn and eat into one's flesh, one is headachey and half sick from lack of air and *steamer* smells, and yet one gets up, bathes, and

goes on as if *well.* One gets used to it all—all the discomforts of travel. The people, especially *women,* at home have no idea of the *discomforts* when they envy me my travels. But—here is a new spot on the face of the earth (for me) and the people on board are *studies.*

Nice Captain and officers in the *Ellora.* Mr. B., first officer, a Yorkshireman. I'm sorry for them all —they have no social life and do not get home to see their *folks* on this B. I. run. I had a very interesting chat with the Captain on "ye days of old" under canvas. I told him of my Uncle Jo, and he told me how he ran away and his first night at sea.

The second officer is studying land-surveying and, in his spare moments, reading French, which he has picked up himself. The first officer of the *Oriental* (Mr. B.) was such a *Britisher!*

Since Yokohama, the *Oriental* to Shanghai, the *India* (Captain Gordon) to Hong Kong, the *Sardinia* (all P. & O.) to Singapore, and the *Ellora* to Rangoon.

Mrs. P., wife of a U.S.A. naval doctor, the most *busy* woman I ever met—the greatest "worker"—who told me that her husband was surgeon of the U.S. Navy Ship *Bennington* when she blew up at San Diego (fortunately he was ashore with her at the time. There were 65 killed and many wounded, with the latter of whom they had a terrible time)—a Frenchman, born in India, who lives in Saigon and who gave me a description of the place, these were some of the passengers.

I hope to see "The Crag"—but so far it is not visible. A queer old Scotchman (the chief Engineer) says in broad Scotch, "It arlways r-r-rains her-re." I thought the Crag would be some unmistakeable point like Diamond Head, but no one seems to know which it is. There are two points up on the hills, either of which may be it.

The most beautiful part of Singapore is leaving it. The "narrows" and all about there, with *vistas* between islands far and near, stretching away towards Sumatra, seen at sunset make worth while all the discomfort of Singapore. There is always something that *does*. We passed a curious Malay village built on piles in the sea.

A little American woman going back to Yeneyung, (?) Standard oil wells, makes her own (very chic) dresses, Irish lace collars, etc. She has just been talking to me here in the "lounge" before breakfast. She tells me two women who went home to have their first babies were lost in the *Titanic*.

We have sailed along the Malay peninsula almost all the time in sight of land and last night about 8 o'clock we passed a funny little island all out by itself. From there we changed our course and sailed for Penang.

Saturday, September 28th, 1912, 3.30 *p.m.* (Penang). —Penang is a long island on our left and the hills rise above the town, but not so impressively as at Honolulu and not *nearly* so much so as at Hong Kong. It seems as long as Oahu, and where Diamond Head would be is the E. and O. Hotel, much nicer than at Singapore, but under the same management. A nice Scotch lady met us there, delivered us out of the hands of two 'rickisha *brigands* and came afterwards to see if we'd had tiffin.

From where we sat, in front of the hotel, there was a lovely view of the mainland two miles away with palm trees growing to the water's edge and, inland, beautiful mountains, which the above lady said you climb on elephants. The strait is only two miles across here, and the mainland on the right is fringed with cocoanut palms. M. and I went out to the Chinese Temple—through a great cocoanut grove—the first I've seen. Grey lines—very tall—with

bunches of green feathers pendant at the top, brown thatched roofs of native huts below seen through the stems, queer blues and yellows of "better class" houses to give colour to the scene and finally the gradual broad steps leading to the Temple, which was quite beautifully situated and *very clean.*

I never shall forget those cocoanut palms—not before have we seen so many—a few on the Pacific Islands—but here you see miles of nothing else. The *effect* when near is wonderfully dignified. It does not scare me as it did Lafcadio Hearne, but it *does* remind me of Gothic architecture; so does the avenue of limes at the right of the Brompton Oratory at home; so does the cryptomeria avenue at Nikko. But the long grey lines of these palms *are more* like granite when one looks through hundreds of them. These palms are all *numbered* here. There are black rocks on the hillsides—some very big boulders that look perfectly black!

We bought the usual crackers and let them off, to frighten away the devils we introduced, before entering the Temple.

A Chinaman, of very nice appearance and "engaging" manners, after showing us the Temple and ponds full of turtles and fishes, which we fed, led us to a small room, where a table was laid. He kept murmuring one thing and then tried to tell me *very* distinctly. I could only make out "Do-co-co-not," automatically ground out with no accent until the last syllable. I tried hard to catch it, and at last made sure we were to be invited to eat cocoanuts. It was only when we were brought face to face with a framed autograph of the *Duke of Connaught* that it flashed upon me! There was also the signature "Patricia, Princess of England and Ireland." It sounds young and bold and daring—not to say

assertive. Her mother's and the Duchess of Teck's look *modest* beside that signature.

There was a good view from the main porch of the Temple over the tops of the cocoanut palms to the sea—miles away. From this point Penang looks a large island.

I noticed the women here especially, and the draperies on their erect, slim bodies, like half-nude bronze statues. How well they carry themselves! A woman wearing a sarong draped around her body with another over head and shoulder is beautifully "dressed" for freedom and grace of movement. Both women and bullocks wear ornaments, the women in ears and noses and on arms and ankles, whilst the men wear wedding-rings on their middle toes! Bullocks in good condition, with strings of beads or a fine shell in the centre of their foreheads, were contentedly feeding, and one was lying down so *meekly* to be shod.

I think this the most beautiful place on this side of Hong Kong—although perhaps the "gut" as we came out of Singapore is as beautiful. The mountain-line away to the right behind the cocoanut palms, faint and fine and *flowing*, may be called "tender" in form and colour without "gushing."

We went off in a sampan different still from Japanese and Hong Kong ones. The Penang sampans have the stern divided into two points like ears. The boatmen stand and "back water" with oars at the side of the boat, and not with a scull behind. There are queer craft all around with large eyesin the bows like the Chinese junks, but the decorations are more symmetrical, with geometrical designs, lozenges, squares, triangles, etc. The Malay boat looks absurdly tiny and frail.

On the wharf was a newspaper stall and a general cab-stand. I saw a large "contents sheet" which

said that my dear Japan has been devastated by a typhoon. She has just buried her Emperor—and that must have cost much besides the life of one of her greatest soldiers and statesmen, General Nogi; she is still in debt for her last war; and now comes a loss of many lives and millions of yen. We know the devastated places in Japan so well. Fancy Nagoya, where we visited the old castle, with scarcely a house untouched! On our way to the Chinese Temple I said aloud more than once, "Oh! my poor, dear Japan!" We hope to be in Rangoon on Tuesday morning, October 1st.

CHAPTER XV

RANGOON AND MANDALAY

October 1st, 1912, Rangoon.—The town lies low and is *not* impressive from the water as we lay off this morning. When we were driving to Minto Mansions Hotel I thought the streets and people dirty—not clean like Penang. It is late, and M. calls me to put out the light.

October 2nd.—The "boy" (quite a different "boy" in each country, but still "boy") has just brought "chota hazri," and I am up early to pack for Mandalay. Lizards, men, dogs and horses kept me awake last night. Have you ever heard the chuckling laugh of a lizard? Poor horses and bullocks, (no 'rickishas) which are not well fed and are often treated cruelly. Caste marks on foreheads of Hindu men. Even more colour and variety of dress than at Singapore. A long way to Minto Mansions.

As I am not up to much walking we motored to the Shwe Dagon (the incomparable) and the lakes. I remember most clearly of all the *medley* of colour and form at the Shwe Dagon, the disappointing dirty approach (men, children, dogs and chickens, cooking and feeding in nasty ways), pools of what looked like blood, awful smells, rows of "mussy" people, and at last, after climbing many steps as we emerged from the arcades at the shrine, a nice, neat, little Burmese maiden, who said "go" and took us around. I was struck by the utterly "gim-

COURTYARD OF THE SHWÈ DAGON, RANGOON

crack" appearance and tawdriness of the interior of the Temple. It was dirty, too, as far as one could see.

Passing to the left through a court surrounded by little shrines one saw at once the great Golden Wonder—the "Incomparable" itself. There was a great contrast between its massive *simplicity* and the "fussy" shrines with every sort of god, jewel, glass, fretwork and spire, and the tombs around it. It is *tremendous* at its base and I am conscious I cannot describe it as I saw it. Its beauty is *grand* yet delicate. The charming little Burmese maiden and the great golden pagoda, washed clean by the rain and shining, seemed the only *clean* things here. The decorations, offerings and people at the shrines were dreadful, but those who prayed—chiefly women —were terribly in earnest. They held yellow flowers in their hands as they prayed. One whole family brought a sick baby, and the women prayed outside whilst the father went into the Temple to make his offering. In this terrible, sticky heat the poor baby, wrapped in a woollen shawl, seemed *white hot.* Around the central pagoda is a great court-yard crowded with shrines.

There were one or two fine points or views in this wonderful "circle." At one place, almost half way round on the left as you enter, are two trees making a fine background to a large shrine, and another point is the bell-shrine on the left, whilst in front are tall, slim minarets with palms behind them. It is all a confused fretwork and network when seen once. I fear I shall not care for Indian art after Japanese. The carving affects me in the same way. I know a man at Nikko who can make such a delicious branch of blossoms *live* on a panel—all sweet and true and sane and perfect, but "that's another story."

But the colours of the people's garments! Fancy all the hues of yellow and magenta—the most intense you ever saw! Yellow is the sacred colour and the priests wear it, also the pilgrims, and there are patches of it everywhere. These beautiful picturesque garments are dreadful when dirty! It rained all the time we were there.

We saw several funerals (malaria and fever are always here in "the rains"). They seemed gaudy too, with boys marching ahead singing, apparently in boisterous glee. The coffin, borne on poles, is white and decorated like a birthday cake. I am sorry to speak thus of so solemn a thing, but it was too tawdry for words, and the mourners threw up cowries which the boys collected.

A poor native was slapped in the face coming up the hill. His heavy load stuck and I pitied him, for I was hot driving in a motor and in a thin blouse, but an officer (an "ex-Tommy" policeman) gave him a terrific back-hander. The poor native cowered like a beaten dog, staggered, and put one hand up to the eye that was struck. It was a cruel thing, for he needed help and not pain just then.

Home past the barracks and Government House. The poor horses and the bullocks with their sweet, perfect *cow*-faces! No beads or shells on them here! You could put your two fists in the hollows where they ought to have "tummies." The chauffeur tells us that the drivers do not feed them because fodder is expensive, and the gentle (?) native is often imprisoned for cruelty.

There are good Indian servants here. They come *galumphing* when you ring, and salaam like anything. There is a pest of ants. Must pack! We leave for Mandalay at noon—I do not know exactly what we are going to do, but I am *sure* we shall "live to tell the tale." One is provided with no

ENTRANCE TO ARAKAN PAGODA, MANDALAY.

QUEEN'S GOLDEN MONASTERY AT MANDALAY.

bedding and no food in the train, and we are travelling at present without a servant! It was a great mistake and Cook should have warned us. No one can travel here in comfort without a servant, as not a soul comes near you on the train. You must make your own bed, puzzle over the mechanism of a "sleeper," and do everything in boiling heat. Servants are cheap, and no one travels without at least one.

October 2nd.—M. bought a sapphire pin and I a moonstone ring (afterwards given to Mrs. Hotz). Train at noon for Mandalay. Hot, hot, hot!!! I am ill with the heat. My irritation is too terrible for words. At the last moment we get a bag of bedding, one pillow and two rugs. No one came near us, so we pulled out our own beds and "hustled" as best we might. I find that my stage experience is of so much value to me here! In spite of the worst *suffering* I've ever known in my life (*and no doctor or medicines to help me*) I find much of interest. First to have the snug little compartment to ourselves, with its tiny lavatory (well disinfected by the odour), was a comfort. It was better than our hotel quarters had been for some time, for the water *did* go away and out of the car, instead of running out on to the floor. But to go back.

We noticed numerous warnings against thieves framed and hung on the door. You must not put things near *open windows*. I grabbed all our belongings, hung what I could on the door to lavatory and stuffed others under seats—for to close windows meant death in that heat. You were also warned to bolt the doors on retiring and to see that the shutters are fastened securely. Dacoits!

As we sat waiting to start I saw an endless procession of figures, wonderfully draped in wondrously coloured drapery and superbly these figures

carried themselves. I remember how a little woman, draped from head to ankles in black with an Oriental border stood out among the gaudy other figures. Over there stands a *Times* bookstall, and by it a Peter's milk chocolate machine!

Vultures clustering round the "Towers of Silence" built of brick in an open field on the left were the first things I saw "on the road to Mandalay." The Shwe Dagon looms bright for a long way. I moved to the opposite seat with my back to the engine, so that I could see it as long as possible.

Now comes flat marsh with many egrets and cranes and rice (paddi) land—so very green. Brown marsh, brown huts, buffaloes brown also from wallowing in the dirty water and brown men break the monotony. Some one said it was very dull and uninteresting, this road to Mandalay from Rangoon!

Away on the horizon were trees—a blue rim; against that there generally stood out a white or golden pagoda spire. Then brown waves where some grass had ripened and nearer the vivid green of the rice-crop broken by a spot of white, which proved to be a beautiful small crane—snow white and delicately outlined. Often by a muddy pool lay mud-caked buffaloes, and on their backs sat crows. At short distances apart were blood-red stakes along the side of the line—landmarks of some sort—but their sole use in the "scene" to me was colour. I see all this, and make notes of it on the back of the Minto Mansions wash-list, while I suffer agony and cannot stand without misery. I shall soon be able to "take notes" under any circumstances.*

In the night we suddenly stop soon after leaving a station. I raise the shutter and look out. We are in a jungle. It is thickest on the right, and I hear

* She was suffering terribly from "prickly heat."

running water—a good-sized stream flows through the jungle here. Soon two train-men pass with a searchlight and between them walks a man with his arms bound behind his back. We stay here fully ten minutes, while the search goes on. Back and forth men go on both sides of the train with lights and, like a flash, I *feel sure* that a *man* is being hunted. I did not see the bound man again. Was he a dacoit and had he jumped from the train? They examined the ground for footprints near the train and then flashed their lights into the jungle. Once I heard twigs snap near the stream on the right. Again I heard it and called M. He, too, heard it but thought it was an animal. How could one *know* what it was?

Finally we go on but for some distance the flash-lights were used on both sides. *That* looked as if we had been boarded by dacoits, that they had caught one, but that the others were at large. We were unable to find out any more about it, but when we took the train back from Prome to Rangoon we found precautions *doubled*. A man came and asked us if our doors were bolted on the inside and if the shutters in the bath-room were secure as well. Then I made M. go and look at them, although I had fastened them myself.

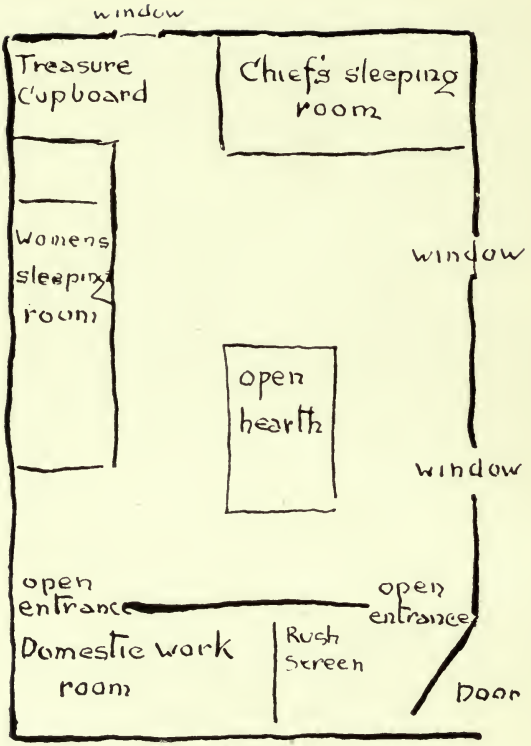
On the way up from Rangoon there is a very fine range of hills on the right. We saw them towards evening. Some of the peaks were quite high mountains. But Mandalay? On the morning of October 3rd, 1912, M. waked me, saying that we must be nearing Mandalay. We were—there was barely time to throw on clothes and stuff things into bags. I could not bathe nor wash my face, brush teeth, nor do my hair. A hurried breakfast at the station, during which M. was bitten in the hand by a setter dog.

I was suffering, and ought to have been driven to a hospital—instead I was driven to the wharf to leave our bags, thence to the Queen's Golden Monastery, thence to the Arakan Pagoda, where I sat on the well and *wept* (not being able to *walk*) while M. and a worthless fellow—against whom and all his ways I had protested with all my might—"did" the Temple. I *begged* to be driven to a hotel where I might, at least, bathe and dress. The fellow, who *knew* that once he got us to the hotel *his* hour had come, swore that all these "sights" *were on the way to the hotel*, and so I *suffered*, and we rattled about in a tikka gharri for miles behind a "winded" horse and did not get to the hotel till noon! And the first thing the manager did was to divest our "guide" of any scrap of character that even I allowed him! "He did much wrong, and I sent him away a year ago." Eh bien!

The hotel was a queer little bungalow, where we had baths and tiffin. The big hotel near was "broken—hit by an earthquake," the manager said.

Oh the heat of Mandalay! Finally we *must* start if we would see anything, so at 3 p.m. a "victoria" appeared. Hot, black felt cushions, guiltless of linen dust-covers, and, at our backs, two hot, black cushions embroidered with flaming cockatoos! Whew! To look at those birds in that breathless heat under a blazing sun!

The Palace of Theebaw was near. What an immense place it is! Across the moat, through a quaint gateway, rather a nice park—quite a long drive—and another gateway, the palace gateway. On the left a gaudy theatre decorated with glass "jewels," mirrors, etc. The "apartment with fountain" looked better, although it, too, is "broken by earthquake," and if I'd been well I should have dearly loved to climb the steps to the old


window
Treasure Cupboard
Chiefs sleeping room
Womens sleeping room
window
open hearth
window
open entrance
open entrance
Domestic work room
Rush Screen
Door

watch-tower—*because* one was warned in English and in Burmese (little funny loop letters, *very* round) that one did so at one's own risk.

I forgot to say that as we approached the inner gate we met two Sikh policemen, who marched along a youth in chains between them. He was on my side of the carriage (the victoria was a low one) and I looked straight into his face. Mine must have said, "Is it *possible* you're a dacoit, *you*, a *boy?*" My face must have shown the surprise and horror I felt at seeing my first dacoit a boy. He answered my look with a broad, defiant, but very naughty, boyish grin. Our (new) guide, who spoke excellent English, told us that all the worst crimes, the most awful murders, are done by lads of twenty or thereabouts! One frequently saw gangs of prisoners in chains after that—I recall one at a station.

But we went on to the throne-room—throne flower-decked. The exit is good. You stand on a platform—to right and left there are audience-halls—and face a drive-way running straight away to the red outer wall. It runs past King Theebaw's Temple on the right and his bell-tower opposite—the bell is gone now. Just behind the bell-tower is the king's tomb, and near it is the small white one he erected in memory of his mother. They lie here alone—not in the family burying-ground.

Away to the left, dominating all, as seen from the audience-halls in front of the throne, is Mandalay Hill. I looked and longed to climb those (myriad—it seemed) steps, but the intense heat and the stiff climb made it out of the question.

As we stood thus, with the throne behind us, Mandalay Hill high on the left facing the tomb, Temple and old Burmese school (a quaint building), our guide told pleasing little tales, that he had heard from an old man who remembered "far back," of

King Theebaw's youth. How, when the old king died there was no one to make the young king *behave*. He had six brothers and whenever he could steal up behind one or *several* of them he would run his long knife into them for the fun of seeing the blood run. Two of the brothers, wearied of these gentle jokes, ran away to America, "and no one knows there that they are the king's brothers," said the young Burmese guide. There were many large and old cannon around the palace. At Mandalay there are fine hills—one sees beautiful hill-views looking up the streets.

Then to the bazaar—a disappointment—and along the river to our boat. We got one or two small silver things at Mandalay—a Shan bowl and old Burmese half rupee with the peacock—at an awful price—salt spoon, rouge pot, hand-painted d'oyly, and fourteen feet of silk.

It was now a little cooler, and in the late afternoon light a pagoda on the opposite bank of the river was so lovely that I made the driver stop. Again I forget. There was a vile quarter through which one waded to a big pagoda, in the grounds of which M. watched with much interest a wonderful game in which a ball made of basket work was kept flying in the air by the use of the eight players' heels and elbows. I could scarcely *go* at all, and the dirty people and dogs, the smells and the heat were the *finish*. I crawled back to the old cockatoos, glad to lean against them (faute de mieux) in my hour of need!

As we neared the steamer a Sikh officer saluted and sang out "'shun" fiercely, looking at M. in his *topee* and ducks, and I saw past him on the other side of the road three "things" (brown in brown) straighten and stand—a forlorn hope.

Then we *descend* and gain the boat by means of

BURMESE VILLAGE ON THE IRRAWADDY RIVER.

HEAVING THE LEAD OFF "JAMES AND MARY" QUICKSAND. NOTE THE WRECK BUOYS.

a " float "—one of the many all along the Irrawaddy furnished by the Irrawaddy Flotilla Co. for its boats. This was the evening of October 3rd, and on that boat, the s.s. *Nepaul,* I lived someway until I was helped up the steep bank by the nice little first officer (Mr. A.) on the night of the 6th. The heat was stifling ; fans turned off at 10 p.m. We stopped every night ; our cabin was on the *port side* and the noise of the native *was* in the night. They came and *lived* on those floating wharfs while the boat was in—they and their wives and babies and the dogs!

Sometimes we stopped in the middle of the afternoon, not to go on until the morning. Then the heat and bites of insects were an awful combination. I lay in my bed under a mosquito curtain. But, as always, there was much of interest. The fine pagodas and tombs of Pagan seen in the early morning and the last morning as we came to the high banks above Prome were sufficient to atone for all the discomfort. Before that the river is very wide, nearly a mile, and the shores comparatively flat, but above Prome the scenery has more character. The water is muddy—thick it looks, but the people all seem to bathe in it and drink it—and the banks *look* solid mud although in many places they are solid rock. At Prome a sign, well out in the river, greets the unwary boat who might ram her nose off—it simply says " Rocks " in immense letters.

On the 5th we went aground on a sandbank, but, swinging round, soon got off. The same day we passed the well-known oil-fields. All the male natives appeared to be elaborately tattooed to the knee.

On the 6th we arrived at Minhle early in the morning and saw a wonderful sunrise. There was a fine pagoda and a dismantled fort on the river-

bank, which M. thought we must have fired on in the Burmese war. The natives were all bathing and washing clothes. Our captain's name was Svendrup, who had done good service in the war; the first officer was Mr. Allen; and a very pleasant passenger was Major Thornton, who had been big game shooting in Upper Burma, and had got elephants and bison (gaur).

At Prome, in the evening, after M. had visited an old pagoda with Mr. Allen, we got into a noisy train that stopped at every station throughout the night. A stalwart Britisher called us and got us tea at Rangoon—some kind of train-man. We went to the Strand Hotel for breakfast, then to consult the Civil Surgeon, Col. Pedley, who examined and prescribed for me and then to the B. I. s.s. *Arankola*. No Minto Mansions man who had *promised* to meet us at wharf with luggage and washing. Finally he comes, but without our washing. We are *counting* on those clean clothes, all our others are packed away. Mr. Mills, the first officer, telephones a *strong* message—threats, etc.—and while M. is at tiffin and I, clad only in kimono, am on my way to the bath (could not get one before) the clothes arrive *wet*—simply wrung out of the water—and when counted one of M.'s dress shirts and a Japanese crêpe one "short!"

October 8th.—This seems a nice clean ship—the Indian Mail s.s. *Arankola*, and the first officer, Mr. Mills, at whose table we sit, is very kind.

CHAPTER XVI

CALCUTTA, DARJEELING, BENARES, LUCKNOW AND RAWUL PINDI

FROM October 8th to 14th our time was spent on the way to and at Calcutta. Passing the *James and Mary* shoal coming up the Hoogly was interesting. I stood near the first officer, who sang out an order in some dialect. "What was that?" I asked. "To shut all tight," said he. Soon "Bang, bang" went the water-tight doors down below us, and "all ports closed" was obeyed. That was *in case* we stuck and rolled over—for the *Arankola* was the ship that *did* go over the *James and Mary* on her last voyage out, and is the only one that has done so and lived through it. The Captain "lost his nerve," and had to be changed to a ship of less responsibility, so they said. The engines were going for five or six hours "full speed ahead," ploughing through the quicksand before the ship got off. The place was dotted with wreck buoys—there a green one on the left marks the *Constitution*, here on the right another ship. "More dead men's bones of one kind an' another here than anywhere on the face of the earth," cheerfully observed the first officer; "worst place in the world." There were bad currents—looked like a small *sea* in one place. "If a current gets hold of your rudder, you're gone!" We were not to be caught twice, and kept the lead going all the time.

The shores looked pleasantly *green*. Calcutta

does not impress one favourably from sea *or* land—at least it did not me (nor on shore later !)

We went to the Grand Hotel, received a very large number of letters which had been waiting for us, and decided that "Punch's" son should be called "Nikko," after my favourite place in Japan. As I lay under an electric fan in great discomfort the home news made me forget for a while the *real* miseries of an aching body, insects and dirt suffered without a breath of *air*—only heat (92 degrees) set in motion by the fan. Every one said, "Now you are in India you will soon be home again." Miss S. has not been well, and my good friend Mr. R. died about two months ago in the house of his dear friend Dean R. Miss T. wrote such a nice note from her New Forest Cottage. D., Mrs. M., Mrs. W.—they all ask our plans, and when we are to be home. Personally, Darjeeling, Agra (yes, I am going to see the Taj Mahal by *moonlight* if I stay a month to do it) and Kashmir, then *home* would suit me. But, of course, being here, we must see something of India. "Doing" countries sickens me and I shall not mind in the least saying "No" to "*Did* you see so-and-so ?" I shall have my own treasures—memories that one can call up at need—that make the year away from home and comfort *well worth* it all. If only we are all to live to see each other again ! G. and I are in the most amicable and amusing relations at present. In my last letter to her I told her that for her trouble in taking home Mrs. P.'s salver, if anything happens to me she is to have it. Now comes a letter from G. saying how much she appreciates my "leaving" her the salver, and that I am to inherit from her her "Venetian jug"—whatever that may be !

Mrs. P. and Mr. Mills came to dinner. As I was still suffering from "prickly heat" and the discomforts of hard travelling, Dr. Allen was sent for to attend

VIEW FROM OUR WINDOW AT DARJEELING.

me, but after a few days he said I *must* go to Darjeeling to be out of the heat. We engaged Moti Lal as our bearer. He was favourably known at the hotel and at Cook's. I suffered terrible things from the heat, a bad case of prickly heat being one of these, and only slept on an average two-and-a-half hours each night. I went out once for a drive with M. round the old historical Fort William and back by the riverside. The river and shipping against the deep red sunset was a wonderful and beautiful sight. M. also visited the site and memorial of the terrible "Black Hole" and other places of interest.

Mrs. S., whose husband had taken M. for some drives in his motor, most kindly motored me to the station. The journey was a long one—379 miles—with no *coolth* until we got into the hills in the queer little train. Leaving Calcutta at 5.30 p.m. we crossed the Ganges in a boat about 8 p.m., dining on board, then slept in the train and began our ascent of the Mountain Road—a wonderful piece of engineering—about 10 a.m., arriving at Darjeeling about 4 p.m. En route we passed several trains full of Chinese soldiers—prisoners being sent back from Thibet to China *via* Calcutta. They looked pretty cheerful and well-fed. We were met at the station by Mr. M., son of a former Director of Education in the Punjab, and went to his bungalow on the hill. I arrived in a state of pain and fatigue—and the next morning to see these mountains, to breathe this air, after all one had gone through! It is one of the great experiences of my life—*Heaven after Hell.*

From Nikko to Darjeeling—from August till middle of October—no peace! This place is breathed upon by the Himalayas, and they breathe down a benediction. "Peace, peace," they say. It is surely

the most beautiful place in the world! It is too wonderfully lovely for words! Kinchinjunga, forty miles off, rises nearly 29,000 ft. into the skies, and seems to have the outline of a mosque.

I *wish* you could see what I can see here from my window! We have wished that before. The Rockies, the Volcano of Kilauea, the view from our camp on Taupo across the lake to the Snow Mountains, *dear* Japan are all nothing to the *majestic, wonderful* beauty of this place! Nikko, which even Kipling calls "the most beautiful place in the world," because it has a way of getting *hold* of you—not because it *is* the most beautiful—will always have its own place with me, but "Darjeeling-in-the-Snows" is peerless!

There are two hills or spurs of mountains standing at the left and right at the entrance to the gorge in which and up which lies Darjeeling. We are on the right spur, so that, from my window, the town (with its red houses in contrast to the evergreens) is just out of sight still further to the right.

This is what I see as I sit here at a big round table. My window opens outwards and stands wide open day and night. In the foreground are autumn flowers—dahlias, etc., as at home. Then a large evergreen tree of the cedar family frames the right of the picture, and, being very near and *green*, it stands out against the snows.

Then a jump to the next outline, fully a mile away, and you see the left spur opposite. This hill is green with cedars and tea-bushes, and sprinkled with red, *red* villas. Next, *miles* away, line after line of the foothills—themselves high mountains—and then, cloudless since this morning, away *up in the air*, where, surely, never mountains were before, stand Their Majesties—a whole range of them—with Kinchinjunga (the second highest in the world,

BHUTAN 'RICKISHA MEN AND LAL IN BAZAAR AT DARJEELING.

KINCHINJUNGA FROM "CLOVER COT," DARJEELING.

I believe) in the centre! M. says we are 7,000 feet above the sea, and that this mountain is nearly 22,000 feet above us. Figures do not matter—I don't care how high we are, nor what men say who have *dared to measure* these wonders. They are *beyond* such human ideas. There they stand absolutely the most wonderful things in the world, and they make up for all the dreadful time since Hong Kong. If I had not been ill I might *never* have seen Darjeeling, so "blessed be adversity!" I am better now.

Were you ever in a place that filled you with delight from morning till night? We have come to Darjeeling at its *best* in this beautiful autumn weather. The air that comes down from the eternal snows is pure and fresh and health-giving. There is that feeling of *dry* snow in the air that one gets in Switzerland. The air is decidedly cool, but the sun is warm—almost hot—in the middle of the day.

It is the time of the great "Puja" or Hindu holiday and, as all the hotels were full, M. and I are comfortably quartered in this bungalow, "Clover Cot," a little away from the town proper. M. has been about, but, so far, I have only seen Darjeeling from my window.

I am going out to-day. In all this time—ever since we left home—we have never stayed more than two consecutive weeks in one place. Think what that means! I dread the long journey to Kashmir (I shall not mind anything but the heat), but, if I should be ill, Kashmir will cure me. M. says I may have a houseboat and stay a month in Kashmir.

It has been a wonderful year—a thing to be thankful for ever after, but travelling is often *hard work* and I agree with H. that there are not many places I would care to re-visit. Lots of them are

not worth it! Life is far too short, and the mountains look down on it all and say "Peace! what does anything matter down there?" Still not a cloud! *Green* trees, *red* villas, purple base and dazzling whiteness so far above us! Serene grandeur is what we have here. Japan was beautiful but lacking in this.

There are many strange types here—men and women from Bhutan, Thibet, Nepaul, and other Northern States. In the bazaar the colours of the dresses are marvellous, the women with gorgeous silk garments of red, pink, yellow, lake, green, etc. and the men with bright turbans and other head-gear. They were awful brigands who drew my 'rickisha (three of them) with wonderful caps and rags of clothes. They would not climb the hill to "Clover Cot" and I had to walk up. Mr. and Miss M. were pleasant Scotch people, but the other "paying guests" were missionaries, who annoyed me, giggling and tickling each other at unseemly hours. Mr. M. had wonderful collections of birds' skins, eggs (about 5,000), butterflies (about 30,000), etc., which Lord Carmichael, with his secretary, Mr. Gourlay, came up to inspect one day when we were there. They were very amiable and allowed M. to photograph them. M. bought and sent home to S. some birds, butterflies and orchids.

But, after all, Peace, and I cannot bear to go.

Written on the 19th day of October: I find when I put on a dress not worn for six months that I've grown much larger. I *wonder* if I must go through *all that* again.

October 27th.—No, I have *not* to be operated upon again. I have had *complications* of heat troubles—a form of, one, summer cholera (and often fatal in the East); two, other troubles arising therefrom; three, prickly heat; four, irritation of skin aggravated by *neglect* and ignorance; five, a distended liver

MAJOR GWYTHER AT OUR COTTAGE AT SANATORIUM, DARJEELING.

NEPAUL DANCING GIRLS IN BAZAAR AT DARJEELING.

(" liver of the East " says Dr. Gwyther) *and* dengue fever—*all at one and the same time*—and, from weakness, a *heart* two nights at 3 a.m., but the doctor says I shall be all right in Kashmir as all my ills are due to climate and hard travel. In affliction have I lived for two weeks in Darjeeling!—the first at " Clover Cot " and the second at Dr. Gwyther's Sanatorium—*but* at a little cottage which we have to ourselves. And all the time the most wonderful days—sun by day and moon by night (is that a quotation?). Under the clock in our little cottage is a brass plate that says:

LAL MOHAN SHANKANIDHI COTTAGE HOSPITAL.
OPENED ON THE 16TH JUNE, 1905,

and over the door into my room is a villainous portrait, under which in brass:

LATE LAL MOHAN SAHA SHANKA NIDHI OF DECCA.

Next door is the Native Hospital, and a woman was in *agony* there last night what time I was walking up and down here alone. M. was at his dinner over at the Sanatorium—Lal had gone to fetch mine—and the full moon shone so brightly that the hills were clearly seen. Over at " Clover Cot " one could see " the snows " on such a night.

The " road " that passes our door is a *lane* and all day the charity patients sit in the sun in this lane in white suits with red turbans. Down the lane and over to the Sanatorium (sitting on its " lordly " little hill) there are only Government Hospital Buildings in sight. The crowded bazaar lies in the hollow between. All day long queer people pass to the bazaar. The Doctor Sahib—a country squire always in brown breeches and leather gaiters (a strong, frank face, bringing power, *force*, and health to one)—has always an orchid in his coat.

What (doctor) men have to do out here in the day's work—"pull out a tooth, open up (!) an abdomen, cut out an appendix, deliver a child, cut off a leg, etc., etc., and no consultation." A man twenty-five miles away in the hills shot in the arm—mortification set in, and now only hope *serum*. One does not often get a seventeen-year-old mother—and no wedding-ring. She was buried (she and the baby) on the night of the Governor's Ball—under the glorious moon, the strains of dance-music wafted out over the hills. She and her baby laid to rest out there on the hill—fine, *sweet* air and moonlight. "And did the *man* send her up here?" I asked. "No one knows *anything* about it," said the Doctor Sahib in a way that convinced me that he knew *all*, and—"I'm glad she's dead," he concluded. "And the baby too," said I.

Darjeeling-in-the-Snows.—To-morrow we pack and on Tuesday we are off to Calcutta again and on the 31st we start for Kashmir. Here we received, forwarded from England, Sir C. M.'s letter, telling us that he had secured tickets for us for the funeral of the late Emperor of Japan, had called twice at the (wrong) hotel with them, and that those who went had a good view without much discomfort. I begged M. to try for seats to see this great pageant and alas! this letter is all I shall have. It is one of the "might-have-beens."

Through a Mr. G., an old Cheltonian, M. got some cricket practice here at St. John's College and played in two matches for the Gymkhana Club *v.* the United Schools, the first match at St. Joseph's and the second at St. John's. He also met an old Marlburian schoolfellow, Mr. P., late Director of Education, and was made a member of the Gymkhana Club.

Lal and our attendant room-boy *do* the housework

of our cottage. A hole in the floor received the bath-water and the sweepings when *Mem Sahib* was not looking!

The day before we went down a trolly was derailed and several people severely injured by an obstruction put upon the line at a precipitous point with the object, apparently, of injuring Lord Carmichael, who was in the following train. There were, in consequence, great precautions the evening we went down. We came along very cautiously and slowly with a strong searchlight thrown upon the track ahead. The following is from the local paper:

THE TROLLY ACCIDENT ON DARJEELING LINE

MR. SAVI'S CONDITION

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT)

DARJEELING, *Oct.* 31.

The condition of Mr. Savi, one of the sufferers in the trolly accident at Sukna, causes serious anxiety to his friends, for he lies in about the same condition at the railway rest-house at Siliguri.

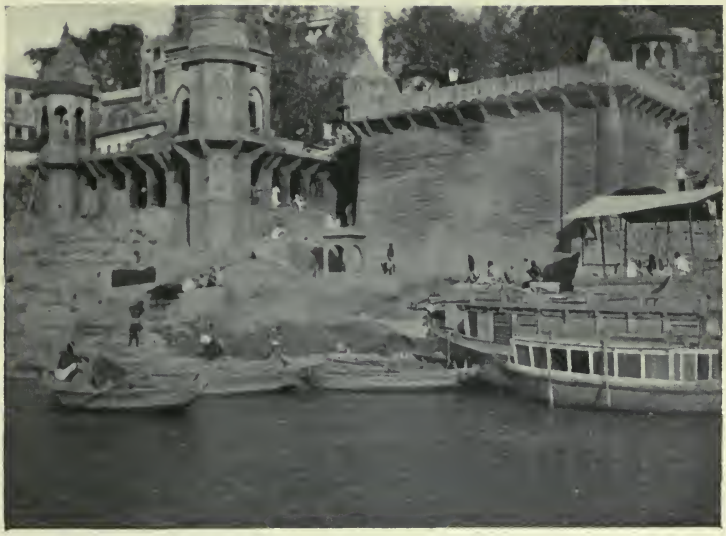
That the authorities are keenly alive to the probabilities of further attempts is evinced by the fact that the hour of departure of His Excellency's special was altered to 10 a.m., in order that it may pass through Rungtong and Sukna by daylight.

Mrs. Smallwood most kindly sent her car to meet us at Calcutta station, and motored us to our hotel. On October 31st I had a very narrow escape and a terrible shock. A large electric fan fell and as nearly killed me as possible. I had gone to bed the night before utterly "done" for want

of sleep, for I had not had a *good* night's rest since Shanghai—nearly two months. The doctor here had given me bromo-caffeine to make me sleep the night before it fell. At 2.30 a.m. I awoke with a *fear of the fan* upon me. I had moved directly under it for more air. As I lay under it I tried to *reason* that my fear was foolish, but I could not go to sleep again. The fear was like a nightmare and had waked me in spite of the drug. So I got up and turned off the fan.

In the morning M. had just been to my trunk, which stood at the foot of the bed, but had gone into the bathroom adjoining, whilst I sat on the bed taking my "chota hazri." Brave now that day had come and M. and Lal were there, I told the latter to turn on the fan. It made a few revolutions and then a horrible crash, and I looked up to see the great iron globe, weighing nearly 100 pounds, balanced for a moment on the iron rod supporting the mosquito curtains, which it bent nearly double. There was no time to move so I kept my eyes upon it and leaned back, trying to protect my head and face. It swayed a moment and then fell with an awful crash on my trunk (where M. had just been) and so to the floor. My bed was covered with dust and fragments, and one of the long blades of the fan broke off and struck me as it fell. M. dashed out and sent for the Doctor, and although my mind was calm and clear I found I could not move my muscles without great effort for two hours after. But that is over, my fever is less, and the awful headache and nose-bleeding have gone. We are both very thankful. *That* would have been a most horrible death.

Mr. and Mrs. S. dined with us that evening, and as they were leaving the hotel their syce was run over by a motor, but fortunately was not seriously injured. They sent us in their motor to the station



THE BURNING GHAT AT BENARES.

BATHING GHAT AT BENARES

and we slept in the train on the night of November 1st, and went to the Hôtel de Paris, Benares, next morning. If M. and I had believed all the Doctors said I should not be travelling now, but I knew I could "endure," as "Boon" said the night I climbed Nantai-San. I am still far from well, weak, and suffer great discomfort, but nothing serious. I shall live to be glad that I saw India, even as I have for the last three weeks.

We saw some snake-charmers with awful snakes at the hotel and drove to the Maharajah of Visianagram's Palace and to the squalid Monkey, and quaint but dirty Golden, Temples. I have never seen anything more vile than the Monkey Temple, or more bestial than the face of the priest in charge of it.

M. went in a boat on the Ganges next morning to see the crowds of pilgrims bathing and the "burning" and other ghats, palaces of Rajahs on the banks. etc., and Aurungzib's Mosque, with its tall minarets. The whole place has an air of decay. Temples and embankments are falling into the river and many fine houses are in ruins with grass growing upon them. We seemed to go through a desert of baked mud (oh, so dry the country is!) between Benares and Lucknow and then I saw an elephant with a crimson cloth over him at one of the stations. Then camels and men ploughing the baked earth in most picturesque flowing garments. Then a mound of that same baked mud, two pillars of mud, one on each side of a windlass with bullocks attached to the ropes—and I knew it was a well.

At Lucknow we went to the Imperial Hotel. I was too unwell to go out, but you will know how much better I am, for I slept almost all day, fell asleep directly after supper and slept a deep sleep all night. M. drove to the Residency, which is as

the mutineers left it, where he spent some most interesting hours, and to the old King's palace, Mosques, library, etc. I shall see a little of it on the way to the train. Lucknow is much better than Benares—I could well have missed that—but the horses and beggars are *awful.* I can now look upon sores and deformities with pity and not horror.

M. keeps very fit and I shall go on to Kashmir, where he can get his sport, after a rest at Rawul Pindi to prepare for the long drive of two hundred miles. We are to travel from 4 p.m. to-day, all night and all to-morrow. I shall enjoy seeing the new country from the carriage window. There is nothing serious the matter and I am silly to be ill—out here. One travels very comfortably in the Punjaubi Mail.

We left on the 3rd of November, slept in train (very comfortable with good bathroom, electric fans and carriage to ourselves), passed through a flat country with baked mud villages, corn-fields, fields of mustard, etc., until we approached the mountains, when there were deep nullahs and rough, rocky ground. We arrived at Rawul Pindi after a journey of twenty-eight hours, and went to Flashman's Hotel at 8 p.m. on the 4th of November.

Pindi is flat and hot, and the people seem to be trying to lead an artificial life, putting on "society airs." Next day we called on Major S., arranged with Harri Ram & Co. for a motor to take us the one hundred-and-ninety-six miles to Srinagar. M. was elected to the club and got some cricket practice. We rested all next day at this comfortable hotel.

CHAPTER XVII

KASHMIR

November 9th (Dak Bungalow, Kohala, Punjaub). —It seems a *month* since we left Pindi yesterday morning!—lots of months do not have a hundredth part in them. A late start at 9.30 a.m. instead of eight as arranged, owing to Hindu holiday. Mr. Flashman looks at the car, and frankly expresses his opinion. It certainly was not the one promised us. Three stops on the level but dusty road before the first dak bungalow (twenty-six miles) and then a final *refusal* of the car to climb the steep hill to Murree. Back to Flashman's bungalow at Tret to telegraph for another motor and a five hours' wait!

Then straight down the middle of a hill-village—square lines of houses, showing all domestic occupations as in Japan. There seemed an absence of women—the veiled Mahommedan women. Then, cramped and cold, we arrived at Sunnybank. We had a funny cell-like bedroom and the jackals howled and screamed outside the bathroom door.

Off again early next morning—a wonderful country—away up on those hills, 7,000 feet above the sea, looking off to the snow-covered mountains near Murree and down on the Jhelum half an hour later. So far all the autumn colouring left is pale yellows,

but there is colour everywhere. The pines here are a fine contrast to the reddish hills—not red, not purple—and, at sunset, capable of wonderful rose tints.

Our chauffeur runs down the hill at about forty miles an hour, takes the sharp bends with deep precipices below and frowning rocks above too quickly; and near the foot of the hill, three miles from here, he took a sudden turn, put on the brake too suddenly to avoid a bullock-train, swerved to the left (*my* side) and under me—crack! and down I went. A broken axle and the hind wheel off! Hot sun. *War of words.* A native comes to the rescue, rather a fine type of man (a blacksmith of sorts), whose little girl came with him, but was shy and hid behind her father. Her quaint little trousers, pretty bare feet, rings in the *edges* of her ears, *lovely* eyes and very dirty face attracted me.

Dust, dust, dust-powder a foot deep in the ruts. We are smothered in dust. Our bedding, fortunately, was done up in towels first, and then made waterproof inside a tightly rolled hold-all, so it was all right. Finally an *awful* tonga is produced with a terribly galled horse, and I and the luggage are packed into this, while M. and Lal follow on foot. The wretched chauffeur is left to watch the wreck of his car until a relief motor can come out. M. told the tonga man to go very slowly, intending to walk beside me. Off I go on a new experience—all our money, trinkets, valuables and tickets in my possession, and, though peaceable, these men *look* fiercely at one. Not a word could I speak that my new Jehu knew but "dak bungalow" and "coolies." These got me here, although I had an hour I should not care to live over again. M., who had on his hot new shooting suit, shed his coat, and came marching along the dusty road with a revolver in sight that was not even loaded, but he said it put fear

THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW.

"And ever upon the topmost roof
Our banner of England blew."

into the hearts of all beholders, and the air was full of salutes and salaams!

I was too weak (and thankful), after the axle breaking under me, to even worry about the horse. I sat on the seat behind, with everything piled around me and covered my knees with wraps to keep out dust and sun. Away we went at such a pace down the hill that M. and Lal were soon left far behind. Every one knows everything about you in this country like magic, and the whole village turned out. As I sat alone, smothered and in an agony of "prickly heat" aggravated by the hour's standing in the sun, I realised that all troubles and dangers are bearable if M. is with me—being alone and not well, I really did lose heart in that three miles' journey to Kohala. Several awful-looking ruffians appeared suddenly from behind trees and rocks and seemed to stare wildly at me. I clutched our valuables tighter and *appeared* to be enjoying the scenery.

At the top of a hill I heard a shot and a really rough-looking man came over the side of the road from nowhere (in a manner common here), holding a dead bird in his hand. Almost at that moment the driver stopped, and he and the man with the gun tried to tell me something or bade me "stand and deliver"—I did not know which. He proved to be merely a shikari, who had shot a chikor as I came up. I kept saying "dak bungalow," the two stage villains pointed to a sign, and finally they and the two little boys, working like niggers, brought up all the luggage and took me to the bungalow. It is well that I was trained to *express* with my face and body, for I had to depend upon gestures to-day. When I made them understand I had no money and that they must find the sahib, they merely salaamed and said the equivalent of "Very well, Mem Sahib."

Now we are awaiting our third Harri Ram Car, night has begun to fall and I have not too much faith in the driver. M. has gone with his gun and my shikari-porterman across the Jhelum into Kashmir in the hopes of potting something. Here we met Captain and Mrs. Y.

This is the nicest dak bungalow so far since Darjeeling, with a dear old Khansama. It is new and clean, bolts to the doors, and the windows *work*, etc. Calcutta with the fan accident—then Benares, an awful place, but quite good Hôtel de Paris, *clean*, good servants, and Mr. and Mrs. H. very kind. Ill all the time there and at Lucknow (too ill to see the latter at all), where it was 88 degrees on the platform, and I was crazy again with "prickly heat" and skin irritation. Then a long, dusty journey to Pindi—uninteresting until near Dina and Jhelum, where the hills began—bare, dreary hills with granite boulders, but a welcome change from the plains. Then Pindi—where I began to mend—and, strange to say, since yesterday morning I have improved *rapidly* and am "weller" than I've been since Nikko. If only we arrive safely at Srinagar and I am able to *do* things there!

No motor and no M. He has gone off into the Maharajah's domains with an evil-looking brigand (M. says he was "quite a good chap," really) who understands only three words of English and M. has not a word of Hindostani!

Meantime the Bearer and I have packed, and I must wait. According to Lal, C. H. M. (my husband's initials) signify Colonel, Highness, Major. Some of his other expressions are quaint, *e.g.*, frighting = frightened; cudgeon = cousin; same like = resembling; and he tells us of a rabbit tree!

As we sailed round the corner into a village this morning we startled a little baby goat that tried to

THE BAILEY GATE, LUCKNOW RESIDENCY.

burrow into a hole in the bank, and pull its legs in after it! The sides of the hills are terraced, and the terraces and houses are all of one tone—sun-baked mud. There were strange shapes and outlines in our night drive—bhistis carrying water-bottles on their heads, the lights of the bullock-carts, a strange effect of a light thrown through a cart wheel from below, making gigantic rays of shadow on the trees above.

But the *galled* horses and bullocks! *That* spoils all hill countries, I begin to think. Chuzenji and its galled horses (I can see that pale pink raw flesh now, as it looked in the twilight while I waited at the tea-house for M. and Boon, of the poor mine-horses as they came over the bridge *without* their packs—free to graze if they could crawl to find a little grass) and now Kashmir with its awful road full of these poor creatures. Let them work all their lives up and down these hills—that's bad enough!—but with *sores*—sores in which flies live and breed! Is there no one who sees what I do?

I saw a bullock this morning with such an awful place on his neck where the yoke had rubbed him. It was as large as the palm of my hand and inhabited by flies. I went up to him and said, "Poor old beastie," which did not do a bit of good, but what I *wanted* was a good disinfecting wash, and I was quite ready to apply it myself.

The horses are beyond words, and as for the donkeys—one poor little one fell yesterday near one of our breakdowns. I was standing on a "cape" at the side of the road, admiring the view down the valley, when I heard a row, and, looking back, I saw one man beating the unfortunate donkey (heavy-laden) and another kicking him. I jumped up and down in wrath and yelled as loud as I could that

the men were beasts and that they must take off the pack. Our bearer translated it into Hindostani and off came the pack. The poor beast got up, but could only stand there with its eyes shut. Then there was a bullock down in the night as we drove by, harnessed to a huge cart of apples—much too heavy a load, and too heavy forward, so that coming down-hill the weight was all on the animal.

Dusk, no car, and the jackals and dogs doing a little antiphony—the dogs on this side and the jackals howling across the Jhelum in Kashmir. I'm anxious about M. now. (He eventually came in wet through with perspiration, having climbed for miles, but only succeeded in winging a native about two hundred yards off, which cost him a rupee.) And then we came on the next day in the *same old car* which they had tinkered up, meeting, just outside Kohala, Mr. Montagu, Secretary of State, whose car had also broken down.

Just before Uri there is some very bold scenery—a remarkable formation of sandstone. It looks like iron in colour and hardness and there are huge mountains of it cut into fantastic shapes. We swung round the precipices again at a fearsome rate, the road cut in the side of the solid rock for miles—you are just *hanging on*. If thousands of men were to work for years on that two hundred miles of road I do not think they could make it safe from falling rocks. We saw immense boulders apparently ready to fall at any moment on our heads, landslips, uncertain bridges, holes in the road, etc. The journey was so full of adventure that fear was a secondary thing. We dashed around corners and through tunnels and in many places immense signs with "caution" in English were put up.

The night we "made" Uri the contrast between the precipices near us of that hard and almost black

POPLAR AVENUE AT SRINAGAR, TAKHT-I-SULEIMAN IN DISTANCE.

OUR MOTOR BREAKS DOWN NEARING KOHALA.

sandstone and the rose-tinted hills seen in the distance through gaps, the Jhelum, jade-green, in a gorge below was worth a lot of discomfort. Again I say (and I am thankful that I see this) there is always the great "law of compensation" as Emerson called it. Then the people, carts, villages, mud houses, etc.—always new outlines and colours.

We arrived late in the evening at Uri, only to find the whole dak bungalow occupied by Mr. Fraser (the British Resident in Kashmir) his wife, two daughters and his suite on their way to a bear shoot with the Rajah of Punch. He very kindly gave up a room to us, and M. dined and breakfasted with him.

Houseboat "Batera," Sopor.—After a day or two at Nedou's Hotel, on obtaining a supply of books from the Srinagar Club, we had left Srinagar on the 14th, after engaging this houseboat and crew, purchasing provisions, and arranging with shikaris, etc. We were poled and paddled down the Jhelum the thirty miles or so to this lake by a crew who have now gone back. They sang a kind of "chanty," calling upon all the *powers* (even the devils!) to help them, but especially "Baba Shukodin" and "Baba Noureddin," two celebrated Priests of old, who dwelt on opposite sides of the lake. Jummo's little boy liked the chanting and not only was a most energetic "poler," but used to lead the men in their song or word-saying. We came on board the *Batera* on the 13th, and it has been as interesting as Srinagar was dull.

But this is the 16th day of November, 1912, and here I am at 2 p.m., M. having ridden off on a funny little black shaggy pony (all in a red saddle-cloth), his khaki the colour of the dust and huts. He was surrounded by a queer lot—fully a dozen—consisting of shikari (Mohamed Lone), chota shikari

(Moucktar Lone), tiffin coolie, two other coolies, cook with *his dog*, and a horde of picturesque-looking villains to look after the three pack-ponies, laden with tents, food, bedding, and equipment. Servants are cheap, and as each does only one kind of work (and as little of that as he possibly can) it is well that they are. On this momentous occasion the chief man of the village turned out, and M. put me in his charge (in English first and then in Kashmiri); also came "the man of the village who speaks English." These, with the men who came with the horses, made a *throng*—to say nothing of Jummo's (the houseboat watchman) family of eight, and my three servants—my bearer, Lal, who interprets, cooks, packs, washes, markets, makes the beds, etc., sweeper and bhisti or water-carrier.

These last (Jummo and my servants) stood about to see the start. I took a snapshot just before he started. I hope it will turn out well, for it was taken expressly for you. M. has a good double tent, table, chair, and canvas bed. All his guns, ammunition, and food were packed by him and the shikari here in the "hall" yesterday. I hope the dear good man will get "good hunting" and will not feel the cold too much. I do not in the least mind *feeling* the cold, nor does M., but "chills" we are afraid of. I got one at Nedou's Hotel in Srinagar, and it brought on my old trouble (like summer cholera—nausea, cold faintness, etc.) that has pursued me since Hong Kong. I was so ill, the night before last, that M. said he was afraid to leave me. The dear man went himself and got me a hot-water bottle and a warm wolf-skin rug for my bed, and dosed me so with chlorodyne that I am quite all right now.

My houseboat is moored a little above the village on Lake Wular. The banks are quite dried now—

M., JUMMO AND SON, LAL, SHIKARI, ETC., STARTING FROM SOPOR.

HOUSEBOAT "BATERA" AND COOK BOAT AT SOPOR, LAKE WULAR.

no grass—and the land is mud colour, including the hill in the lake on which stands the monastery and up to the encircling mountains, which are a hazy blue with many of their tops covered with snow.

The scenery last night under a young moon was worth coming out for to see. Mount Haramouk (16,000 odd feet) rose behind us, head and shoulders wrapped in his winter *Kashmir shawl*, and all around rose lesser mountains. The first night we lay just *outside* the lake, for no native will go upon the lake after noon—goodness only knows why, for it was absolutely calm. When I looked out this morning we were on a broad sheet of water—still *opaque green*. Is there *no* clear water in lake or river in India? I've not seen any now since the Daiya-Gawa at Nikko. Coming on deck early this morning, the snow-covered mountains had multiplied, for the whole Pir Pinjal range rose before us. They are all snow-covered now, and the celebrated Pir Pinjal Pass is closed to travel.

The day is fine but the autumn haze veils the mountains. I hope to see clearly at sunset. The sun is hot, and one needs shade during the day (solar topi and umbrella do not come amiss), but the nights are cold. I have a fire in this room (the dining-room) and a hot water-bottle in my bed at night.

There is a continual *chatter, chatter* and calling on the water of the natives who live in their dungas and go up and down this little stream (Jhelum River Canal) to the lake, where I saw this morning what I took to be a whole fishing-fleet, but they were gathering water-nuts (singara).

My houseboat (we have a dunga houseboat, because it draws less water and can be taken farther than a regular houseboat) is pointed at each end and is the native boat boarded in. It is about

90 feet long by 16½ feet wide, and has a little hall, sitting-room with fireplace, table, bookcase, four chairs, carpet, Numdah curtains and cushions; dining-room also with fireplace, china cupboard, shelves, etc.; pantry with "hot box" etc.; two bedrooms (one with fireplace), and two lavatories, with a big galvanised bath, opening by a door upon the stern of the boat. Around the outside runs a little platform of laths upon which the pole-men walk. Over the sitting-room is a roof deck, upon which we sit, and find it very hot by day but cold at night. The cook-boat and shikara-boat are behind. There Jummo (the watchman) with his wife, eight children, and all the servants live by day and night, except Lal, who sleeps in the tiny "hall" and calls it "my room" as he hangs his coat there and rolls up his bed there by day. The cooking is done in the cook-boat, water for baths, etc. is heated, and the drinking water in ghurries is kept there. It has sides of matting, without doors or windows.

Now I'll go back to say that I found the great flat plain near Srinagar—from Baramulla in fact—uninteresting and, after all we'd heard, disappointing. A very good road for nearly thirty miles, lined with poplars in their autumn pale yellow, and a great fort on a hill on the left that looked old, almost like a feudal castle—these three things made up a little for the disappointment I felt on first beholding the "Happy Valley." But I suppose we first saw Kashmir at a bad time, for we are told that no rain has fallen since April! Certain it is that I had expected a *little* grandeur, although I had been told it was nothing like Darjeeling for scenery.

But on entering Srinagar itself I found a perfectly flat place, and we drove between poplars still, over a still dusty road by the side of which the grass was shrivelled by drouth and frost. The hotel

looked bare and uninteresting too, all the earth *baked* about it, so that when my bearer threw our dusty luggage thereon to be *cleaned* it seemed like gentle irony. To be sure Takht-i-Suleiman, surmounted by its little Temple, stood just at the top of our road as we turned into Nedou's. That was much as I expected, but where were the beautiful mountains my fancy had painted? Where the *wildness*? I'd never expected quiet, peaceful—not to say dull—*flat* scenes in *Kashmir*.

It is impossible for me to tell you how we were *beset* by the merchant of Srinagar. He came to the hotel and squatted about out-of-doors; he came in a gharri; he came on foot; he came in groups or alone; he brought everything from wood-carving to grass-shoes. He walked up the stairs and invaded my balcony. In vain did I appeal to the hotel. At last M. and his shikari arrive with a *host* following. M. goes to the manager, who sends a *babu*, and, failing to drive them away with words, the babu lays about him with a *stick*. Then M., not knowing who is who and seeing one man too roughly handled, calls out "that's enough" and himself collars and kicks the beater—who turns out to be the *babu*! All this row on the stairs outside my sitting-room.

In the streets it was awful! I began by being polite, and ended by threatening to send for the police. One could not walk without a *horde* following, and even when on the boat they rowed under our windows and shouted, "O lady, just two minutes to look at the famous shawls of Kashmir." I had to run to the shikari, who is a big man and who sent them flying. But of the pestering and the tricks enough! I cannot do the subject justice.

Here on the houseboat, left alone, I am really helpless: I am not *afraid*, I'm glad to say—although I do not think there is an English *sahib* or *mem*

sahib in the place—but I'm *sure* that in little ways they will cheat me. I've locked stores and a little silver in a shaky cupboard. There are several of these, and *one* key fits all the locks !

Some of the tricks played on us were that we were charged a high price for old kerosene tins to be used for hot water ; we bought a *chicken* and found an old *rooster* substituted ; a hot water-bottle we purchased leaked, and was useless, although guaranteed. At every turn they lie and cheat ! And the dirt ! clothing, bodies, houses all fearfully dirty.

Coming down the river past the dirty, ramshackle houses, under the dirty bridges, sailing on the dirty water one saw everywhere dirty people in dirty houseboats or washing clothes in such water that they never *could* be clean.

The outlines of the houses are interesting, and some fine windows and bits of old carving still remain. The Rajah's palace is "pour rire," and looks like a badly decorated Christmas cake ! The Temples have beautiful *silver* roofs that near at hand prove to be made of old oil tins !

But farther afield—here on Lake Wular—it is all different. As I step out of my "front door" Haramouk is straight ahead—very good to look at, but not nearly so fine in outline or in *whiteness* as my beloved group at the far end of Lake Taupo—Gnarahoe, Ruapehu, and Tongariro. They were unique—here many hills are beautiful, but not distinctive.

And now tea-time ; and soon comes my first night here alone. Already Jummo tries to sell me some fish and milk.

16*th*, 4 *p.m.*—*M. has been gone two hours* and Lal comes to say that "Master's coat is left behind !" So send for the "man who speaks English" and tell him to get a pony and go to the place where the

MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR'S PALACE, SRINAGAR.

STREET IN SRINAGAR, LAL IN FOREGROUND.

sahib is to camp to-night. I sent M. a "chit" to say I'm all right, and that *I know* he will need the coat to-night. That coat is M.'s "mum" for the night. Poor man out there on the cold hills and I here in a snug boat!

Just the same the water she lies in is thick with filth. I may have to change our moorings. The Jhelum water is not fit for a white man to use for *any purpose*, and the "pipe water" of Srinagar is kept in "ghurries" or earthen pots. Eggs, chickens, wood and rice are very cheap—all else fearfully dear. Lal, Jummo the watchman and the bhisti all go four miles in the small boat to a spring to fetch fresh water for me. I believe the Jummos all drink river water, and that if they drank pure water they would die!

For friends and letters there is scarcely room so far for a *thought*. One dreams of them or *thinks back* if one wakes in the night or before going to sleep.

All the work of the cook-boat goes on near me. The two women—very dirty and very picturesque—are pounding rice on the shore in a big mortar with immense poles—like pestles—which they lift high over their heads. They winnow it by an old device—hundreds of years old. They are very dirty but picturesque. I imagine that the cook-boat may prove a nuisance!

4.10.—I am now going out to see the mountains. From the sounds I should think at least a dozen people are all talking, jabbering together outside. All the native boats that go by hail Jummo and he likes to tell who we are and that Sahib "*gehe*" on shikar. How do German and French words come to be embedded in the Kashmiri language? Lal says "cartouches" for cartridges, and Jummo says "kleine" as often as he says "chota." Sahib gehe shikari kilneke vasta (?). Lal says dur mille = two miles; jager = hunt (shikar).

The other night when M. went through his accounts with Lal there was an error. Of course Lal was wrong, but it took a long time to make him see his error. When it was put right, I said, "Master is very correct in money matters, Lal, and you must be careful. Master was thirteen years in a bank." Lal put a lean thumb and forefinger against each temple, holding his forehead between them, and said, "Oh! thirteen years in a bank! Then master got plenty money in his head." . . .

Just now I've been ashore, walking up and down a little path worn smooth by naked feet on the cracked baked mud and getting my bearings. It *is* a strange experience—the strangest of all so far. In Canada, although I was alone by day and the door of the log hut would not lock, I had that splendid "Bruin" who *did* understand English, and if I said "go for him" would have fought for me to protect me, and M. and Pete came back at night. In New Zealand, at Murupara, M. was always back in camp at night. I had that dear old silly dog "Scottie" and every one understood my language—also at our other camps. In Japan I was only one day and one night *alone* at Sapporo in a *strange language* in a good hotel; but here I am, surrounded by low-caste natives, who do not understand a word I say. No one but Lal and one villager knows *any* English. So far he has not been a bad boy—in fact I do not expect any trouble from him, but it *is* an unusual experience, for almost always *one* sahib stays behind on the boat. M. gave Lal a *solemn* talk, and promised him a good "chit" and "*backsheesh*" if all goes well, but if so much as "Mem Sahib's" little finger is hurt, Lal is to be *shot*, says M.

I find that Haramouk is about east from the boat, a peak looking over the encircling range of hills. The Jhelum winds very much, and Sopor is

due west—a little village of mud houses, separated by a bridge.

Night, November 16th, 1912.—I am alone, and write to pass the time. I am writing by lamplight in the little sitting-room of the boat, curtains drawn and "all snug" for the night. At the open fire in the dining-room Lal is *rechauffing* a snipe that M. shot yesterday. Some chicken broth is simmering in a *chatti.* Jummo has been to bring wood and to ask if Mem Sahib has any "orders," salaamed, and retired to the cook-boat.

I watched the shepherds drive their flocks down to the river to drink, and women came past, carrying baskets of water-nuts on their heads. I never fully realised the meaning of "picturesquely dirty" before. Haramouk took on a lovely rose-purple tone, all the other hills (bare earth) were softened to rosy brown, and even the mud banks, baked as hard as the huts, were softened. As for the Jhelum it was a lovely soft violet and reflected the snowy image of Haramouk as beautifully as any *clean* stream could have done. This was all in front of the boat—behind the sun was setting over Sopor, and the dirty women carrying water in red *ghurries* became beautiful statues. Seen from here the loose one garment and shawl-like head-dress is very effective. Almost all, men and women, have bare feet and legs.

On the shore near the boat Jummo's big girl and his little one worked *hard* at the rice. They, too, called on the *powers* to help them as the boat-men had done. Speaking of the latter, they all had a *decided* Semitic cast of features. One name called upon for help in getting to Sopor was Yassuf—"same like the Sahib's Book." Somehow I guessed by the way the shikari said *Book* that he meant

the Bible, so I said, "Do you mean Jesus?" "Yes, lady Sahib," said the shikari. There is a tradition that Christ was not killed, but escaped and came to Kashmir, and died and was buried at Srinagar. About that time there *was* a prophet who taught by parables, using many used by Christ—among them the parable of the Sower. However all this may be, *some* Jew or Jews must have strayed up here long ago for these men have Hebraic faces.

I am waiting for a reply "chit" from my dear man. He has left me well-provided for, having himself gone to get me a hot water-bottle and a warm fur rug. That awful heat in Burmah *and* the fever make one susceptible to chills. I fancy that one's first houseboat in *November* would be chilly to any one and even M. complained of cold feet at night. Perhaps M. will not feel the cold so much on the hills. He is very well, very keen and was shooting well when he killed the snipe and plover yesterday. If he can only get his stag and a bear now we'll be happy. We are both disappointed after reading Colonel Younghusband's book—no, in justice to Younghusband I think it was the *exquisite* illustrations (of Major Molyneux) chiefly that were misleading. Even in the autumn sunshine with the autumn colouring still here I've seen nothing at all like what those illustrations led me to expect.

The chenars (a kind of plane) are wonderful trees. They are *immense*, very old, and even in November their colouring is glorious. There is another tree something like an acacia in leaf (now pale yellow), which bears pale yellow berries. It grows in numbers about Kohala, and seen against the clear blue sky was so effective that I conceived a scheme of embroidery—this tree on clear sky-blue, a deep sky-blue—"backine" the chauffeur

VIEW ON JHELUM RIVER NEAR LAKE WULAR.

EVENING VIEW OF MOUNT HARAMOUK FROM WULAR LAKE.

and Lal called it (N.B.—These names are written as nearly as I can).

The mists cleared away to-night at sunset and the mountains all came out clearly. Dinner—8.30. As I sat here writing to M.'s mother I smelt burning wood, but thought it was the wood on the fire in the next room. In another moment I *distinguished* the smell of *pine* and knew that we were not burning pine. One does not reason—I *knew* something was wrong, and flew into the dining-room to see flames *coming out of the mantelpiece* and all the front of it in flames. I flew to the side door, could not get the netting one open, but yelled, "Lal, Lal, Jummo, Jummo, fire, fire!"

In a surprisingly short time Lal and Jummo appeared; and the bhisti (carrying a water-jug), the sweeper, Jummo's wife and boy were all in the dining-room. They all went crazy except the bhisti, who poured water upon the flames. I yelled to Lal above the uproar to tell them to shut up and keep cool, as it was not a big fire, and would soon be out. They pulled the fire all to pieces, flooded the place all around the hearth with water, tore open the chimney, ran up on the roof and poured water down, and, in fact, went mad. Lal howled at them to keep quiet, but they were going to do it *thoroughly*! This little scare will make us all the more careful about fire, but shows me how quickly they will come if I need help.

November 18th.—Yesterday I had a water scare and was *sick* with fright. They were going to give me water from the river to drink and for cooking, but a Mr. Lal (no relation to our bearer), a river engineer under the Government, came to my rescue and promised to send me some good drinking water from a spring four miles away.

2 *p.m.*—Lovely soft shimmering mauves—mauve

hills near, and mauve—shiny, silvery mauve—water. It is *exquisite* although I know how dirty it is and that we (*i.e* the *Batera*) lie soaking in muck! It floats on the water in a vile scum.

Does Kashmir weave a spell over one? It has never been so lovely before—there is more snow on the Pir Pinjal range. I have now seen the village jamadar, and had letters from the post-master and the chief engineer. The post-master has the honour to send me a lot of wood on a funny little pony and promises "hens" in a most polite note.

At 2.30 two "reliable men" (*vide* Mr. Lal's note)—who should have been here at 10 a.m.—turned up with the water. Although the note said I was not to pay, they hung about until my bearer came, when I told them through him that I had already given 8 annas when the engineer sahib had arranged I should give nothing, and that, although I was quite willing to pay what was right, I should see the jamadar first. They salaamed and departed *at once*.

This place is too lovely to be enjoyed alone. I know lots of people who would paint it or write it, and here am I who can only say "how lovely!" I'll have tea and go up to my house-top, and let it soak in. I'm thankful for the warm sun which thaws me out by day. The nights *are* cold. I had a nice note from M., and sent him the mail that Lal got yesterday—three messengers sent to his camp in two days—"ruinous," but these people walk to the camp, ten miles off, and back, and are quite satisfied with 4 annas each.

November 18th, 7.50 *p.m.*—Dear M. wishes I were up there at the camp near Zohlar village, and adds "it is just eleven miles." But I can't walk or ride eleven miles now, and besides I do not trust the people enough to leave the *Batera* alone. Lal is to be *trusted*, but does not always "think."

To-night the loveliest sunset. This side of the Pir Pinjal range looks very *cold*—because in shadow and much snow, but to the east all the hills—even my lord Haramouk—are rosy mauve. There is very little of the horizon that is not mountains. I hope I shall always be able to remember the *beauty* of to-night. The Jhelum flowed a silver mauve between soft brown banks. Haramouk was a white spot reflected in the stream, but the other mountains mirrored a warmer tone—and *out* of the water half the horizon was soft and rosy. Away to the north-west I saw snowy peaks I'd never seen before, and as the sun set behind Sopor all the land swam and swooned and shimmered and quivered in a soft mingling of rose, violet, mauve, and silver. I am sorry that I cannot describe it—but I *hope* to remember it. A line of trees, scarce noticeable before, over towards the monastery showed a little green and some pale autumn yellow.

As I walked on the hard baked mud bank and looked at the colours it seemed that green was not needed, that *soft brown* was the only thing for contrast to the mauve river, the rosy mountains with that fascinating Haramouk white above them, and the dull green line of trees touched with yellow. I saw perspective in the lines of hills that I've never seen before. Sheep and cows came down to drink, a peasant or two passed, all my servants were busy in the cook-boat, preparing the evening meal—and I had this peaceful scene to myself. I have never seen anything more *peaceful.* At the same time that the air was *bracing* the sun gave comforting warmth.

Is Kashmir hypnotising me? There seemed nothing to be desired in the scene to-night. I forgot to-day how dirty Jummo's wife was—she looked so picturesque. I sat on the house-top and saw them

weighing the wood in queer scales, the weights being stones. The bhisti did it and everybody helped. Mrs. Jummo came (all in her silver ornaments and dirty dress) with the baby. Jummo, spurred on by the gift of 2 annas, went at the wood so hard that he cut his foot, and "Mem Sahib" had to find "medicine." I was interested and pleased watching them; and yet I know they are dirty and full of tricks. Clearly Kashmir is putting me under its spell.

November 21st (Forest Bungalow at Harwan, eight miles from Sopor).—*This place my soul loveth.* High above river and plain mists, dry and warm on a hillside with great hills rising behind, still colouring, in front a tilled plain with fruit trees, etc., and *en face*, snow mountains. The air is glorious. I might be in a New England camp. Two good rooms with large verandah well raised from the ground, good running water, stone walls, poplar trees, etc. M. is in camp three miles further on.

I *threatened* and flourished my good Grindelwald stick yesterday, and finally started about 2 p.m., much later than I should have done on account of a *Mahommedan holiday*. I had a lovely ride (and walk) on the queerest little horse—but sure-footed—and sate astride on an old Kashmiri saddle with lovely lines, *i.e.*, the saddle bow. I would like to own it. I entrusted an open jar of pickles to one of the coolies with instructions to be very careful of it. He seemed to think it contained a god or some sacred relic, and carried it in his two hands solemnly in front of him, keeping it in this position even when sitting down to rest. It pleased me greatly, and I christened him the "Pickle Coolie." There were also in my train a horse-coolie or syce, my horseman (the owner of the animal), Lal, and the sweeper.

Five miles out of Sopor one smelt and felt the

AUTHORESS AT FOREST BUNGALOW AT HARWAN.

fresh air of the hills. It was a perfect autumn day. We passed the village of Barmai, surrounded by trees, celebrating the holiday. Priests come out and salaam. Met lots of Mahommedans going in with a fowl or a sheep to sacrifice. Arrived at dark and found afterwards that M. had waited till 5.30 on the top of the hill between our camps, and then, giving me up, had gone back and unpacked.

Supper of cold, hard-boiled eggs, bare bread and tea—no salt, no milk, no butter. Engaged a "wood wallah" and soon had a cheerful fire. Two shapes appear later in the moonlight. Messengers from M.

This is the loveliest place I've seen, but M.'s shikari needs *shaking up*, and *I'll do it*. I feel *well* in the clear, fine, autumn weather. Golden are the days, a pale yellow and a colder yellow are the moonlit nights.

November 22nd, 10 *a.m.*—Life is quite *interesting*. Last night in the "wee sma' hours" some beast knocked down several feet of the stone wall near my window with a *fearful rattle!* I called Lal, but when I succeeded in waking him of course he'd heard nothing! Then the jackals! Villagers and dogs were in *full cry*. This last experience is a glorious one. I love every bit of it—even the little thrills of fear when I awake alone in the night, and hear the jackals howl near me. That *is* a sound.

It is the time of a big Mahommedan festival.

Lal has been sent off to Sopor, and I have had my breakfast with the aid of the few Hindostani and Kashmiri words I've picked up, such as pani, pukka, chota, burra, hitherow (come), gehe, jao (go), coolie, sahib, Bahut acchoo, gurm, cha, etc., and gestures. I am alone with the sweeper, a low-caste man, who usually does only the dirtiest work. We were up at 6 a.m., as Lal had to go eight miles to Sopor and get back, and before he went I told

him to tell the sweeper that *I believed* him to be a *clean man* and that he was to wash his hands and the cooking pots (chattis) very carefully and boil two eggs for my breakfast and rice for noon.

November 22nd, 2 p.m.—I've just been out on the hills (in the lovely pale golden day!) and come back to find a good fire, everything swept clean, dishes washed, fresh water brought from the spring and *Mr. Sweeper* on guard at the front door, the back ones being safely bolted. Nothing like *promoting* a man!

The sun comes late into our valley and it is a little hazy, but the snow mountains opposite are lovely. I *sang* to them last night. The village has been on a *spree* for days, and as the singing (?) has at last stopped I can hear babies crying and women calling angrily. The reaction has come to them, poor things! I am far happier here than in the big hotels, and as well as can be. One *needs* few things. You are right, my dear Thoreau! Miss U. T. is the only *woman* I know who would appreciate this Forest Bungalow at Harwan, Kashmir.

The autumn colouring is still here, birds are calling, there is an old, old tomb, a sacred well and trees—big mulberry trees—sheep and cows grazing, picturesque peasants, a warm hillside by day and frost by night. People who have stayed here at various times have written their names near the door, and there are marks where tents have been pitched around. Sounds are very *distinct*—the falling of leaves, trickle of water, etc. The water-course shows up green and so do irrigated patches in the valley. Willows, apple trees and chenars are seen from here—the bungalow steps.

There was a sudden apparition of natives this morning—coolies appeared to come out of the ground

in front of me. Their old blankets are exactly the colour of the rocks and dried earth of the Nullah from which they emerged. Men on horseback also come up the Nullah and vanish! I can see no village—where do they come from and whither do they go? (I found afterwards there was a mountain pass, hidden from the bungalow.)

The foliage is pale yellow with brilliant bushes on the hills, running water and snow mountains! The sunshine has the warmth of the North Eastern States of America in the spring—warm, golden days and pale, golden nights.

November 22nd, 4 *p.m.*—I've just seen a green-golden *fountain*—a "willow by the brook" it was and the trees on either side of the low doorway to the tomb are quite green. Then comes the mulberry tree full of berries over the old Mahomedan tomb. Perhaps even Kashmir bears are superstitious and respect the grave! Then a caravan came along, all in turbans and blankets, and squatted here by the spring while their pack-horses browsed.

M.'s shikari, Mohamed Lone, has had sent to me a box containing a camp outfit, so now I'm rich in a tea-kettle and wash-basin. Strange how *cosy* you are when once you've got a tea-kettle and a teapot!

The colours are *divine* on the hills behind the bungalow! All the warm browns (and some brown gnats!), a few of the yellows, and a few bare trees *to accent*—then a few reds and oranges—but soft tones prevail. I had just decorated the bushes near the bungalow with some civilised female apparel when the most *beautiful* old washerman appeared—Sattera, Dhobi. The snow hills are hid and the wind moans. Rain? Yes.

A letter from my lord, who is now in camp above me. Deer have been seen. He looks *down* on me and the bungalow!

November 24th (*Sunday*).—Venison from M. this morning. He has killed a ten-pointer Barasingh.

To-day the village below me is *at it again!* This time with what sounds like fifes (probably *reeds*) —at times not unlike bag-pipes—and drums (tom-toms). I've sent Lal and the sweeper to see what they're doing. Meanwhile my saddle of venison is cooking in a chatti by the open fire and my "shift," washed in "sunlight soap," hangs on a bush at the door.

Yesterday, November 23rd, was marked by the coming of the "Forest Officer." Great row. Then "the Sahib" and his outfit! Dinner- and tea-sets, tea-table, bookcase, trunks, dogs, *pumps*, etc. At dinner a regular "Bar tender." Father a Parson at Sydenham. Tells me "the way to be rid of merchants at Srinagar is to give 'em an order," and says, "What could a poor baby do but *howl* if you gave him a name like mine at his baptism?"

I'm *absolutely* alone at the moment in this bungalow at the edge of the forest. Fuller left early this morning. He has over a thousand square miles to look over, and has written a book on the trees, etc., of his "section." His bearer and cook and the dinner were things to remember. "I'll use those finger-bowls if I die," says I. He was in evening clothes but no pumps. "Don't spoil the dream." "I won't," and he produces his "party" ones. Cheerful young sahib of twenty-eight!

November 24th, later.—Lal has come back and says it was a "wedding, but the bride was not there, madam!" It seems that the man goes to the Mosque, has a great fuss made over him, and then goes in great style, escorted by the musicians, to the girl's house. "To-night," so Lal says, "a policeman goes to the house, and the man and woman (or boy and girl rather!) sit one on either side of him. He

says 'you are married,' or 'I pronounce you man and wife.' "

I will now partake of venison, it being 2 o'clock.

Old, old mulberry trees *black* against the autumn colouring of fawn ground, reds, yellows, and browns.

Tea-time! While my kettle was boiling, one said, "Salaam, Mem Sahib," and bowed low beneath my verandah. It was a hill-man with two chikor and a slab of chocolate, on the wrapper of which my lord writes from Zohlar! This man met my coolie and told him that M. had photographed the young man who made such a din coming for his bride in this village. I have venison and chikor and hear that my lord hath also shot a langour.

A poor pariah bitch now lies near my door. I've fed her with M.'s venison! Poor outcast! No one was ever good to her before. She now comes out of the wood or up from the village at the sound of my voice.

Lal and the sweeper got autumn leaves for me. I have an earthen chatti of them each side of my door. The smell of *pure* water in a *new* earthen chatti is one of the *clean* smells to remember.

4.10 *p.m.*—Never a dull moment here; always things happening. Just now the clouds lift and I see a glimpse (a shy look) of the snow mountains over at Gulmarg (pron., Gool-merg).

November 25th.—Snow.

November 26th.—Went to M.'s camp and brought him to Harwan. He had got chilled the day before, arriving before his camp after a long march over the hills through the snow, but had been up after a bear this morning which escaped without his getting a shot.

November 27th.—Pills, careful diet, and warm fires cured M. Lovely day, snow gone, bright sunshine.

November 28th.—"Bear" was the cry at sunset, but after a long stalk it was too dark for M. to get

a shot. We are off to bed early to be up and after him before eight to-morrow. M. got a long shot at the bear in the evening and brought him down, but he got away in the dark. He was found dead afterwards a little way off and we have got his skin. My same old horse and saddle and funny man came to take me back to Sopor, but the bear hunt prevented our starting to-night.

November 29th.—The first search for Baloo, the bear, unsuccessful. This delayed our start, but we broke camp and returned to Sopor and the *Batera* on a lovely late autumn afternoon with all our train. M. shot a big hawk *en route.*

November 30th.—Mr. Madho Koul, the native post-master, called to say "Good-bye." We had a lovely day on Wular Lake, and we lie to-night moored at the mouth of the Jhelum.

December 1st (Sunday).—Just at the Jhelum's mouth. Wrote letters. Very fine mountain views all the way.

December 2nd.—M. and Mohamed Lone up and off early to the Jheel, where M. shot eighteen duck. M. and I do a lot of writing and reading.

December 3rd, 6 p.m.—We have just reached Srinagar (seventh bridge), but cannot get to our regular moorings to-night. The colouring at sunset was beautiful. M. and I sat on deck in the warm sunshine, and enjoyed it all. The lower mountains turned rose-purple, then deep violet-purple, the river near us deep, deep blue—near the shore that *shimmery mauve* that I saw at Sopor. It must be that the drab-brown mud banks affect the colour. Away above and beyond the purple hills rose the snow-covered ones—burnished gold *laid on,* snow as the sun's last light fell upon them. The river banks just before the sun left them were wonderful—the dull, grey-brown mud took on positive *orange*

AUTHORESS TRAVELLING BETWEEN SOPOR AND HARWAN.

tones, warmed here and there by touches of red at the mounds of the brick-kilns. All these vivid colours and the snow mountains reflected on the mauve *satin* Jhelum! M. left his book, stood up, and said, "I wish I could take *that* (with a gesture that took in all that lay in front of us) with me." Me, too! and I *shall* as long as I can remember beautiful things.

Coming *up* to Srinagar by river, one sees the fine mountain setting in which the dirty city lies. In the dark we saw some curious silhouettes through the windows by the bright light—of a Priest beating cymbals and singing, of women in other houseboats, and our long outline reflected with Jummo and his boy in the bow and the cook-boat following with Mohamed Lone and the cook, and, in the distance, Mrs. Jummo. It was a fine experience entering Srinagar in the dark and fog. Jummo's boy still led the choir! Excited boat-calls as we passed under bridges. The candle-lights in the houses showed the deep walls at the window. These dim outlines in the fog recall London and Muroran!

December 6th (Houseboat *Batera*, Srinagar).—We are so busy that we cannot *breathe* deeply. *I* cannot and M. has a cold in his head. He has gone off with Major W. and others on a big duck shoot and will come in tired but happy—as he always does after a day in the open. Just now a great row! All the servants rushing to meet M., and nearly upsetting the houseboat. It is 6.45, and dark, and they are tearing about with lanterns. M. got twenty-nine duck of various sorts, and the total "bag" was about one hundred and fifty. We are having some warm, comfy shooting suits made here of "putto," the cloth the natives weave.

I love this place but am now anxious to finish our tour and be back in England.

I am growing to like the poor Mahomedans here and am sorry for them. All our servants here (except Lal) are Kashmir Mahomedans and are honest and obedient. I have been alone with them a lot and found them ready to do anything. They are fearfully poor and down-trodden by the Pundits.

I have bought a few thick and inexpensive numdahs—Yarkand rugs. This is our finest experience in many ways since we left home, and we want to come again. I went down the river to-day in a funny little boat, rowed by two men and two boys, and felt that Srinagar, which I hated at first, was fascinating me.

December 9th.—M. and I sit here in the little sitting-room of our houseboat this last night—he reading and I writing letters. We are both dressed in our new "putto." What a day of "merchants," settling up, tipping servants and writing "chits!" Guham Kadir, of the firm of Subhana & Sons, came to make a ceremonial farewell call. He invited us to a Persian breakfast at his house, but this must be when we come back!

Then came Mahadah Joo (the cleanest and honestest of them all), and sat on the floor while he mended some earrings *with his fingers*, using them as pincers. Came also one Mohamed Baba, who is dressing M.'s heads and skins, with a little fur rug as a present for Mem Sahib. I had also a *Kangri* from Subhana & Sons, and a little turquoise matrix charm from Guffar Joo.

The Jummos, who have only one little brown hen, bring me her one little egg each day while it is yet warm. At last all is done, and I must go to bed to be up by six! This has been a *very* nice experience, but I hope we can come in April next time. Now we must hurry away, or we may be snowed in for the

VILLAGERS AND BAND AT MAHOMEDAN WEDDING AT ZOHLAR.

M.'S CAMP WITH VILLAGERS AT ZOHLAR

winter. "Much snow" is already reported on the Murree Pass.

December 10th to 13th.—Coming down and 14th settling again in Pindi.

December 15th (Sunday), 1912.—Back at Rawal Pindi at Flashman's comfy hotel again. Officers and their wives seem to be the sole residents. By contrast with what we've had of late it seems to us simply palatial! We laugh like two children and say "Isn't it good to be warm and well-fed again." Kashmir was *hard* in spots, and the journey there and back really a dangerous but fascinating one, whichever way you do it. They keep men at work on the road all the time, but we saw some *fearsome* places, where huge rocks had just fallen. In one part, where a steep gorge fell to the river on one side and rocks rose *miles* above us on the other, M. asked why the driver went so near the river side. "For fear of falling rocks, Sahib," was the answer.

I had heard that a phaeton ("fit-tun" the natives call it) was a comfortable conveyance in which to drive down, so I asked M. to hire one instead of a tonga, which in places swings from side to side unmercifully. My lord said "no" with a *snap*, and I thought him particularly *stubborn*, and told him so. When we had passed the most dangerous part M. said, "*Now* I will tell you why I would not *hear* of a phaeton." Then he told me that Mr. Fraser, the Resident, had informed him at Uri of a horrible accident which had recently taken place near there. A lady and gentleman in a phaeton, with the two horses, driver, syce, and all had gone over that precipice and there was no *stir* after they struck the rocks below. A falling rock had startled the horses and they sprang to the opposite side to escape what had frightened them. The road was narrow—cut in the side of the mountain. One spring

and nothing could save them ! As we sat in the back of the tonga, we *could* have jumped, but in a phaeton you are *in a trap*.

The horses got on my nerves fearfully, but, in spite of that, I almost think I prefer the tonga to the motor. Certainly the manager of the Tonga Company tried to please us and was more reliable than the motor people. I do not mean that I was *afraid* of the horses but that I *pitied* them. Not all were up to their work—it is the end of a hard season and some of them are played out. I suffered again for the poor bullocks drawing the carts. We had three drivers (I wish you could have seen their costumes), who blew a most musical horn to warn other vehicles to get out of the way, for safety passing through tunnels and around the sharp curves, or for fresh horses. The tonga people said we must have a new driver each day for safety, *i.e.* a man who knew that part of the road and the horses.

We had, I think, every *kind* of horse on that drive. The worst was a big white *kicker*. I do not know whether something hurt him or whether he was " ugly." He stood on his nose (so it looked), and up came his long legs in two movements—first doubled up, then straight out behind him. The driver very cleverly kept his head on the opposite side, so that his legs went past it. More than once have I said to M., " They will never believe " this or that " at home." This is true that one can joke and smile in *real* danger—all the while sitting *very tight* and taking every precaution. When that horse was plunging and kicking (they *gallop* the five or six miles of their stage) M. said, " Now I want you to be *alive* ; if anything happens, swing out as far as you can, holding on by the upright which supports the hood, and *jump*. Don't be afraid.

BRIDEGROOM (AGED NINE) GOING TO BRING BACK HIS BRIDE AT ZOHLAR.

It won't matter much if we smash our faces or break an arm, and it is our *only chance.*"

We did fifty miles the first day, fifty the second, and were up before daylight on the third, doing about seventy that day and changing horses every four miles on the long hill to Murree. Part of the road was so steep that all but the driver got out and walked. The road was muddy in places, full of holes in others, *steam rollers* on newly crushed rocks in places, in others men throwing down loosened rocks from above and, on Murree Hill, snow.

The scenery was even more beautiful coming down, for now the higher mountains are snowy. Two *very* beautiful views were the mountains from Domel and the wonderful panorama from the top of Murree Hill (December 12th), when one watched new ranges "grow," as M. said, as one ascended. One lovely pointed peak very snowy, shaped like Fuji—old Burhand (?).

At Gharhi the agent was very polite, but ought to have warned us that Sunnybank was closed. There we changed the driver of our tonga, and again at Murree, as they know the road best in stretches. It was after dark and in snow that, cold, hungry and tired, we arrived at Sunnybank—and to our horror found it closed. By dint of blowing our horn and shouting we roused two ragged and sleepy chowkidars who at first said we could not stay there. My temper often gets things (especially here in India) that M.'s calm, more polite manner fails to. I had sat for hours twisted round to watch the road and the horses, for after dark it was a continual strain—neither we nor other "teams" having lights—and once or twice I saw things ahead first. So I could hardly move for stiffness, but I cried out, "How *dare* you refuse a Sahib and a Mem Sahib? It is an order! Jow!" Now "jow," said angrily, has

its effect out here, and the rest of my speech having been translated by Lal, it acted like a whip and they let us into the empty house and M. paid them well in the morning.

Fortunately the frugal Lal had preserved some food—biscuits and tinned tongue and some Quaker Oats for porridge. With the help of my tea-basket, a kettle which we borrowed, some "oilwood" and a "chatti" we managed to get some supper, and made up beds of sorts for the night. The bedroom was just a bare, cold, damp, white, hollow square with no carpet and two small windows high up. Basins were found on the floor of a room beyond, but we could get no water, so I washed in *cold cream* and waked faint for food in the night. We had had no solid meal since daybreak.

The cold morning *was* an experience, and after more biscuits and tea we said "Good-bye" to our faithful old driver (who had won my heart by giving me his only light—two bits of candle—the night before), took on a new one, and started again. In spite of instructions sent on before that we must have good horses, we found all the best ones had been taken by the Murree schoolboy, who had started early that morning on his Christmas holiday —fifty-two of him! So we galloped downhill on a good road in another tonga balanced for downhill work, but with badly matched horses. By-and-bye we met all the schoolboys' horses coming back from the first stage and our driver helped himself to two of the best and freshest.

M. and I both have colds from that night at Sunnybank, but are very well in spite of this. What do you think I saw in that room at Sunnybank? The chowkidars brought a brown-paper package, which, they said, an English Sahib had forgotten, and asked what it was. A beautiful big, wax doll,

M. EXPLAINING COMPASS TO MAHOMED AND MONCKTAR LONE, DHOBI AND CHOWKIDAR AT HARWAN.

MONCKTAR LONE AND SATTERA DHOBI AT OLD MAHOMEDAN TOMB AT HARWAN.

dressed in pink, with lovely hair and closed eyes, lay in a box with Christmas crackers, torn by the men to see what was in them, around her. I wrapped it up again and rated the men for touching a Sahib's things, telling them to keep it carefully till he sent for it. I did this for the sake of some little girl, hoping that whoever left the box there would *remember*, and that she would get her Christmas present. This reminder of Christmas "at home" when we were cold and hungry made us feel the contrast, but contrasts are the spice of life.

Our third day out was a beautiful one, climbing Murree Hill, *snow* on the top, "*dirty*" roads on the first descent, and *dust* for the last twelve miles into Pindi. We left Srinagar in a snowstorm, Jumma, Mohamed Lone, Moucktar, the bhisti, Jumma's son, and a man from Guffar Joo's seeing us off with many salaams. Since we arrived we have been resting, getting out clothes from luggage stored here, *letters*, and planning our routes, etc. To-morrow night we go to Peshawar, on Tuesday the Khyber Pass, and, perhaps, back here the same night, arriving in the morning of Wednesday the 18th. Then we are to leave Pindi December 20th, M. for Ramnagar and I for Delhi.

When I was ill at Calcutta, and hating the place, M. promised me as a Christmas and birthday present that he and I should be at Delhi for Christmas, and see the vice-regal procession. In Kashmir came the invitation to shoot with Mr. C. We should have to be under canvas, and Mrs C. warned me how cold the nights are. I have a heavy cold—besides, I want at least one procession in India. I have let M. off his promise to spend Christmas in Delhi, because the tiger shoot *is* such a temptation for him, but, much as I hate travelling and being in hotels alone, *I shall go*. Lal will see that I get a seat in the train,

will go with me, and stand near my seat during the procession. He is a good guide, and knows the ropes, having been with two gentlemen at Delhi during the great Durbar. I get on well with him by being very strict when he needs it, and as kind and just as possible at other times. He was quite a useful boy in Kashmir. They are *children* all, these natives, and the Sahibs have the upper hand mightily.

Trunk, kit-bag and gun-case not yet arrived. We've no evening duds and so we go in morning ones to dinner.

It is just about certain now that we sail in the *Morea* on March 1st from Bombay. It is also certain that if we do half M. wants to do we can't reach London till May! "Me lorrd" wants to have a look at Egypt, Palestine (perhaps), Italy, Germany, and I—Paris!

I'm not *quite* well yet in spite of treatment. *One* trouble begins as soon as I come down to the plains! Never mind, we're headed for home now, and I'll have my own doctors there. We have some more shooting experiences and jungle—if M. finds that it is not too cold for me—and there is Jeypore and —Agra! I want a week at least, there. Then—perhaps Southern India. You ask in Srinagar if that man is an *Indian* and one replies, "No, he is Kashmiri." So also I asked where I could get a floor dhurri like one I admired. "Oh, that comes from India," I was told.

December 16th to 18th.—To Peshawar and back.

December 18th.—Yesterday we motored from Peshawar to the Khyber Pass with Lieut. H. Pickets saluted from queer little guard-houses up on the sky-line. After passing the block-house at Ali Musjid, we lunched in a cave. The block-house door gave the only light and air; a fire between stones

AUTHORESS IN TONGA, CHANGING HORSES AT URI.

BLOCK HOUSE AND CARAVAN OF CAMEL IN KHYBER PASS.

on a raised mud thing like a circular divan in the middle of the floor, which was also mud. Perhaps there was brick inside the mud but it looked only mud. The sentries (Khyber Rifles) had plenty of beds, eggs and water in this hut, and a ladder led up to a look-out place, but a trap-door shut off this attic from my curious eyes.

We went on a little way beyond the Fort—in fact up to the barrier, leaving the motor by the side of the road in charge of two or three Pathan sentries. There was no tree, no grass, only a sort of shrub, which to this barren place is like the sage brush of Western United States. The place was a little basin, shut in by bare, rocky hills, with two roads—an upper and a lower—winding out of it the way we had come and *one* going on to Lundi Khotal. The chauffeur (a Punjaubi) went on across the stony basin and found a shallow cave in the hillside where we could lunch; stood up in it like a figure in a niche, and called to Sahib to ask if that would do. When we crossed to it we found a stream, too wide for me to jump, of lovely clear mountain water. Both M. and Lieut. H. were armed.

Before we began lunch the great caravan began to arrive—the great bi-weekly caravan from Kabul and "that way." First of all hundreds of people walking—this I saw, the crowd first, and then began to distinguish individuals. We stood in the niche as in a box of an immense theatre. The hill opposite was a great "front drop" and the road ran across the stage from extreme left to right—right being the dip of the road at Ali Musjid or the Mosque of Ali. Enter the crowd-movement and murmur—several villages of people! They passed on over the hill by the block-house. Then came camels—over 1,000 of them—and donkeys, horses, men, women, children, dogs, and *hens*. One man rode a

beautiful black horse and Mr. H. said, "Good horse, that—the fellow is bringing him down to sell in the bazaar," or, again, "See that boy—good-looking boy that!"

Then the caravan stopped—all the while three or four men of the Khyber Rifles and the chauffeur closed around the motor—and man and beast drank from the brook. Before this we had left our "box" and come down to the brook. By-and-bye they sent off part of the caravan by the lower road, and when we started back we found that there are *three* separate roads—at least it looks so; anyway, the caravan had a road to itself.

When we got back to the block-house we saw part of the caravan resting near Ali Musjid—the camels kneeling a little way off and the little Mosque full of worshippers.

There was an incident of a man with daggers after lunch. M. had wandered down to photograph the scene and Lieut. H. had laid his revolver and belt on the floor of our little cave-box. I was looking at the caravan and turned to see a man, "acting queer," coming towards us. Lieut. H. stood looking at him and the man seemed afraid to come. Suddenly another appeared on the left, near me and below me. I asked Lieut. H. what the man wanted. "Oh, to carry back our things," said he, carelessly. "No, he does not," said I. He was not *that kind*, the kind that "want a job." The Lieut. had *put me off*. "Ask him what he wants," I said, and the Lieut. told him to *come and say*. When the man came up the steep path one saw that he was a hill-man, with a hard, small-poxed face. On Lieut. H. asking him what he wanted, he produced first an *old* dagger and then a *new* one. I said, "I wonder how many people he's killed with the old one." Lieut. H. translated, and the

man said coolly, with a hard *gleam* rather than a smile, "Oh, four or five." M. came up then, thinking he had better stand by the Lieut. and I turned to watch the caravan again. Lieut. H. told M. after I had gone that these men would not hesitate a moment "to stick a knife into you if they could get the revolver lying there on the ground."

To get to the motor we had to go *into* the caravan and the soldiers made the crowd keep off a certain distance. While we were getting "under way" I studied the faces of the men who stood round. Fine faces some of them and lighter in colour than other Indians.

As I stood in our "box" looking at the crowd passing from left to right, next to the dull colour of dirty-white clothing which predominated came a grey-blue that gave life to the scene. There were stones by the brook of the same colour, and at one place on our way up we saw a flock of blue rock-pigeons of the same tone. The camels had big, woolly heads—they were Kabul camels. When the caravan began to move on again a flock of goats appeared on the hill ("the drop") being driven to Peshawar. The country between Peshawar and the Pass was a desolate moor—no grass nor trees—with mud houses *au même temps* fort and house.

Jamrud fort stands out *individual* and lonely. Lieut. H. is going to take command there at Christmas, and he said his mother had written in her last letter that she had been *icing a cake for him for Christmas!* I hope it will reach Jamrud in time; he'll need it! Just the Serai down at its base—the road, a few private fort-houses, barren, rocky country—and, beyond, hills—*and yet it pleased me.* I like frontier places—Darjeeling, Kashmir, Peshawar and especi-

ally from Jamrud on to Ali Musjid. I wanted to go on, but it was not safe—"permits" (even with an Officer Sahib to get one for you) are granted only to Ali Musjid.

Lieut. H. is the first officer whom I have heard speak in praise—almost, or quite, admiration—of natives. "Splendid men, these," he says emphatically. Again when we passed some men walking, "See those boys—now aren't those two *fine* fellows!" "There's a good-looking woman," he said once. The women wear a dress cut thus: a yoke, and then the cloth *fulled* on to that like a "Mother Hubbard." Some of these garments were so patched and old as to be *mellow* and beautiful. We could not enter the Pass later than 11 a.m. nor stay there after two. I have kept the "permit."

We were told that it would be very cold; it was *not* and Peshawar had roses growing and blowing out of doors and palms everywhere—semi-tropical vegetation. I like the place far better than Pindi. But the great, lonely, bare spaces out at Jamrud and beyond! See them once and cities are as *nothing* —all but *one* city, *London*—and *there* I shall sometimes *long* to see the hard, dreary stretches and *the hills*!

Socially we had a nice day too. It was awfully nice seeing Mr. H. again, whom we'd liked from the first, and we had a jolly little tea and chat in his rooms. We are planning to meet him in London.

On the 20th of December M. went off to Ramnagar on a shooting expedition with elephants in the jungles and forests on the Nepaul border under his friend I. C., and in the afternoon I travelled to Delhi with Lal, as I was so anxious to see one grand Indian procession. Crowded and uncomfortable journey. Arrived at Delhi on 21st, during the rehearsal of the procession.

December 22nd, Sunday (Delhi).—I've moved into the cottage from my first most uncomfortable (canvas) quarters. I have one room and bath here, a homely room with three little windows and *walls*. The other place was not *decent!* It is just sunset, and in the foot-thick western window-space I have a big red poinsettia in my Kashmir Kangri—as if it had caught fire and burst into flames! My room is a good sized whitewashed cell, with only a few necessary articles of furniture (an iron bed), three deep-set little windows, a fire-place, and coarse rush matting on floor. From my west window I have "large, amiable trees" and from the other two and the door the white Church (of England)—the one that everybody knows with its old ball and cross full of shot-holes from the siege.

Since tiffin I've been to see the Kashmir Gate, which is within a stone's throw of my *cottage*, and John Nicholson's statue and grave, both the latter as they should be—plain and strongly simple, in the only *green* park I have seen here. It is so small that they can keep it well watered. I wonder if the "Corporal Peacock," who lies next John Nicholson's grave, was his own corporal. I think so—he died three days before his general—both so young! John Nicholson was only thirty-five, and a *hero* and *dead*; the corporal but twenty-eight. "How young they were," I said to the grave-stones.

A little Indian boy had given me some red roses at Nicholson's Monument. I found them in my hands at his grave and threw them over the iron railing, so that they fell on the white marble slab. Delhi is splashed with the royal colour to-day. Delhi was splashed with the *royal* colour on *that* day—September 23rd, 1857. I have my bit of the colour instead of Christmas holly—the red roses on the marble above the hero of Delhi, and my poinsettia

here in my whitewashed cell. Lal showed me these things, and yesterday took me to Chandni Chowk to see where my seat will be to-morrow. I have explored all the city near me, but there are six Delhis of different dates and I am waiting for M. to go to see some of the ruins.

It is very hot here in the middle of the day, but almost *cold* at night. I'd be rather fond of Delhi if it were not so awfully dusty. You can't wear anything decent and you can't feel clean. I like the Church and the cemetery; the Church and grounds are quite restful. The gardens must be nice when fresh and clean, but now all is dried up and choked with dust.

It is still the 22nd (7 p.m.), and I've just been out to try my windows that I had so carefully bolted. One can see in if a light is burning, but no one can get in, and I shall undress without a light—or with a candle "dimly burning" in one corner of my "apartment." The bathroom door is securely locked (a brand new padlock strong enough for *stables*), but there is a space of several inches at the top and one can see in at the cracks! All the same I am quite safe and snug and I have *walls*. I think I'm alone in this cottage and it is a relief not to hear everything as I did in the canvas bachelor's quarters.

There is a lovely moon that makes sharp shadows as on the Riviera. I hope to be in Agra when the moon is big again. Delhi is nice in spots—I hope Agra will be *quite*, only one *must* have either dust or rain in India and we are sure to get dust now.

One lady at my table is here to conduct a law case . . . and opposite her on my left is her friend—both English. *En face* sits a clever and most amusing American lady. She began scandal in high places last night . . . and she named names and called spades spades. It was all done with the

lightest touch and I laughed till I ached. When she came to morals and politics I referred her to Pryce Collier's (I am not sure of the author's name) book *England and the English,* in which he speaks of this. *I* think a man's private life is his own affair and that a soldier (etc.) is to be chosen because he *is* a soldier—not because he is "good." The way a man's "past"—his most intimate and private life—is rooted out and screamed to the world as soon as he becomes a candidate for public office in the United States is *atrocious!*

This is a digression—and what she said of the "smart set" in London Society was true and awfully funny. I find that the lady is a Mrs. C., who is a *journalist!* Perhaps because I laughed at her jokes she spoke lightly and gracefully—as only Americans and French people can—of my "charming society!"

I'm to breakfast at 7.30 and *walk* to my seat to-morrow. I want an "official programme," but do not know how to get one. I should like to know "who's who."

December 23rd, 1912. 3.20 p.m.—It was different from a big pageant at home in several ways; not so "grand," not so impressive on the whole, yet in *spots* more so. Then it was not so formal—people talked to you even if they *didn't* know you, etc.

The sun and colour and seeing the native Rajahs and Princes in all their glory and proper setting *was* a thing to come out for to see. The Cadet corps of native Princes—all in white with leopard skins and lovely blue turbans—on black horses; the elephants gorgeously painted (did you know that they paint the poor things?), on which sat the Rajahs —Patiala the most gorgeous of all, and looking like "The Moor;"—and the troop of Sikhs; all this was a thing to see.

There was a note of tragedy in this my one procession in India. I did not *see* the bomb thrown, but we all *heard* the explosion and knew it was not a gun. Some one was telling me about General Willcocks, who sat his horse *finely* just in front of me. He was sitting at ease, chatting now and then with his staff—Colonel this and Major that—when some one rode up and saluted. I shall never forget his facial expression—how suddenly it changed—and he said "what" or "who?" in such a way that I knew something serious had happened. Soon he rode away, followed by his staff, and the soldiers lining the street were withdrawn. "Something has happened" every one said. Then some one "in the know" said a bomb had been thrown and something about an elephant.

Nothing to do but wait. More soldiers came to line the way and then the bodyguard, and then—an open motor, in which sat a very pale lady, a little girl, and a coatless man, all in his braces.

The pale lady was Lady Hardinge, looking back at a closed motor that followed. My Bearer saluted, and when I asked why, he said, "Lord Hardinge was in that motor, Mem Sahib." When the elephants came by the howdah on the one on which Lord and Lady Hardinge had started was empty and was knocked about (one crown ornament on the right was missing), and a large spot (that some one said was blood) showed on the back of the elephant. They did not go to the Fort at all, but straight to Government House.

They are hushing it up, but we hear that Lord Hardinge was wounded (not seriously, it seems), and that his umbrella-bearer and another servant were killed by the bomb. The man was not captured. The soldiers were crazy to shoot when the affair happened. Inside the Fort, in the audience-

HOUSE IN CHANDNI CHOWK, DELHI, FROM WHICH BOMB WAS THROWN AT VICEROY.

KASHMIR GATE, DELHI, WITH BREACH MADE BY LTS. HORNE AND SALKELD'S PARTY.

room, they waited and wondered when it was long past the hour and the Viceroy and Lady Hardinge did not come.

Mrs. C., whose tonga I shared, took me to a bank which had been built as a palace for a Begum, where we were taken to the rooms of Mrs. A., the manager's wife; and afterwards came for me and took me (and I was able to invite a man and his wife and daughter who sat by me) to an upper room which had a balcony looking down on the corner where the procession turned into the Chandni Chowk on its return from the Fort. Just through a thin partition on the left was a Zenana (and they sometimes raised the "chick"), while on the right were some Friars. Two young men gave us chairs and tea inside, out of the sun, while we waited. We stood out in the sun as long as we could stand the heat and then looked again from the room. You could see the procession before it turned to come into the Chowk while it was crossing the *Maidan*.

The Purdah women on the housetops opposite were most interesting—studies in colour and drapery. They "roosted" on the very edge of the housetop—"hung on with their toes," as Mrs. C. said.

On the return Sir Louis Dane and Lady Dane were much applauded.

The procession as you faced it "head on" for half a mile, as it turned and then passed out of sight, was as fine a view, and our seats were in as good a position, as I've ever had.

Poor Lal got into disgrace with a Captain A., simply because he was a Calcutta boy. The people of Delhi, *i.e.* the natives, consider this an ill omen—and there may be a demonstration against the Calcutta people within Delhi's gates.

I shared Mrs. C.'s tonga this morning (only two rupees for Lal and me there and back!) and am

going to see the fireworks with Miss G. O. and her companion this evening in the same way—paying my share. I think I must wire M., as he may be anxious.

December 24th, 1912 (Delhi).—No letter from M.—no Christmas letters at all so far, and no papers! I'm told that no Calcutta paper is issued on Tuesday, and I could not buy a Delhi paper for some reason, though I believe one is printed to-day. I read an old *Le Temps* (November 22nd) and went to have my hair washed (Lal in attendance) in a tent near Curzon House—in fact in the grounds of Curzon House. Rather nice is Curzon House, built for Lord and Lady Curzon in 1903. From there *she* (the daughter of "Jo" Leiter of Chicago, but a lady fitted for any position) drove out to make her State Entry. I remember being at Deal and walking over to Walmer Castle and looking at it with eyes that saw only this poor Lady Curzon who lay ill there! She is dead, and I am here looking at Curzon House where she reached the zenith of her ambition!

The bulletin says that Lord Hardinge has a shoulder wound four inches long, had a slight operation and a restless night.

From my open cottage door I can see the top of the white marble tomb erected to the memory of Alice Annie Skinner, who died at the birth of a child, and was only thirty-two!

The Church—"St. James'"—was built by Colonel Skinner in 1841 (in fulfilment of a vow made when wounded in a battle), and in 1882 two grand-children gave a "peal of four bells." I've been wandering about the Churchyard. It is a beautiful Church, very pleasing and original and restful in its exterior design (I've not been inside yet), and the grounds have some fine trees. The Skinner family have a "Sepulchral Family Vault," granted by his Lord-

ship the Bishop of Calcutta. I like living near a Church, and this is a very interesting one. I have spent hours alone reading the records of siege and massacre in the grounds. It is one of the most beautiful and also one of the saddest places in Delhi.

One finds sad reminders of the siege and that time—that large white cross erected by the survivors of the massacre and the tomb of one Fraser "cruelly murdered by an assassin" is near. The "unrest" of India that we read of in our papers at home seems far off and vague when read before your drawing-room fire, but here we are in Delhi at Christmas, 1912 and two natives (it is reported) are killed and Lord Hardinge wounded "by an assassin."

I'm not sad or depressed. I've walked among the graves and had quiet, peaceful thoughts—but I'm sorry for those who know England but who lie lonely, like "Julia Maria," daughter of one —. Plumer, Esq., of Canon's Park, Middlesex, who was only thirty-one when she died. She is quite alone in the centre of rather a large iron-railed enclosure. She hasn't even *grass* to cover her grave—not even the dried, withered, clean, brown grass that covers English graves in the worst winters—only baked, bare mud. One struggling little vine, a Cape jessamine, is trying to cling to the railing near the feet of "Julia Maria." I don't believe it is ever watered. (*I do not want to die in India*). Where did *he* go, her husband? Did he go sorrowfully one day away from Julia Maria, lying there under the pitiless sun and rain of India—wanting to take her back to lie in the Churchyard at home? Did he sometimes at home think of her lying here alone? "Wife of Colonel ——" it reads. Where is he—were there no children? Did he marry again, and forget poor Julia Maria?

Christmas Day, 1912 (my birthday).—This has been the strangest Christmas I've ever had! Alone among absolute strangers—something has gone wrong with our mail—and but for Lal's funny little bouquet of chrysanthemums (tied tightly with coarse twine!) that he brought with chota hazri, I've not had any Christmas gift, not even a letter or postcard for Christmas, except my wire from M. No mail for two weeks and this is the first time this has happened since we left home.

Besides I've had another of my *India* attacks—"summer cholera" I call it. I slept very little last night and have not been to meals at all. Poor Julia Maria has had a lonely Christmas, too, and I must find some flowers for her. The Skinner family came after church and decorated the graves with those dull red blossoms.

After luncheon and before the hour for the children's service, I went again to see the Church and the "yard." The founder of the Church, "Col. James Skinner, C.B.," lies in the chancel and near him a beautiful fragment from a tomb erected by Col. S. for his Major, one Fraser, who was murdered. The original tomb was *mutilated* (at the time of the siege?) and a new one stands facing the main entrance of the Church near the great cross erected by survivors of the massacre.

Such a great number of memorials to the victims of massacre and siege! One of the memorial tablets in the church reads: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more nor see his native country."—Jeremiah xxii. The gardener has just brought me a tiny bouquet! I suppose it means "backsheesh," but it is a pleasant thing to have, even so.

While I was reading the tablets alone in the

Church came noisy footsteps and sound of a man *whistling!* Straight into the Church he stamped, a young man in Highlander kit and came up the aisle, still whistling! I looked at him, and he stopped for a little, but strode into the vestry. After that he either sang or whistled and was so annoying that I came out. Soon the bell began to ring and I'd not seen any one else go into the Church. Do they have a young Highland soldier as bell-ringer?

As I came into the hotel grounds a woman with a child followed me; she had a thin old brown blanket about her, hiding all but her eyes. I could not understand her, but evidently she begged alms for the child, to whom she pointed. The woman was thin, with big, shiny eyes, but the child was quite well dressed. I said "Né, né," and held out empty palms to show her I'd no money. Her voice was so sad and low that her "Mem Sahib" was a *prayer*, and haunted me. I came in, got my purse and hurried out, but could not find her.

A boy here is ill, just as I am. It may be a coincidence, but I am not so well here as in Kashmir. I don't know *where to go next*—camp I fear, with this chill. I'd like to see Delhi with M., but have seen all I care to alone. Agra? I do not know *what* to do; nor do I know if M. is happy and wants to stay on in the Naini Tal District. I've looked for a letter ever since I came. I fear that M. did not notify Cook's at Bombay. I could write for Christmas mail, but I do not know how long I'll be here. Delhi with all its sad memories, plus the bomb-throwing, is getting on my spirits a little, I think. I shall try to go in to dinner.

December 26th.—I am in bed, waiting for my room to get a little warm—so afraid am I of chills—and for a letter from my good man. Just now, when the *sweeper* came to do the fire, I found I could say all

that was necessary in Hindostani. My room is very draughty, on the ground—no step up to it even—and like an *outhouse* at home.

Last night we were quite gay at our table. Miss G. O. and her companion dressed for dinner—each with red artificial flowers—and I "treated" to port—over which a few toasts. Then we pulled crackers in the stuffy little drawing-room—in which kind little Mrs. O'Brien had three little tables laid with quite a Christmas "spread." A "proper" Christmas cake, crackers, sweets, nuts, and one little table with wine-glasses, sherry, port, ginger-wine, etc.

During dinner I saw a thing that made me sad. At the next table sat three men—one *ought* to have been an English gentleman, one a European merchant or "travelling man," and the other a Parsee of the same class. The two English-speaking men ignored and even were *hostile* in manner to the poor Indian. He was a poor, inoffensive type, a big child of a man, and he almost sank into himself—his whole attitude was apologetic for being there. This was on *Christmas* night! Where is "goodwill towards men" among us? The big, ungainly man kept his eyes down, he dared not raise them to the Sahib (?) with whom he sat, but when he left the table he felt he ought to do something, so he rose, paused a second, and then made a bow—half salaam—the right hand going *almost* to his forehead instinctively. The gentleman (?) scowled in the direction of the Parsee, and the other stared rudely; and before the man was beyond hearing they spoke loudly of him. "A Parsee," said the European merchant in a rude tone. Oh, where is Christian charity—nay, where is just, plain, ordinary *human* kindness?

We need not marry them or embrace them, but every English man and woman ought to practise

kindness to these people. What do *they* think of these "Christians" who, on their great feast day, do not practise "goodwill?" Christianity is taught here—they know its teaching—they *know* what a farce it is, this preaching goodwill and looking *hatred* at them! Just now too, when those in high places are trying to keep all peaceable here. It will never be done until the English-speaking travellers use at least *civility* to these people. I have seen English people look absolute *hatred* at Indians of the better or middle classes who ventured to come near them.

Indeed I am coming to believe that a little more *human kindness* for man and beast—just ordinary sane kindness (not gush)—would make this world a far better place to live in than *religions* do. As I see different religions, I am surprised to find how they all seem to shut all avenues to good deeds *except their own!* I do not care *whose* beast it is that suffers—he should be helped if possible, and that a man is of another race or religion surely does not bar him from our kindness—*nor* our tolerance. I find that I can worship in a Shinto temple or at an old Mahomedan tomb, for there is one God and *only One.*

And I do not wish to turn a man from his gods and the gods of his fathers to my gods. Let him worship *Something*—that is all. Mohamed Lone and I believe that there is one good—one God, that is the fundamental thing; and Lal, who has a wide range of deities—(Jain first, then all her sisters, and *Ali*, because once when Jain and her family did not hear his mother's prayers Ali, the son of Mahomet, whose two sons had been murdered and who was, before all, the sorrowful *Father, Ali heard*)—Lal says that there is *one God*, and that all the others are *near* and help him—one for this, another for that.

How is it *possible* for a man to forsake his gods who have grown up with him since his birth? *Their gods are nearer to them* than ours (many of us), their religion is their breath—as in Japan. To *believe,* to have an *anchor* in the Great God—the Creator, the Giver of life and death—to get back behind all other gods and priests and all forms to the *Great Source* if you can (and it will cost you something!); if not, to worship through an Intercessor, some one who prays to God *for* you, and whom, more or less, you worship. Worship something, but know this—that behind all gods and forms there *is* and *was* since the beginning the *One* Great God; and you and I and all these peoples are *trying* to find Him and worship *Him.* All religions are a turning of the soul towards God, and there is One God and only One.

What we need on earth is great human kindness and great tolerance. My "kindness" should embrace *all*—man and beast and trees—all the living and—*all the dead.* I did not make my *soul*; why do I *feel* the *hurts* of those bullocks on the road to Kashmir? Why do I *care* if they try to exterminate the plant in the corner of S. "that *will* grow?" Why do *I* feel sorry for poor "Julia Maria" out here alone? Why do I *care* if trees are mutilated? What is it in me that will not *go to sleep* as it does in others who do not feel these things?

I hope I have not missed a mail from home. It is awful being without M., and I have only had my first letter from him to-day. He *wired* me for Christmas, but it is very difficult for him to write, and he did so sitting in his tent on a trunk by the light of a candle lantern and with a lead pencil. I did not know all this, and as I have had no letter from any one else since I came here I did not write —hoping every hour to get letters from home to

CHRISTMAS SHOOTING PARTY CROSSING RIVER-BED.

M.'S CHRISTMAS SHOOTING PARTY NEAR NEPAUL BORDER.

answer. Now comes M.'s letter saying that *he* has had no letters and asking me to write and tell you where he is. He is shooting about ten miles from Ramnagar, the guest of Mr. I. C., who has it in his power to give some of the best shooting.

On the 23rd they went out with twelve elephants, and M. writes, "I think you would enjoy the sensation of going through the jungle on an elephant. They simply walk straight through everything, breaking down quite big trees if in their way." He says that they did not see a tiger that day, but a panther and bear were shot at. He killed two wild pigs, but missed "a cheetal (spotted stag) that came past me at about a hundred miles an hour." He says, "One night C. and L. sat up in a tiny farmyard within one hundred yards of the bungalow where a panther had killed a calf, but he did not return. He had killed it within ten feet of the door of the farmhouse in which a gramophone was going."

He writes that whether they get a tiger or not he is enjoying the experience, and that the party is a very congenial one. He wanted to shoot "on his own" after this shoot is over (he is invited until the 31st), but as it is impossible to shoot without elephants in that jungle, he will join me here as soon as the shoot is over. I had intended to join the party at Ramnagar if M. reported favourably and there was time, but he says that although hot in the middle of the day it is very cold in the tent at night. As I am just getting over a heavy cold (and fever makes one susceptible to things, I find) it does not seem wise to go.

I had to take rooms here for a week, which is up to-morrow, so if I left on the 28th and, by hard travel, got to M. on the 29th, the shoot breaks up on the 31st—it is not worth while. So here I shall stay until "the gude mon" comes. I shall

not go anywhere in India without him again, although, in this case, I am glad I did, for the State Entry was worth it—even with the sad affair that *almost* put an end to it. Of that to-morrow, but I'll send this off as soon as possible.

December 28th, 1912.—For the last two days I've been fighting the attack that began on the day after the "State Entry," but I had to give up and stay in bed to-day. Late on the 26th I had a wire asking me to come "immediately" to Ramnagar and to wire to "Campbell." I am still in suspense to know if anything is the matter with M. Why did *he* not wire?

Yesterday I spent a restful half hour in the grounds of Saint James' Church *en face*, and I took poor lonely Julia Maria the most exquisite and fragrant pink rose. It was the one I liked best. The Skinner flowers were all faded, and most of them swept away by the caretaker—so J. M. had a fresh flower last night all lonely and sweet out there under the waning moon—when all the others were over—although she did not have one on Christmas day.

Strayed down to me from Srinagar, Pindi and Naini Tal yesterday my Christmas letter from Mrs. M., enclosing their Christmas card with cheerful touches of the Christmas colours—my first Christmas mail! It looks as if "me lord" had omitted to give Cook's, Bombay, our change of address—for this letter was at Bombay on December 13th.

Lovely weather—save for dust—and at home they've had "an awful Christmas." I suppose M. has got the Christmas home letters. I thought this morning:—1st. If people are *whirling about* playing games or "doing the social act," there is no time to think of life or death. 2nd. How Hindu and Mahomedan are drawing nigh unto each other here in India. I suppose I shall not see the *results*

in my time—but there is much that gives one "furiously to think" out here. I'm on soda-and-milk diet to-day.

January 3rd, 1913.—I've tried to put the best foot forward in my letters and wires to M., but have had malarial fever; here in bed in Delhi for the New Year, attended by a half caste proprietress (who is very kind), a *native* doctor, and Lal! Not an English soul to speak to, and the Christmas letters only came yesterday! My head is too bad to read them. I have wired for M. now as I have such a fever at night that I nearly go out of my mind. I think of *everything* and cannot sleep!

When I go back to London I *must* have a little *pied-à-terre* there!

If only dear Miss S. is alive when I get home!

"Delhi is a demon land," * that waltzed through my head in the night. Oh, I *do* want to go home or to Italy or France! It seems to me that any *more* sun and glare, any more grey (dust) trees, and hot sand and dust will kill me! The sea too! The Red Sea with the sun blazing on it and on white steamer decks! Oh to crawl away into a cool, restful place—to see a brook—clean water!—with green grass on its banks! . . . Meanwhile my *head* and my hot parched mouth!

But M. is coming! . . . All through this wretched Christmas and New Year, through nights of chills and fever, I have never *wept* once—only now when I know he's coming. Have I made a mistake in not asserting myself at the first? How *can* one when one loves a man—and then I thought to make him thoughtful by showing thought for *him.* Anyway he's coming, and I can't live without him! . . . I must go home to good doctors and *live.* . . . I

* These were the commencing words of an article in an Indian newspaper on the attempt on Lord Hardinge's life.

have tried to keep up with M. on this tour, but I fear I cannot go on. Oh, I *have* suffered!

. . . . . .

Here, with the exception of a few personal notes, ends this pathetic record, made infinitely more touching to me and, I think, to her many friends, by the fact that, although she recovered almost entirely from the illness from which she was suffering at the time she made her last entries and wrote many letters subsequently, she died most suddenly and unexpectedly at Agra on February 16th, 1913, without having added to her Diary. This was the more tragic, inasmuch as her death took place when she was pronounced to be quite convalescent and when I was away. It was certified as having been caused by cancer, from which no one (except, possibly, herself)—not even the able English Doctor who was in constant attendance upon her for the last five weeks of her life—was aware she suffered until the day before her death and, even then, he anticipated no immediate danger. It was only upon my return from a successful shooting expedition, four days earlier than she had asked me to come back, full of joyful anticipation of our meeting and sight-seeing together, that I was met by the Doctor at the station and informed that my dear one had passed away the previous morning, "a stranger in a strange land," as she herself had written. The only possible consolations I can find are that the Doctor assures me that the tour we had made and the trials and troubles she had suffered since we arrived in India had not in any way affected the issue; that nothing could have saved her life; that she was mercifully spared the lingering and painful death usually associated with her disease; and that, in the course of our travels, she had fulfilled her three great desires, namely,

to visit Japan and Kashmir and to see the Taj Mahal.

I will endeavour to take up her story at the point she left it and continue it to the end of her life. I must explain first of all that before we left London in 1911 and when arranging our tour, we proposed, after visiting Kashmir, to go to the Naini Tal district for shooting. This idea was strengthened by our meeting in New Zealand Mr. E. P. Dansey, who had been Chief Forest Officer in this district and strongly recommended the Patli Doon. I had therefore written to my friend Ian Campbell, who is in charge of a vast stretch of Imperial Forest in that district, and just before we left Kashmir Mrs. Campbell and he had written to my wife and to me inviting us to join their Christmas shooting party, but Mrs. Campbell had warned us that we should find it cold in tents in the jungle at night.

About the same time my dear wife had heard of the forthcoming procession and durbar in connection with Lord Hardinge's entry to Delhi and was very anxious to be present. We had booked a seat for her and taken a room at a small hotel (Maidan's was crowded out), so it was arranged that I should go to the shoot on December 20th, that she should go to Delhi with our Bearer on the same day and that, if I found the camp comfortable, she should join us there after the procession. Finding the camp very comfortable and the Campbells most hospitable, both Campbell and I telegraphed to my dear one to come; and she, without hinting that she was ill, merely replied that she would remain at Delhi, but that I was to "finish the shoot." I was, therefore, deeply grieved and astonished, on arriving at Delhi on the evening of January 3rd, to find my dear wife in bed with malarial fever, a high temperature, a nervous attack and only a native

Doctor in attendance. Campbell had told me that his friend Major O'Meara, the Civil Surgeon at Agra, had twice saved his life when dying of fever and was one of the cleverest Doctors in India; so as Delhi obviously did not agree with her, I decided we would go to Agra as soon as she could travel in safety.

On January 7th the Doctor pronounced her quite fit to travel and she certainly seemed fairly well. She bore the journey quite well and took great interest in the old deserted cities we passed in the train. At Agra we found the Hotel Cecil very comfortable and the proprietress, Mrs. Hotz, a very kind, motherly woman. As soon as we had unpacked, therefore, as Anne seemed quite well, I went out to do some shopping and to leave my card at the Club. On my return I found her in bed, with a high fever and temperature of 102 degrees, and Mrs. Hotz putting cold bandages, etc., on her head. Major O'Meara was sent for at once and remained in constant daily, and often twice daily, attendance on her until her death. Major O'Meara at once engaged an experienced English nurse (Mrs. Murphy) and we removed to rooms at the far end of the wing in order to be quiet. Mrs. Murphy slept in my wife's room and was with her night and day until the end, and I had a room next door to prevent any noise disturbing her.

From the first Major O'Meara told me that her liver was in a very congested state, but said that he was most anxious about her nervous mental state and that absolute quiet was essential. He also asked about her previous operation, etc., and ordered that no one except himself and the Nurse (not even I) was to see her for four days. At the end of this time she was much better in every way, and O'Meara told me that all danger of abscess

(which he feared) and mental trouble was over. I was allowed to sit with her every day for an hour at a time. At this time O'Meara strongly urged, and, indeed, almost ordered, me to accept Campbell's invitation to go back to him, for he said Anne would recover more quickly if left quite quiet, but would not be able to go to the jungle, and she agreed and urged me to go. I therefore wrote to Campbell to find out where he would be the following week.

On January 16th Anne was quite free from fever and getting on very well, but still weak. A day or two afterwards she had another slight attack of fever. On the 18th O'Meara began injections of serum for liver trouble. On the evening of the 25th of January, as O'Meara assured me all danger was over and Anne urged me to go, I started for Khatema to join Campbell, O'Meara having promised to telegraph at once if there was any change and Mrs. Murphy having promised to write daily postcards.

On the 26th Mrs. Murphy wrote that Anne was not so well, having been upset by Lal's (our Bearer) behaviour. He saw me off, but did not return till eleven next day. I wired to engage a new Bearer through Mrs. Hotz and to send Lal to me, but he went off to Calcutta. Next day, the 27th, Mrs. Murphy wrote:

"I am thankful to say Mrs. Thring is very much better this morning. Her temperature is normal, and I hope she will keep all right. Major O'Meara was very pleased with her condition this morning. I hope I will have as good a report to give you to-morrow."

On the 28th she wrote:

"I am very pleased to say Mrs. Thring is very

much better to-day. . . . Mrs. Thring says 'Stay till you get your tiger.' The new servant is working very well indeed—Mrs. Thring has asked me to say this—and does everything he is asked in half the time Lal would do it. I received your telegram, and we were very pleased to hear you had arrived safely."

On the 29th Mrs. Murphy wrote:

"I have just received your letter. . . . Mrs. Thring is continuing doing well"—and later, "Mrs. Thring is very much better to-day, and sat up in bed and wrote an English letter. I hope she will continue so."

On the 30th she wrote:

"Mrs. Thring still continues to improve. She had a very good night last night, and is feeling much better."

On February 2nd Mrs. Murphy telegraphed:

"Lal gone to Calcutta, letter will explain. Mem Sahib doing very well. Sends love."

On February 5th I arrived at Tanakpur (the first place with a telegraph-office) and wired to O'Meara: "When shall I return to Agra?" Received reply: "Your wife wishes you return 20th. She progressing very satisfactorily." On the 8th my dear one wrote a long letter to me herself, in a firm hand, in which she said:

"My dearest, I'm only just allowed to have my letters (which someway gave you the slip and so I

M. AND HIS TIGER.

had one from Mrs. Milne, Ettie, Gertie, and Kate). . . . I see only the Doctor and Nurse even now. I'm going to drive as far as the Taj to-day if the sun comes out. I dressed for the first time yesterday and nearly fell down more than once. Now, dear, I'm afraid the old Lady Tiger cat has *eluded* you" (I had written to say I had been "sitting up" for a tigress over her kill). "But this is to say that if you want one day in Agra (you'll need it to pay my bills at the stores and the Doctor, etc.), you must leave your jungle on the 20th, arriving here on the evening of the 21st, sleep one night, have 22nd in Agra, 23rd, 24th, and 25th (three days) in Jeypore—then 26th *en route* for Bombay, and 27th and 28th *in* Bombay. Major O'Meara comes every *other* day now, and we've given up your room; only I *have* to have Mrs. Murphy. I wander very much in my sleep, talk, etc., and it is a difficult matter to wake me, and make me realise *where* I am. We go out for a short drive to-day to the Taj. Major O'Meara has taken that hard white lump out of my eyelid. It was of the consistency of horn. To-day is overcast and really looks like rain. I'm a thin, white, drawn, tired-looking 'ole 'mie.'" (Mrs. Murphy told me afterwards that this was to some extent fancy—that when she was dressed and drove out to the Taj she was looking in perfect health). "Lots of love, dearest, and you *must* tear yourself away on the 20th. I think Major O'Meara is going to write to you." (He did not do so.) "All your luggage is in this room. I have a good Bearer, but I don't see how I can let him go with you to Jeypore—for your coming will be a 'break' in which to get rid of Mrs. Murphy. I'll keep the Bearer until the 26th, when he will come to you, meet you somewhere, and be with you in Bombay. The first idea was that I should have Mrs. Murphy

take me to Bombay, but the Doctor says she would not be allowed on the boat. Toujours, corps, esprit, etc. Ta 'Mie."

On Sunday, the 9th of February, 1913, just a week before she died, she wrote:

"My dearest, I *do* hope you got your Lady Tiger cat last night. I am much better, and went with Mrs. Murphy to see the Taj yesterday. We sat on one of those marble slabs in front of the beautiful white shrine. You know I've not done *any* sight-seeing in India—not even Srinagar (where I had so planned on the Ruins of Martand) because we left in our houseboat for Sopor—so don't say me 'nay' here. . . . We are going at 10 a.m. to-day to the other side of the river for *that* view." (Mrs. Murphy took me afterwards in the same carriage to the same spot, and told me how Anne thought it the finest view of all, how she stayed there for a long time, and played with two puppies, etc.) "I have sent postcards to your mother, Annie and Gertie, and must send several to your mother and to Gwen. Now for the truth about Lal. . . . You must be here on the 21st to have the 22nd clear for 'biz' here. I must go *direct* to Bombay for the sake of easiest mode of travel, but I think I'll come to you there on the 27th or 28th. Come on the 21st, darling. Ever *all* your Anne. Get that Tiger Cat!!"

I wrote to say I hoped to come back on the 16th to take her out sight-seeing. On the 11th Mrs. Murphy wrote:

"Two letters have come for you, and Mrs. Thring says I'm to tell you she opened them. Mrs. Thring

VIEW OF THE TAJ MAHAL AGRA FROM GOLF LINKS.

VIEW OF THE TAJ MAHAL FROM SHAH JEHAN'S PAVILION IN AGRA FORT.

was getting on so well, and went for a drive on Saturday. On Sunday at her dinner" (this was the 'indiscretion in diet' alluded to in Major O'Meara's report—she ate a quantity of stewed gooseberries), "went to sleep, and at 11 p.m. said she was feeling very sick and since then has been vomiting a good deal. Major O'Meara has been to see her and says it is not a return of the old complaint. Mrs. Thring is better this morning, but she will have to be very careful for the next few days, although she has no fever. I hope to be able to give you a better report to-morrow. . . . Major O'Meara has just been to see Mrs. Thring, and says she is better this morning."

On the 12th I shot the big tiger, and as the skin could not be ready till the 17th I telegraphed to O'Meara: "Please tell wife I shot 10 ft. 4 in. tiger last night. Return 17th." O'Meara told her this, and he and the Nurse both told me how greatly she was delighted. On the 14th we killed another tiger, which charged our elephants, and on the 16th I went out for my last shoot alone and killed a big panther and a fine sambur. Until that evening we had had beautiful weather, but after dinner that night a terrific storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain came on and continued till morning. Sleep in a tent was out of the question, and as I lay awake watching the lightning, between 1 and 2 a.m. (just about the time she died) a terrific blast of wind blew over the washhand-stand and lamp in my bathroom and I jumped out of bed to prevent a conflagration.

In the early morning, with great difficulty, owing to troubles with the bullocks and elephant, I caught the daily train and reached Agra the following morning (Monday the 17th of February), full of joyful anticipation of meeting my dear one, and taking her to see Fatehpore Sikri and the other "sights" near Agra.

At the station I was met by Major O'Meara, who told me my darling wife had died quite suddenly the morning before, and that the funeral must take place immediately. I was taken to the mortuary at the hospital in a dazed state, scarcely able to realise the awful blow that had fallen upon me, where I saw all that was mortal of her I loved so well lying in her coffin, covered by beautiful flowers provided by Mrs. O'Meara and the Nurses, and said my last farewell to her. The funeral service was read by the Rev. A. C. Davies (an old pupil of my uncle at Uppingham, and brother of our friends with whom we had spent the Christmas of 1911 at Honolulu); then, escorted by a party of Seaforth Highlanders, we bore her remains outside the town and (in accordance with her urgent request, often repeated to me, in case of her death) cremated them. I have brought back her ashes with me to England in a very beautiful Indian urn.

On making inquiries about her last illness, I was informed by Doctor and Nurse that everything had gone well with their patient until the morning of Friday, February 14th. Then she complained of internal pain and, on the Doctor making a careful examination, he found a large, malignant, internal growth. He knew then that her days were numbered, but assured me he had no reason whatever to expect any immediate danger and thought she would live many months and be able to return to England. He relieved her pain and the Nurse tells me that she got up and engaged in all her usual pursuits, reading, writing, etc. Next morning, Saturday, the 15th, when the doctor came, she said she felt so well that there was no need for him to come again in the evening. She was up all day, quite cheerfully reading and writing. She had dinner about 7 p.m., and after dinner, at about 10 p.m., when she was

reading a book (curiously enough called *Love of Life*), and the Nurse was preparing some arrowroot for her, she was suddenly seized with agonising internal pains. An American lady, Miss Clarke, at once went off in her motor for the Doctor, whilst the Nurse put her to bed and applied hot fomentations. After about half an hour of great pain she said to the Nurse and Mrs. Hotz, who had come to sit with her: "Something has given way inside me, I am dying, I am dying!" but was quite sensible to the last. When the Doctor arrived at 10.45 she was in a state of complete collapse and pulseless. He could only inject morphia and digitalis to alleviate the pain and stimulate the heart action. She could scarcely articulate, but her last thoughts were of me, for the Nurse states she tried to say: "When will master come?" and "What will the poor boy do?" She breathed her last about 1.30 a.m. on Sunday the 16th of February.

Mrs. Murphy has since written to me a description of what she said and did during her last fortnight on earth, of how she got up at 2 a.m. on February 5th and wrote out a list of more than fifty of her friends with the little presents she wished given to each, of her visit from and conversation with a venerable and devout Priest, and of the delight she took in her visits by day and by moonlight to the Taj Mahal and other tombs and buildings in Agra.

C. H. M. THRING.

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